

AROUND THE WORLD IN
NINETY DAYS
A BOOK OF TRAVELS
BY
FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN





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Frederick Lamborn

AROUND THE WORLD
IN NINETY DAYS

A BOOK OF TRAVEL

By FREDERICK CHAMBERLIN

AUTHOR OF

"In the Shoe String Country."

"The Blow from Behind," etc.



THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

1906

27-11-11

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DEDICATION

To my Father

MR. EDWARD CHAMBERLIN

TO THE READER

Most of the plates in the Guam Chapter and a number of those concerning the Midways are from photographs made by Mr. E. S. Groves, of Hingham, Mass., and Commander Charles Fremont Pond, U. S. N., respectively; while the two pictures of the Albatross dance were made by Mr. Walter K. Fisher, of Palo Alto, Cal. Of the exceptional courtesy of these three gentlemen I desire to make this public acknowledgement.

Aside from those just mentioned, I think there are not more than half a dozen other pictures in the book which were not taken by my Weno-Hawkeye, No. 4, 4x5.

I have poked some fun in these pages at certain people. I hope none of them will be ill-natured about it. They had their chance at me. This is mine.

F. C.

Munroe Terrace,

Boston.

20th Dec., 1905.

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AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

CHAPTER I

THE START

In 1902 I wrote a book on the Philippine Question which attracted the attention of certain high officials.

In early May, 1904, one of them casually wrote to know if I would like to do some work in the Islands. I replied that nothing would please me more, but I supposed it would be impossible to leave for so long a journey. With that the matter was dismissed.

On June 19th, 1904, coming up from the South, I started Mrs. Chamberlin for Boston from Cincinnati and entrained for Chicago. On the 23d, Thursday evening, I left that city for Sioux City, Iowa. There I was confronted with an important lawsuit, the outcome of which would probably largely affect my future.

There was more than mere constancy to my clients that made me take the train that night instead of attending a rare performance at the theatre with friends whom I had not seen in years. I yielded to superstition. For a long time I have believed that if I devote myself wholly to a problem the most intricate snarl will unravel. That was the sole reason why I did not postpone my departure for a day or even more.

After dinner I cast my eyes about the library car, and saw the first propitious sign vouchsafed by the Fates

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in the form of the man who could help me the most of all on earth. My superstition was working.

I'm afraid my approach to him was not very dignified, so elated was I. For four mortal hours we planned a campaign, and then separated.

By ten on Friday morning I was hard at work with my local attorneys preparing for the first battle which was scheduled for Monday morning. At half-past two I was handed this dispatch from a Washington official:

"Manila transportation arranged for either July first or August first. Wire which."

(Signed)—————

That was 24,967 volts all at once! Not "Will you go?" or "Can you go?"—but only "Wire date you are going."

The surprise was as great as if I had never thought of the journey.

I was irrevocably engaged for October first, in Boston; and a voyage to Manila would require sixty days at sea. August first was too late, then. It was Friday, three days from San Francisco, and there was a large lawsuit to be instituted or compromised, upon which no steps could be taken till Monday; and Monday evening, at seven, the last train would leave that would place me in San Francisco in time to catch the ship.

One thing was fixed. I could not go unless that lawsuit was out of the way. My obligations to my clients demanded that. Could I dispose of it, on Monday, before seven in the evening? If not, I could not undertake the journey.

Mrs. Chamberlin's last train would leave Boston at two o'clock on Sunday. She must, therefore, be notified now.

The fact that it was the tenth anniversary of our marriage was a prominent factor in my plans.

In less than fifteen minutes I had decided to go if the legal controversy were compromised and to proceed upon the assumption that it would be.

THE START

I therefore telegraphed Washington that I would go on July first if transportation could be early enough arranged for Mrs. Chamberlin.

Then the following telegram went to Mrs. Chamberlin where we sleep nights, in Wollaston, one of the best bedrooms that Boston has, and where I supposed her to be.

"If Washington telegraphs you transportation for Manila provided for you take Boston & Albany two o'clock Sunday for Chicago. There take Overland Limited over Union Pacific, leaving Chicago Northwestern station eight Monday evening. Purchase tickets to San Francisco in Boston and wire ahead for berth from Chicago. I meet your train Omaha Tuesday morning. Bring only hand baggage. We can purchase outfit in San Francisco."

That started things. If I could not go, I could stop her at Omaha.

The first result arrived early Saturday morning before I was awake. It came from one of those little church and grocery store towns up in the north of New Hampshire, within one mile of the Canada line, in this guise:

Night message.

West Stewartstown, N. H.

Just arrived. Everything lovely.

F. M. C.

Now things were mighty squally. The situation was this. She was some twelve hours ride from Boston, and dependent upon only two trains a day. *The last one that would enable her to reach Boston before two Sunday afternoon would leave West Stewartstown at one o'clock on Saturday, and it was eight Saturday morning and she yet knew nothing of our proposed trip.* But the worst factor of the situation was that they who live in that locality have never yet had to learn the value of time. For example: years ago I was there on a Saturday, in constant apprehension because of the delicacy of a very nervous negotiation which I was conducting at long range. But nothing came to relieve my anxiety

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and I spent bad hours till Monday morning, when over came the telegraph operator. As he handed me what I had been suffering for for the last two nights so that I could not sleep, he explained "I thought I'd bring it over. You might be in a hurry for it."

I thanked him and felt very grateful until I saw that he must have received the message more than forty-eight hours previously.

Upon the successor of this country telegraph operator depended our trip. The task was to reach Mrs. Chamberlin in four hours time from Sioux City, and she must also receive within the same time a telegram from Washington, in response to one I had sent notifying the authority at the capital of Mrs. Chamberlin's change of address. Suppose she were riding. Suppose she had gone to walk. Suppose she had gone calling without saying where. Suppose the Washington authority were not in his office when my telegram reached there. Suppose—a hundred small things, any one of which would cause delay too long. Then, as I well knew, the country telegraph agent was only at his office about train times.

To West Stewartstown went a duplicate of my above telegram. At two in the afternoon came the following from Washington:

"Confer with Captain B——, 36 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, who has been directed furnish transportation to Manila for yourself and wife on transport sailing noon, July first. By Direction.

—————, Quartermaster.

So much gained! Now to hear from New Hampshire. "Chaser" after "chaser" left Sioux City for that little town, but not a word was received from the operator there. Everything the telegraph superintendent could do gave no clew to the cloud of silence. We all concluded the office there was closed.

At four-thirty came the first news:

"Leaving for Boston. Leave Boston Sunday afternoon.
Frances."

THE START

Mrs. Chamberlin was all right if the trains would run on time.

Sunday the two gentlemen upon whose presence I had depended for victory on Monday, notified me that they could not be in Sioux City until Tuesday.

That was fatal and I was in agony until, in view of my plans, they at last consented to accommodate me.

The fight began Monday at an early hour. Owing to the temperature of our adversary it was not deemed advisable for me, whom he thought his black beast, to be present, so I had to sit alone in my room and wait.

At three in the afternoon a snag was struck that threatened to sink the ship, and my allies came to me for a final decision. Armed with the last hot shot they returned to the charge and at just six-thirty-five they entered my room and threw on the table the signed contract of compromise.

Five minutes later I was speeding to the depot.

Not a purchase had I made for the journey, and excepting what I wore and a change of linen, I had no wardrobe.

At Omaha I spent the night writing letters and sending telegrams, until 5.00 A.M., when I lay down.

At nine, the Overland Limited pulled in, on time.

In a few minutes I was in possession of Mrs. C.'s story. Half an hour before her last train would leave West Stewartstown she had received my telegram, within a few minutes afterward she had the necessary Washington one, and ten minutes later she was on her way to the train.

She rode in a day coach all night, missed the train for Wollaston she had depended upon and only succeeded in securing one hour there to make preparations for a trip around the world.

The only baggage she had comprised two dress-suit cases.

We were off!

CHAPTER II

TO HONOLULU

From Omaha to the coast there is, on the Union Pacific, but little notable scenery except where the train creeps up, around and over the Sierras, down into the valley of California; and when one wants to look the most eagerly the train is sure to enter the black mouth of a long snow shed. At only one point did I think the scenery as grand or beautiful as it is in the White Mountains, and that was at Summit, California, 7,000 feet above the sea.

Nothing could exceed in dreariness the dry sands of Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada. It is a continuous desert from the Nebraska corn fields to the California lowlands.

In crossing California all I recall that appeared strange was the great size of geraniums, which grew to a height of small trees.

Supposing that full instructions concerning my credentials, ostensible errand, (the true task was to be secret) needs, etc., etc., would be forwarded from Washington to the naval officer with whom I had been told by his superiors to confer, I telegraphed to him from Reno, Nevada, the train I was on, the name of our San Francisco hotel and that I would be obliged if he would send word to the latter place telling where I could see him in the evening after our arrival, for I did not possess a single document or letter that would open even one door for me in the Philippine officialdom.

Imagine, then, my worry at finding only the following note at the Occidental:

Sir:

Referring to your telegram of the 29th instant, I have the honor to inform you if you will call at about nine Friday morning, transportation for yourself

TO HONOLULU

and wife and other necessary instructions will be given you.

Very respectfully,

G. M. B——, Captain U.S.N.

I swallowed my wrath as best I might. But my disquieting reflection was that this discourtesy looked as if absolutely nothing had yet been arranged for me.

We were astir before six on Friday morning, and by eight-thirty Mrs. Chamberlin was at the Emporium, an enormous department store, while I went to "confer with Captain B——" according to my Washington telegrams.

Upon arriving at the address before mentioned, it was reported to me that he was out. I asked if there were any message from Washington for me or about me, and was soon made to feel very small at discovering that nothing had been received except a formal order that we be given cabin passage to Manila. Not even my return had been arranged.

What ought my course to be?

Should I await this Captain, who was evidently a stickler for red tape, or go on with no letters, no facilities to make my work a success, trusting to later cable messages or to good fortune to fight my way out of the difficulties single-handed? I glanced at the formal order which had been handed to me. It commanded the Quartermaster of the transport to "furnish Frederick Chamberlin and wife, unclassified, cabin accommodations to Manila." Here, in my hands, was transportation to the Orient. I had that, in any event, and would use it.

In undergoing the formalities that were necessary to secure our cabin, I was asked to sign a passengers' register, which provided for all sorts of things to be done if we sunk and the book floated. The entries in one column in particular amused me. It was headed "Rank." So far as known I was the only passenger who did not take advantage of this opportunity to state pedigree, color, battles, profession, amount of money possessed, blood relation to some railroad president,

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book-keeper, clerk, or somebody who had once been in the service of Uncle Sam.

The true significance of all this rush to write out all the good things one dared to say about himself became apparent very shortly, but it looked to me twice as foolish as the usual autobiography of the youngest member; and so, I wrote nothing. But the others wrote thus, according to the girl from Richmond who said she overheard the Dutch clerk read the contents of the "rank" column to the artillery officer who was assigning cabins to the passengers according to degrees of rankness:

"A. B—, Major Sevent' Artillery Corps.' "

"Give him the best room on the boat and a seat at my table. He's the rankest fellow in the whole bunch," decided the artillery officer.

"C— D—, member off Legislature off—' "

A. O.: "He's going to be the Old Fool and the General Nuisance on this trip, all right. He says he could have been United States Senator (Hic!) if he'd had a mind to. Nit!"

(Note the "Hic!" That later becomes more prevalent.) "But put him up at my table and give him one of the best rooms. His cousin is an officer, and he may have some influential friends tucked away somewhere who can help me sometime."

"M. N., Vidder off—'" A. O.: "Never mind of whom. She's that young tall one with the dark brown eyes, ain't she? Just put her up at my table as near as you can and give her the best thing left on the ship—up at my end of the boat."

"E— F— C—, Deamster'"

A. O.: "Aw! shove him way down below.'" "

"Miss M— B— D—, couzin off de steenth bookkeeper off de champion 'soak de-Public R. R. Co.' Blays de mild guitar an' zings baze. Dark eyes. Likes uniforms, moonlight an' dancin.'"

"After that guitar lady we drew last trip we'd ought to try these voices before we let 'em on. But give her the best thing left all 'round. This is a long

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voyage and we may want to travel on that road sometime."

"M— N—, mother off a lieutenant in de Philippine Scouts."

A. O.: "Put her between decks. Tuck her in any old place, and move her around as often as you like. She's all alone and hasn't a friend aboard. Set her at the table with the mule drivers. We don't recognize the Scouts."

"X— Y, Vife off assistant surgeon. 4-11-44 t' arillery.' Blain, highly educated, a berfect lady—about de most refined voman on de boat."

A. O.: "Can't help it. She's not rank enough, so put her at table with the mule drivers and teamsters and send her down stairs."

"L— T. Son of Colonel — of the 100t' inventory'—on summer vacation.'" "Give him best room that is left and take him up to my table. His father has influence and may help me a good deal."

"A— D— T—. Vormer U. S. Conzul at Dahomay Slip. Now a lobbyist. Married rich."

A. O.: "Put him up stairs. He's got way-up friends. Set him down in a good place."

"A— T—. Army nurse.' Vears tailor-made clothes and has splendid figure."

A. O. was all attention. "Wears tailor-made clothes? How's she do that? Guess you'd better give her a pretty good room up at my end of the ship—and set her down at a good table."

"A— L— and vife, baymaster 40t' inventory; she's very handsome. Shust married."

"He's an awful cad. A regular chump, but put them at a good table and give them best thing left."

"A— M— and vife. Quartermaster's clerk.' He's a zplendid fellow, highly educated, very polished man, but in poor health and had to give up provession; college graduate and all dat."

"Can't help it. Throw him down stairs. He ain't in the army; ain't rank at all."

"T— D—. Stenographer. Navy yard, Cavité."

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"Put him way down. Set all these clerks, teamsters and all such as far down as you can get them and herd them all up at the same table in the dining room saloon as far as you can. Get all us rank army people together. Our social supremacy must be maintained."

"Frederick Chamberlin and wife. Unclassified."

A. O.: "Civilian, eh? Only ones on the boat. Probably some clerk who won't own it. Fire them down stairs. The table with the stenographers and clerks is good enough for them. Don't put them up with any of us rank people. Always keep us together, you know."

Probably the reader already understands what we were soon to witness.

At exactly noon, as announced, Friday, July 1, we withdrew from our pier, No. 12. The instant we started, the screws of the "Buford," another transport that had lain on the other side of the pier, turned, too. She was taking a regiment to Alaska. The cheering crowds, the swelling music of the "Buford's" band, happy, laughing faces, tear-stained cheeks and misty eyes, and here and there a sob, a hurrying to a cabin to hide some vanishing face, the farewells shouted to and fro across the steadily widening stream that lay between ships and wharf, all made a scene full of animation and sentiment, the sense of which nobody could escape.

In the city the air had been so cool that I had worn an extra suit of flannels and a rain coat. But before we were out of the jaws of the Golden Gate I was dressed in four union suits and three vests; and, then, wrapped in a steamer rug, was gradually freezing to death. The only thing that prevented such elimination of the writer at that point was the remembrance of the kindly advice from experienced friends who told me, a stranger to this coast, that at that time of the year we were sure to frazzle in the hot sun.

Our cabin, which was an outside room on the main deck, next to the top deck, was on the starboard, beside the dining saloon. Our quarters were about equal in latitude and longitude to the usual double berth cabin on a first class Atlantic liner, six and a half feet square.

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Owing to the little elevation above the water level each of these cabins was provided with an iron water-tight door. Inside of this, and never closed except in storm, was a lattice door, which was soon discarded for an overhanging curtain made from a borrowed piece of colored cotton print.

For fresh air we depended upon a large porthole and a chute that stood in one corner. This had an adjustable nozzle from which came a strong current of air a number of degrees cooler than the surrounding atmosphere.

In this house, with one camp-stool, were we supposed to live, if we could, *for a month*.



U. S. A. Transport Sherman

The "Sherman" was four hundred forty-seven feet long, with a beam of sixty-five. Around the promenade deck the distance was about a hundred feet less than the vessel's length.

The best staterooms, — those for the "rank" people, — were here, the only entrances to them from this deck. These cabins left but little space for exercise, a path not more than four or five feet wide, except, at each corner, both fore and aft, there was an open parallelogram of say, fifty feet in length by fifteen feet in width. Here were held the knitting bees and the card parties. Here the "rank" ladies settled their rank questions. Here it was one could find the village gossips.

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The steam heat was sadly needed the first night.

In the evening at six-thirty, half an hour after the dressing signal,—all meals were announced by a Filipino boy who furiously beat a huge oriental gong in our ears as he circled the deck—my introduction to the dining-room servants was a plate of hot soup deposited between my collar and what the latter surrounded, although the location quickly changed to other parts of my person, just which I'll not say. It is best for a story teller to leave something to the reader's imagination. But I was reassured by the information that Casey always became as sober as was necessary when twenty-four hours had elapsed after leaving each port.

The room-servants and bell-boys aboard were Filipinos. Hilario, a youth of perhaps twenty, was the one who took care of No. 27.

My diary for the second day out, Saturday, July 2, is as follows:

"Too shaky to get up. Sounds made by a seasick man next door upset me while I was leaning over to tie my shoes.

"Lay in berth all day. Filipino servant says 'Don't like Aguinaldo.' No sun, cold and dark. White caps, but little motion. Temperature 61 degrees. Run 221 miles."

Sunday my illness was over. We were now assigned to our permanent seats in the dining saloon. Breakfast was served at 7.30. As I looked at the different faces, the dresses, uniforms, jewelery, etc., etc., I saw that there had been a painful attempt to herd us in pens according to our supposed stations in life. The clerks and stenographers were put at one table because they were such. The rankest were given the choice seats, which were as far as possible from those of common clay—the latter, anybody who did not possess an army commission. The top of the social ladder began at the quartermaster's table at the forward end of the room.

Mrs. Chamberlin and I found ourselves with the clerks and stenographers. Casey still pursued us, but

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I could see that he had bleached a good degree, as promised.

Before long we found that the rank people outside of whose doors we usually seated ourselves, as there was no other place on board where one could sit unless on top of the smokestack (and a "Keep off the grass" sign kept one from even that point) advanced the claim that the occupants of each stateroom owned all the yard that lay immediately in front of it on the promenade deck, the only deck where first class passengers were supposed to sit. The sequence of this was, of course, that nobody who had cabins on the main deck could ever sit down, or stand, on the promenade deck. The rank ones, by looks, by mutterings, by a toss of the head, by pointings, by remaining in doors and looking cross, if one of our chairs happened to be on their side of the fence, made things decidedly uncomfortable. But we stood pat. Even if we were "unclassified," we had a right to be on the ship and to some place on the deck; and there we remained.

The people who, like those at our table, were not rank, treated each other as if they were human beings inhabiting the same planet—each full of kindness and thoughtfulness for all. These people made life bearable, while the rank people were elevating their noses at each other in an endeavor first to seem to ignore the other's presence.

One of the most outrageous things I ever saw was perpetrated by the rank crowd of ladies upon one, who, by her patience and ladylike behavior under such trying circumstances won the admiration of every man aboard, before we saw Manila.

On this first Sunday, in the evening, there was an effort by the rank outfit to make music. Heavens! It was distressing; and some who had been accustomed to better things moved to another part of the deck. The wife of a department clerk aboard had been a professional singer for years and had a remarkably clear voice. The rank crowd set themselves near her chair, without, of course, indicating in any way that she was

on the deck, and she, understanding the situation, did not join the singing (?). There came a time, however, when they broke down on a song, and she, to help them over the weak ice, joined her trained voice with theirs, and suffering passengers like ourselves began to drift toward her. The men, even of the rank crowd, were delighted and plied her for song after song; but no rank ladies even so much as looked in the direction from which came that bell-like voice. She, considering that the air was free, that no claims had been staked for so much of it as her sweet voice would employ, and being a gracious woman, although not rank, kindly responded and sang a number of the old songs which we requested. The effect was too infectious, even for the rank outfit, and they capitulated and followed her leading. Down on the main deck the second class passengers began to gather near the gangway beneath the little lady's chair and loudly applauded her efforts.

Music seemed to have cut the social veil and the voyage began to assume the guise of a pleasant family party affair. The officer whose duty it was to see that the passengers had a good time was elated and enthusiastically announced a meeting at the same "corner" after dinner the following evening, and he especially requested, on behalf of the entire party, that the singer would be prepared to sing several mentioned songs upon that occasion.

But the next day! The air was full of scowls, up-lifted chins and turned-up noses. Not a one of the rank crowd saw the sweet-voiced lady all day. To her gracious nod to some of those who composed that immaculate company who had sung with her only a few hours before, only stony stares were vouchsafed.

When the evening came, true to her ladylike training, she repaired with her songs to the chosen corner. The rank crowd, however, set themselves *in another place* as far removed from her as possible, and began their squall. The officer who had, on behalf of the entire ship, requested the special songs, was with them, too; and he never renewed his requests till near the end of the voyage,

when the rank people had to flee to this one voice the ship possessed.

The process of ostracising this lady was steadily pursued until the quieter, real ladies and gentlemen aboard began carefully but surely to nullify the influence of the codfish aristocracy set up by young army people. By the time the voyage was on its last half, the obtrusive rank crowd had almost disappeared and constituted a little slivery knot relegated to a niche in one corner.

Positions were reversed.

At noon on Sunday the temperature was 65 degrees.

Monday, "The Fourth" the water was smoother and the air 73 degrees, so off came two of my vests and one union suit. The tone of the whole ship warmed with the sun. Mrs. Chamberlin here joined the card-playing that several of our table companions had instituted. It continued until the end. My diary says "I got it for one game but escaped after that."

The only celebration of the day consisted of the firing of a revolver by an exuberant boy, after sundown, the explosion of some fireworks, and the first singing among the soldiers, some seventy-five of whom we were carrying. As no one organization comprehended them all, they were called "casuals," just stray men who happened to be going on this boat.

With the assistance of banjos and guitars they gave an enjoyable hour with their four-part, sad love songs.

On this day a new reminder was inaugurated that we were on a journey to the tropics—the use of side awnings to protect the eye and to keep out the heat. I doubt if I have ever despised anything more than I did those awnings, and the way they were used.

As the whole ship was run on army regulations, evidently drawn upon land, there was no discretion to be expected and none exhibited. The entire promenade deck was provided with thick canvas curtains. When they were unrolled and tied down any view of the sea was impossible. Early after breakfast the side of the ship toward the sun would be entirely enclosed, no

matter whether or not that was the only side from which a breeze was to be obtained.

Following the noon meal, when the sun had passed to the other side of the boat these curtains were rolled up and those on the latter side were tied down; even if the wind had followed the sun. The regulations were framed to suit the sun. They would have had some sense had they been drawn to be varied according to the breeze.

Another custom of the "Sherman's" officers was the washing down of the decks at about 1 or 2 A.M. every night. A more annoying time could hardly be imagined. The swashing water, the noisy men, the grating of the scrubbing awoke all and, frequently, for the rest of the night.

Once this operation resulted disastrously. One of our lady friends occupied an upper berth on the main deck. She lay just beside a large open porthole, from which an air scoop protruded for say eighteen inches out over the water to catch any breeze that might be blowing or that our motion might create. At 3 A.M., one of the hottest nights, just as she was in the most pleasing part of dreamland, the deck washer who manipulated the hose let its streaming nozzle fall over the rail while he and his companions proceeded with their scrubbing, supposing that the stream of water was running into the sea. Unfortunately the nozzle caught in the air scoop and a powerful two inch stream of cold sea water struck our sleeping lady friend in the back between her bared shoulders, flooded her berth, and made her believe the ship had foundered. She rushed from her cabin in mortal terror, and it was only after the whole deck was aroused by her shrieks and pleadings that the incident could be closed.

On Tuesday the air was 74 degrees, the sea calm. Now began the dressing and the efforts of the rank people to outshine each other. A more inappropriate place could hardly be imagined. The dining saloon was a little cubby hole, about eight feet high, twenty feet wide, and twice as long. There was not a luxurious

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appointment to the ship. It did not even carry a piano, to say nothing of an orchestra. The cook's galley, the serving table, the dish washers and the bathrooms flanked the main entrance to the saloon. In other words the surroundings were like a fourth-rate hotel, although the food was first class. Yet, in these circumstances the rank crowd, of whom I doubt if there was one who had \$5,000 in cash or otherwise, proceeded to dress for dinner. And they actually paraded themselves in full evening dress, as near no dress as possible, with every bit of jewelry they could put their hands onto. Many of their costumes were positive frights. Their owners had discovered that their husbands, new, young army officers, believed that socially they were ranker than any other people on earth or on sea. The wife, then, should dress accordingly. The results can be imagined far better than described.

On the fifth of July the officers donned white duck, the ladies began to wear similar goods, and the blankets were removed from our cabins.

The following day, the sixth, the temperature leaped to 77 degrees and I discarded one union suit and one vest. This was also the day all on board were required to be vaccinated unless they had recently undergone this ordeal. Immediately the ship was teeming with consternation and protest, but there was no escape, and the Chamberlins took their medicine as did the remainder.

On the seventh the air took on two more degrees and I doffed another suit and another vest. Here we began to be introduced to the rank coterie and from new heights, scaled for the first time since leaving, felt as if we were still inhabitants of the same world with these splendid creatures. The next day, the eighth, the air was one degree cooler, 78 degrees, and I went below and added another union suit to my dress. Later in the day two vests went over the one to which I had reduced myself. As we were due at Honolulu the next day, the ship buzzed with gladness. A number of the passengers would there leave us and nobody was to

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come on, so there would be a shifting of cabins and a new scramble for the best ones.

It was on this last day that I learned that this family had become the object of considerable solicitude from the rank crowd. We were the only civilians aboard among hundreds of army, navy, and other government people. Inquiries we always parried; but that only added to the interest. The presence of one of the buttons of the Boston Press Club in my lapel led somebody to state that I was a newspaper man. That caused me to drop several degrees. Then somebody who knew that I had been trying to be a lawyer and that I was so known in Omaha, set me right; later another appeared who had read my book, but what I was going to the Philippines for was what the rank people wanted to know; and that they could not discover. We were a mystery; and we might be of some slight importance. Hence, in the last day or so before Hawaii, things came our way rapidly.

This alteration, however, was only amusing, and we held to our first friends.

Saturday, the ninth, early in the morning, we sighted the Hawaiian Islands. The first view of them is majestic and beautiful. Those to the southwest of the island of Oahu, which is the one containing Honolulu, have huge mountains, some of them enormous volcanoes. Two exceed 13,000 feet in elevation; so that the first sight is of distant, cloud-capped mountains that appear to reach to the sky.

So far we had had no rain, no heavy sea, no storm. One day had been like another. Card-playing, novel reading, knitting, eating, walking and the evening attempts at music had filled the lagging hours of all.

In the smoking room, as elsewhere, the usual game of cards was known as "Five hundred." Poker had not yet made an appearance. The heat of the tropics, had, however, and I discarded all but my usual summer weight of clothing.

The southern side of Oahu is the most beautiful natural approach to a land from the sea that I have

TO HONOLULU

ever seen. The mountains are so low that the many shaded green trees that cover them cling even to their very summits. Moreover, these heights look the way one likes to have mountains appear. They are symmetrical, conical, very sharp pointed, scores of them always in view. Beneath the darker greens of the trees on the mountain sides are miles on miles of a broad very light green belt that rises from the water-level, way around the island as far as the eye can see. It is composed of vast sugar cane plantations.

As we were coming in sight of Diamond Head, the



Diamond Head Light in the Moonlight

extinct volcano that guards the entrance to Honolulu Harbor, Mrs. Chamberlin was taken violently ill with what some insist is appendicitis.

The pain increased, and with sinking hearts we realized that she was fated to undergo another of what was known in our family as an "attack." Five times in two years had these occurred. Each one had demanded heroic treatment by physicans and trained nurses.

The "Sherman" was due to sail from Honolulu in twenty-four hours.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Could a blacker outlook be imagined than that which confronted us? Ten days, we believed, from such aid as was available at home! This might be the time when an operation would be absolutely necessary. What sort of surgeons did they have in this little island? Did they have trained nurses? Did they have a man who had ever treated appendicitis? What did this mean to us? Were we to stop here for a dangerous illness in this heat? That would be fatal, for excessive heat is the only thing Mrs. C. cannot well bear.

We had one consolation—the Queen of this beautiful land that we could see gliding by our porthole. This was hers, this unknown country, these grand hills, these great mountains, the Queen's, and she was our friend. Everything in Honolulu would be brought to our assistance at her word, and as these thoughts came to me, I felt the exhilaration of a hope, of the battle turning to victory, and we both grasped the problem with renewed determination.

CHAPTER III

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

It was near to four in the afternoon as we rounded Diamond Head and ran along close to Waikiki Beach



H. M. Liliuokalani of Hawaii

where is probably the most famous surf bathing in the world.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

The water is a very light green and is fringed upon every hand with huge white crests that break with thunderous roar on wandering coral shoals.

Honolulu lay under our eyes. It is down close to the water, in the lap of overhanging mountains, and one readily sees that it is a rambling town of only some 40,000 inhabitants with a compact little knot of business buildings about a quarter mile from the water.

Now for the first time in our lives, we could see the mystic palm waving tall in its own warm breezes.

These broad branches, swimming native boys who



We approach the Wharf

came to meet us to dive for pennies, families bathing in almost equally abbreviated costumes, and the presence on the wharf of scores of dark skinned, barefooted, native women, clad only in what we call Mother Hubbards, were about all we saw, except the white suits of the Americans, which were almost universally worn, that told us we were approaching a land different from our own.

Somebody told us the best hotel was the Alexander Young, and soon we were driving slowly upon asphalt pavements in search of it.

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

The streets, for the most part, we could see were narrow and wandering, the sidewalks insignificant. But we were in the poorer part. The hotel we found a great surprise. It must be three hundred feet long, recently built and four and six stories in height. In its comforts it was the equal of any hotel which we had ever seen. Swift elevators, marble floors and wainscoting, luxurious parlors, individual telephones, splendidly furnished rooms, everything that the best American hotels could furnish were here. But, above all, we enjoyed the servants, who were Chinamen. They were dressed in immaculate white, worked industriously, silently, and neatly.

I stated our predicament to the proprietor. He showed concern in our search for a room that would receive the cool breeze, for the thermometer was just rising 80 degrees and soon my invalid was abed in a room fanned by the clear air of the highlands. This later moderated to 75 degrees, where the glass remained all night. This is about the usual July temperature, I note from an examination of the records for preceding years, and July is always the hottest month.

In 1903 the average temperature from three ratings *per diem*, one at 6 A.M., one at 1 P.M., and a third at 9 P.M., was 69 degrees in January, 66 degrees in February, 67 degrees in March, 71 degrees in April, 74 degrees in May, 75 degrees in June, 77 degrees in July, 77 degrees in August, 76 degrees in September, 75 degrees in October, 73 degrees in November and 71 degrees in December. The highest the glass registered was 89 degrees in July and the lowest was 54 degrees in February.

Then I started to the Queen, our friend, whose town residence, Washington Place, was only a short two blocks away.

For nearly ten years Liliuokalani and I had been close friends, and from time to time I had journeyed to Washington, where she had spent her winters of late, to advise with her upon matters that she desired to place in my charge, and hardly a week has flown

but that some word has come to us from her, whether in our country or in her own. Frequently she sends some music, a poem, a song she has been writing, a memento that testifies to her friendship.

The popular idea in this country is that Liliuokalani is an enormously large savage, of gross, abandoned, immoral, immodest, dissolute, ignorant, savage, licentious, pagan character.

It is worth while to consider how this common conception of her was stimulated and spread among us.

In the early 90's the large majority of the sugar planters of Hawaii, for reasons we need not detail, formed a definite plan to bring about the annexation of the islands to us. This necessarily involved the violent overthrow of Her Majesty. This last they accomplished by means now fixed in history. Then, finding that they must prevent extensive sympathy for her unfortunate situation from arising in America, unless they would seriously imperil their projects, they employed the best weapon with which to combat that danger, and that was libel and slander. The fact that a Democratic administration succeeded a Republican one only about a month after the dethronement made Liliuokalani and her character a political issue, and the newspapers of the party whose administration had deposed her, opened their columns as always at such exigencies to whatever was offered that justified their side of the controversy.

Of this remarkably favorable opportunity the planters took full advantage, and no hoodwinking of the American people for purely private ends ever succeeded better, except, perhaps, in the single instance of the recent manufacturing of sentiment preferring the poor Nicaragua route over that of Panama for the great canal.

Of the deliberateness of the attack upon Liliuokalani I received indisputable evidence within fifty days after leaving Honolulu in the course of the confidences of a fellow passenger who, for over twenty years, had been one of the most prominent of these very men. The pendulum is swinging again and to-day, for business reasons, these gentlemen are cursing the

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

ill-fated day when they succeeded in annexation.

Let me illustrate. Here on my desk is a book published by one of the naval officers whose men composed the force of American marines, the landing of which resulted in the overthrow of the Queen. The volume purposes to be a record of "facts, which (the author says in the preface) I know to be true from my personal observation and investigation." The book is dedicated to the commander of the naval vessel from which the marines came and to the American Minister, who, in effect, if not in fact, directed their movements and their landing.

Here are some excerpts from this work:

"She (Liliuokalani) had, on an occasion before her succession, entered into a conspiracy to supplant her brother (Kalakaua, the late King) even at the expense, if necessary, of walking over his dead body."

That constitutes her a demon as black as any in history. Few women have ever murdered their brothers, especially when the latter had raised them to a position second only to their own.

"Liliuokalani . . . resembled him (Kalakaua whom she followed on the throne) in superstition, selfishness, and savage ignorance, and, like him was a hater of whites and a promotor of race prejudices."

This makes her an infidel, ungenerous, a savage and ignorant.

"She was such a mistress of dissimulation as to convince many well-meaning people that she was a strict believer in the Christian religion, whereas she was an idolatress and worshipper of the old pagan superstitions of Hawaii mythology."

Therefore she is insincere, a hypocrite, a perjurer and a pagan idolater.

"She kept continually around her Kahunas (priests) and heathen sorcerers to counsel and assist her, and women of openly bad character were her constant personal attendants. She was addicted to the grossest social vices . . . a ministry was appointed . . . composed of men she selected under promise, made in

advance, that they would appoint her favorite paramour to the marshalship of that kingdom."

In that paragraph is the lowest depth to which woman can descend. The fact that the Queen had the exclusive power to appoint the marshal is important.

"He (Kalakaua) and his sister, Liliuokalani . . . have constantly been the centre of a baleful, degrading influence, exalting immorality, drunkenness, heathenism and race hatred, for their own personal, selfish ends."

Our informant attended a reception by her. This is how he repays her courtesy:

"Her manner and general appearance were such as to convince me . . . that she was under the influence of some intoxicant rather than mere excitement. This opinion was borne out . . . when a very high and distinguished official . . . said to me, 'we have at last induced her to postpone her *coup*, and if she had not been full of gin we would have accomplished it long ago' . . . at night the old court circles gathered at the Ex-Queen's residence, and between poi, gin, and music the party had a royal time." Later on he calls her a bloodthirsty and dissolute Queen.

Such is the picture sent out into the world by an American naval officer, issued by one of our first-class publishing houses.

If it be added that her waistband measures as much as her height, that she has never bathed, that she never wears anything except a smile, ear-rings and anklets, chews tobacco, and picks her teeth with the wrist bone of the white infant who is served up for her dinner each day, while she sits on the sand in the open air surrounded by a large company of gentlemen and ladies, whose dress is similar in all respects to her own, the picture would be quite complete.

Now for the facts as they really are.

In these ten years of close acquaintance with her as friend and client, I have been many hours in her company, been the confidant of her business and social problems, and have spent many days and nights as her guest in her own residence. I know intimately members



The Queen discards Mourning

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

of her husband's family, which is one of the oldest and one of the most noted in Boston.

In appearance she looks far less than her sixty odd years, especially if she is animated by any peculiar interest or some little excitement like that attending any experience out of the regular, quiet, almost dreamy routine in which her life is now passed.

In height she is five feet five inches. Her weight is 165 pounds. Her hands are small, her color that of the American Indian, while her hair is but little gray.

Her figure is erect, her voice low and musical and, when interested, her countenance lights up with the illumination of a deep soul. In dress she is always very modest and since her husband's death, now some dozen years ago, just after her coronation, she seldom appears publicly in anything but mourning. For jewelry she usually wears only her husband's masonic pin and one or two simple rings. When rheumatism assails her upon occasion, she walks a bit lame.

No New England girl attended better public schools than Liliuokalani. The Yankee school marm has long taught the Honolulu children.

The Queen is a poet. So was her brother, King Kalakaua. She is a highly trained musician. So was he. They are the only ones of the Hawaiian monarchs who have written books. Liliuokalani is the most popular composer of music that the Hawaiian people has ever produced, and writes and speaks English practically as well as she does her own language. She is a member of widely known societies, like the Ladies' Pioneer Society of San Francisco, of scientific associations like the Polynesian Historical Society. She has collected and forever preserved the ancient traditions of her fast disappearing race. Two of her songs will undoubtedly live as long as music. They have been sung now for years and grow more and more popular with time. Once in a while I hear an orchestra play one of them. It is esteemed by the Hawaiian people more than any other song they have ever heard, and they sing it at all times and at all places. It is one of the

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ALOHA OE Farewell to Thee

Words and Music by
HER MAJESTY
LILIUOKALANI of HAWAII

Moderato.

Ha - a - heo ka u - a i - na pali Ke
Stolz zieht die Wol - ke über den Fels Und
 Proud-ly swept the rain by the cliffs As

nihī a - e - la ka na - hele E ha - ha - i pa - ha i ka
als sie durch die Bäu-me schwebt Folgt mit Trau - er ihr die
 on it gli - ded thro' the trees Still foll - 'wing ev - er the

liko, Pu - a A - hi - hi Le - hu - a o uka
liko, Die A - hi - hi le - hu - a des Thal's
 liko, The A - hi - hi Le - hu - a of the vale

Copyright, 1884, by LILIUOKALANI

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

HOOHO.
CHORUS.

SOPRANO
A-lo-ha o - e, a-lo-ha o - e, E ke o-na-o-na no-ho i-ka
Nun le-be wohl, Du Viel ge-lieb-te, Du Zou-be-rin in schatt'gen Lau-ben
Farewell to thee, farewell to thee, Thou charming one who dwells in sha-ded

ALTO

TENOR
A-lo-ha o - e, a-lo-ha o - e, E ke o-na-o-na no-ho i-ka
Nun le-be wohl, Du Viel ge-lieb-te, Du Zou-be-rin in schatt'gen Lau-ben
Farewell to thee, farewell to thee, Thou charming one who dwells in sha-ded

BASS

PIANO
Cresc.
p

li-po A fond em-brace a ho-i a-e au, Un-til we meet a-gain.
woh-nend, Um er-me mich, Ich scheide nun von dir Um bald Dich wieder zu seh'n.
bow-'rs A fond em-brace ere I de-part, Un-til we meet a-gain.

li-ko A fond em-brace a ho-i a-e au, Un-til we meet a-gain.
woh-nend, Um er-me mich, Ich scheide nun von dir Um bald Dich wieder zu seh'n.
bow-'rs A fond em-brace ere I de-part, Un-til we meet a-gain.

Alma ac J

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songs, the melody of which sinks into the brain and recurs to memory again and again. It is called Aloha Oe (Farewell to Thee). The Queen composed both the words and music.

Her published literary works are two in number—Hawaii's Story by Hawaii's Queen (Lee & Shepard, Boston), a volume of some five hundred pages, detailing her life, travels, reign and overthrow—and a volume entitled Hawaiian Tradition of the Creation, same publishers, containing a description of how the world was formed according to the Hawaiian sage Keaulunoku, whose version appeared in 1700.

Besides the songs mentioned above, many others are to be found in the different collections of Hawaiian music.

In manner she is what one imagines a Queen, dignified, not haughty; calm, gracious, solicitous of the comfort of all, studious of what will please them. Generous to a fault is she, forgiving, slow to anger, full of kindly spirit, and imbued with a deep sense of *noblesse oblige*. Her home, for these ten years, I know, has always contained several whom she is educating with her own purse. Just now there are three whom she brings to Washington with her each fall, where they have had private tutors as well as access to the best schools. She always calls them "the children."

"I love to hear their young voices. They keep me cheerful and young," she said to me only a month ago. We sat in her little reception room, she playing a game of solitaire, the three young people singing at the piano with their strange, wonderfully blending voices just suited to the songs of their race.

"Nothing worries me. I am happy and contented. I have time to think, read and reflect. I receive nobody and for the first time in my life can feel free to do as I wish. All I want is to do the best I can for the children and help my people in every way I may. I want them to be well cared for, they are so poor and helpless. I am providing for as many of them as I can, and shall continue to do so."

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

I knew that. She has for years and is now allowing her lands to be occupied gratuitously by scores of families.

In long conversations about her overthrow, and of the false friends, who, at the critical time, deceived and deserted her who had made them all that they were, never a bitter or reproachful word did she speak.

In Washington her life is one of music, flowers, reading, and reflection. At eight is breakfast. Then the children hurry to school. The Queen writes some letters. Often she turns to a low table at her side and writes a bar of music that has suddenly lodged in her being; or perhaps a line of a poem upon which she works a little every day. We talk of business affairs, when it is seen that she is most methodical, and carries the minutest details always in memory. She weighs well her every word. She may play the piano for half an hour and then comes lunch, and the children. Music follows, and at my request, the children always sing the songs of their Queen, for she is always "Your Majesty" to them and to all who are admitted to her. If a piece is to be transposed, the one at the piano asks Her Majesty for advice as to the technical details, who answers with immediate knowledge, without even interrupting her solitaire. Often she joins the children in singing some favorite composition.

When I was there last she was putting into German the words of one of her old songs, writing on the score with a pencil.

In the afternoon she reads or writes some more. Then comes a nap and the dressing for dinner. This, like the other meals, is simple, served as typical American meals, except that fruit appears to occupy a more prominent place than in most of our eating. No spirits of any kind are ever served, nor have I ever seen any in the house, or discovered any evidence of them.

The evening is all music and laughter to the younger ones, while the Queen sits to one side, half listening, half thinking; the perfect picture of content and calm faith in the future.

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She attends the Episcopal church with regularity, helps materially in its support, and takes an active part in any of the work in which she can do good.

Her largeness of mind, sense of humor and breadth of view are shown by the following incident.

One evening we were seated in a small parlor of the Ebbitt House, in Washington. Her identity became known and many curious ill-bred people pointed her out one to the other. A young lady so far forgot herself as to stand at a nearby post and peek at Her Majesty whenever the latter did not appear to be looking. The Queen turned to me and said, "Now she can look for quite a while and then she will go away and say that she has seen 'Queen Lil';" and her eyes fairly bubbled with fun.

A kinder soul I have never seen. She always reminds one of the splendid New England women one sees in Vermont living to a great age with not a line of worry in the calm forehead, so deep and solid is the soul.

I recall one specific instance of her thoughtfulness for the feelings of others.

The foremost music publishing house in Boston has recently issued a collection of Hawaiian songs, collected by a native composer who gave first place to Aloha Oe. But he has not been so just in other instances, ascribing to others several songs of the Queen.

She presented me with her own album of her songs, a beautiful volume bound in velvet, surmounted by her own crest, of her designing. This book was sent to Queen Victoria, but through the thieving propensities of a servant, did not reach her. When recovered it was a little worn, and was retained by the composer as her own, while another was manufactured for her royal friend who had recently entertained her at Windsor. In handing the book to me she told me of this and also of the mistakes of the compiler of the collection of songs. I was indignant, thinking that this was only another intentional slight, but the Queen smilingly interrupted me to say that the matter was of no consequence, as, of course, the truth would eventually prevail. She had,

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however, concluded to ask one of her friends to inform the compiler quietly and privately of his errors, in a way that would not cause him any public chagrin.

Among her friends in Honolulu are the best people there, and no higher class Caucasian people are anywhere; and among them she is known as a woman of high ability, splendid character and spotless life. Such people do not associate with pagan idolaters, and dissolute, low, drunken women. And no members of that branch of the famous Lee family of Boston, to which the Queen's husband belonged, has ever married a woman of the low character described or ever entertained such people in their own homes.

The Queen's home in her own country is one full of refinement, good taste and exalted feeling. All the proof needed is to be supplied to you as it was to me, by the white people there who have enjoyed its hospitality and by the close acquaintance of the splendid woman who presides over it.

The following throws an interesting light upon what I have said:

On page 264 of Senator Hoar's "Autobiography of Seventy Years," occurs the Republican platform which he wrote in 1894. In it is the sentence: "No barbarous Queen beheading men in Hawaii." At the bottom of that page and on the top of the one succeeding the Senator says:

"I ought to explain one phrase in this platform, which I have since much regretted. That is the phrase 'No barbarous Queen beheading men in Hawaii.' It was currently reported in the press that the Queen of Hawaii, Liliuokalani, was a semi-barbarous person, and that when Mr. Blount, Mr. Cleveland's commissioner, proposed to restore her government . . . she had said with great indignation, 'What, is no one to be beheaded?' . . .

"That, so far as I knew, had never been contradicted and had obtained general belief.

"I ought not to have accepted the story without investigation. I learned afterward from undoubted

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

authority, that the Queen is an excellent Christian woman; . . . and that she expended her scanty income in educating and caring for the children of the persons who were about her court who had lost their own resources by the revolution. I have taken occasion, more than once, to express, in the Senate, my respect for her, and my regret for this mistake."

Subsequent personal letters between the Senator and the Queen entirely removed the misunderstanding.

Washington Place, her Honolulu mansion, is a beautiful home, a large, white, square building with very broad verandas above and below that entirely en-



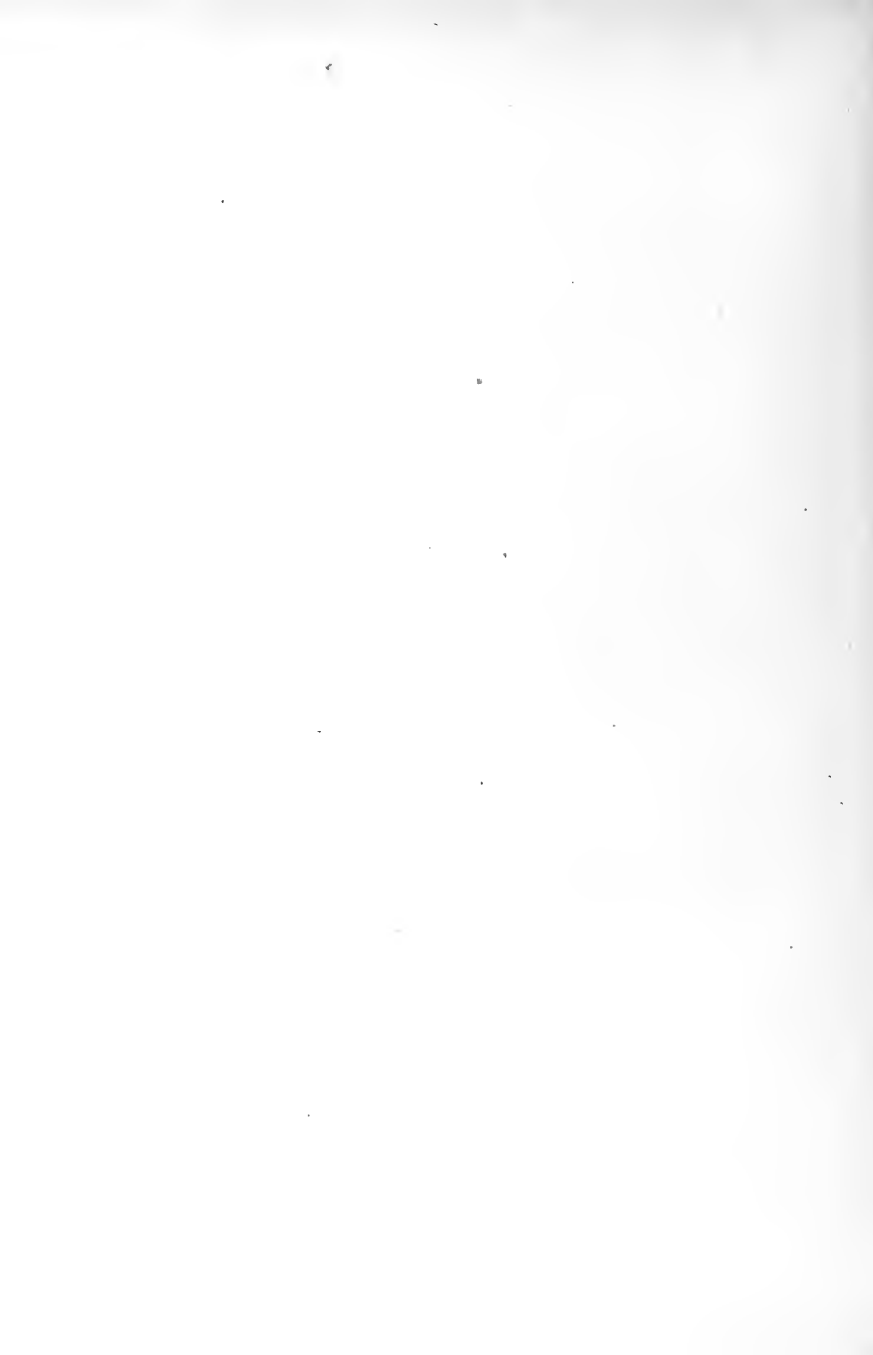
Washington Place from Street

circle it. From much of the street, the house can hardly be seen because of the dense foliage that intervenes.

As I advanced rapidly into the grounds and around the Queen's favorite nook, the southwest corner of the veranda, I heard the soft sound of guitars and a number of musical voices joined in slow, strange, melodic song. I burst in upon them, half a dozen bare-footed young girls, seated in the shade of spreading trees; and the sound ceased as if I had been an



The Queen at Home



HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

apparition. But one of the singers knew me, and in wondering tones she called to the Queen "Hanai," the term of endearment which the children always use in addressing her in their own home if they are alone.

The picture on the preceding page shows her just as she is to-day when in repose.

No woman or man could have carried her problems and endured her experience without looking at least as earnest and straightforward as she in this view.

It should be said that in no picture of her in full



The Queen's Favorite Corner

dress costume that I have ever seen does she appear to advantage.

But her position required full dress costume, upon State occasions; and as she appeared at such times she has been obliged to be pictured to the world. Having, also, that disregard that many other broad-minded historical personages have evinced for mere

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

dress, she has, perhaps, too often relied upon the advice of others.

Upon learning of our troubles, she immediately said she would call on Mrs. Chamberlin. That I had to decline, promising, however, if the patient's condition would permit we would come to Washington Place and there remain. In ten minutes I was hurrying from her presence with her physician.

As we strode along, I explained the illness, and he at once concluded that we had to deal with appendicitis.



The Royal Hawaiian Hotel

At the dread word I determined to fight any idea of operating. I deemed such a catastrophe as scarcely less than suicide.

By nine in the evening we were gratified by some easing of the attacks of pain, although spasms recurred with every five minutes. The presence of a friend enabled me to visit Washington Place for a short half hour of consultation with the Queen and then I hurried back. As I returned I entered the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which was on my direct route, where a ball was



Washington Place



Beside the Main Gate



The North Gate

given for the passengers of our transport. This place I found to be distinctly Hawaiian in character.

Many broad verandas made ideal places for promenading and the enjoyment of refreshments.

On reaching the *Young*, by accident I was transported to the roof, where I found a wonderful garden completely filled with tropical, growing flowers. Never, in Southern Europe, even, have I seen a house-garden to rival it, and the view of the twinkling city beneath, and the moonlight on the bay, was delightful. Surely, I should walk slower in a month if I there remained.

Little rest was there for either of us that night. Medicine was administered at frequent intervals and I dared not trust even a nurse.

At periods we discussed the situation. I investigated the swift passenger traffic from Honolulu to China and Japan and found that in a week or so we could expect a boat that would enable us to arrive in the East almost as soon as the slow moving "*Sherman*." Or we could relinquish our original journey and proceed no farther. By this course we could remain in these waters for a month or even more after convalescence began. My duty, however, said to go, if safe. If the "*Sherman*" sailed Sunday evening we could not continue with her. That was first to be settled—would she start Sunday? And if she did not, could we hope to go aboard Monday night? Surely not, unless we had a better stateroom, because the hot part of the journey was now coming and Mrs. Chamberlin could bear far less of it now than before this illness.

Early Sunday morning I hurried to the "*Sherman*." She would not sail till Monday evening at six. That gave us a chance. Was a better stateroom available? There was. Upon examination I saw it would not do, and I prepared our baggage to leave the ship.

When the doctor came he discovered no worse symptoms and said that if the patient's condition remained as at first, no operation would be needed and he concurred that we better not attempt to proceed

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The Queen in her Library

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

with the "Sherman." All day we were anxious; but made little, if any, appreciable progress. With the advent of friends from the transport, I was able to eat breakfast and lunch at the Queen's, upon which occasion I was fanned by a little black-haired, barefooted, native girl who stood behind my chair. The Queen prepared some alligator pears for my delectation, which I found to taste far better than they appeared. The part that is eaten is very light green, a color that obtains in none of our home fruit and naturally leads to strange thoughts.

Soon she took me about the place. It is ideal. Coffee, bread-fruit, bananas, oranges, lemons, grow in abundance all about the house. The estate of Washington Place must cover a lot some three hundred feet on the street and five hundred feet back. The main gates are in the centre and open into a driveway which leads directly to the middle of the front of the house which looks to the west.

Beside the main gate on the right as one would enter, is a tall flagstaff from which still flies the royal flag that denotes the Queen's presence in the city.

Hundreds of tropical plants surround the lower veranda and give it with their many colors and sweet perfume the air of a conservatory, while the driveway, except in the centre, is banked with heavy foliage of rare choice, for the Queen is a student of horticulture and the tropical world has been levied upon for her flowers. Except directly in front of the house, the whole property is a flower garden.

But it is in her fernery that the Queen takes her heartiest delight. The buildings are at the rear of the estate. One is crowded with rare ferns and another with choice orchids. Scores of the rarest varieties are there, each with a history, well known to its mistress, many obtained only by extended search and at great expense.

At three in the afternoon, after providing safe company for Mrs. Chamberlin, the Queen sent for a covered carriage, and with her lady-in-waiting seated beside the driver, the Queen and I behind, we rode to

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



By the Sea



The Wayside Pool

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

Waikiki Beach, where she has several beach houses and, further inland, a large estate. On this drive, I found why Hawaii has been so commonly called "The Garden Spot of the World." It is one great garden of tropical leaves, palms and flowers. Almost every house, great, small, whether indicating wealth or poverty, was hidden in the midst of the tropical growth that surrounded it. There were trees even in the business section covered with millions of red flowers, white flowers,



The Bridge

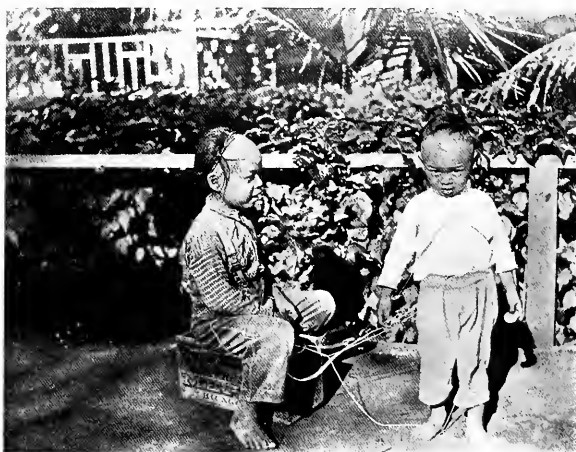
purple, blue. There were beautiful parks with waving palms, pools crossed by rustic bridges, cascades of rushing, dashing streams.

As we progressed I found that the people were cosmopolitan. More Japanese, Chinese, and Americans are to be seen than Hawaiians. But of them all, the children are most interesting and the most interesting children are the Japanese. Here they can be found just as in their own country.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



From Japan



To L. McN. & Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

Note the little Japanese girls on the lawn by the roadside in the heart of the city.

The plate showing the boy riding on the board box convinces me that I have made a great error in keeping it so long without forwarding a copy to a certain firm of Chicago pork packers. It ought to be good for a ham. One of my Kentucky kodak pictures of General Howard, in which, accidentally, appeared the



*H. M. Queen Liliuokalani
with her Lady-in-Waiting and Hawaiian Secretary*

name of a prominent style of shoe has been lately the cause of the gift of a handsome pair of those shoes—no, not for me, who took the picture, but for General Howard.

I discovered a typical Kanaka, or native family. There are hundreds similar to it in the outskirts of Honolulu. In a climate like that in which they live, the house is unimportant except when there are storms.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Kanaka



The Queen at Waikiki

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

It is out of doors that the people are to be found. Here, as in the far East, too, the pleasure seeker wanders abroad at night and sleeps in the daytime and when the moon paints in silver the wide bay that fronts the city, long after midnight the happy laughter of scores of bathers reaches the casual ear.

I made a picture of the Queen at her beach cottages.

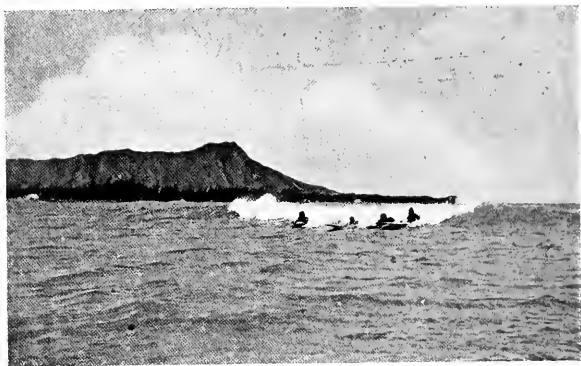
As is readily seen the beach places are like similar establishments at home and the furnishings of these owned by royalty are but little better. The Queen's in-



Waikiki

satiable love for flowers, however, here has full play. A fringe of cocoanut palms runs beside the street, from which the estate is guarded by a broad fence that is some seven feet high. A single Japanese guards the little property, and, at the Queen's suggestion he climbed a palm and threw down a number of cocoanuts, encased in their inch-thick green shells which were gathered in a large sack for us. From here several miles of the beach lay under our eyes.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



Native Girls in Surf



An Expert

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

The jolly surf-riders came in on every wave.

I was crazy for a swim. The heat of the water is always about two degrees less than the temperature of the air and a sea-bath is an extended experience if one's inclinations are all that need be consulted.

I could not spare the time, however, and we hurried to the Young, where the "Sherman" quartermaster urged us to rejoin the ship and made so many promises that he fairly won me. His introduction of me as a news-



The Cascades

paper man a moment later, however, to a local reporter almost caused open warfare.

Worse symptoms developing Sunday evening resulted in a hasty call of the doctor and it was midnight before we felt secure. The remainder of the night was, though, restful, and with the additional strength thus acquired Mrs. Chamberlin early began a struggle to go on board and continue. Believing that she would succeed I hurried to the "Sherman" and found that the room we needed was placed at our disposition. I accepted.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Queen in her Reception Room

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

About four-thirty Mrs. Chamberlin was placed in a rubber-tired carriage and driven slowly to Washington Place. Here we had an hour with Her Majesty.

In the reception room is a marble bust of the Queen's brother, King Kalakaua. The picture on the table behind the Queen is that of her late husband, while the branching ornaments, if I may so designate them, are the "Kahili," the rare feather symbols of the Hawaiian monarchs. I recall that the Queen said that one of the golden ones was made from feathers, only two of which grew on one bird, one under each wing.

The piano is a grand in style. Off the music room is the hallway which extends through the centre of the house. In this there is an Angelus for the children,

The library is across the hall from the reception room.

As we arose to go, the Queen placed "leis" or ropes of flowers over our necks and around our head coverings and then accompanied us to the carriage, and remained standing in the centre of the main doorway till we reached the street. As we turned by the main gate, she still stood there waving her handkerchief—and so we passed from her life.

As our big ship picked her tortuous way out of the coral harbor and turned toward the red setting sun, I stood by the rail, wrapt in reflection. That land was the land of perpetual summer, of content, of rest, of carelessness and indolent enjoyment of everything which man loves and in which he takes delight—except ambition and battle. If one were to sit down and write out what character of country he would like in Heaven, most of us would closely approach to a description of Hawaii. Here are a people who are lovers of music and flowers before all else. They live like improvident children. They toil not, neither do they spin. All is quiet and peace. In the middle of the day all the world retires to sleep.

The drowsiness fastens upon one. The perfumes and the sweet sound of strange voices in saddening cadence with the soft guitar imprisons the will and

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Lilies



Now snap it

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

decision vanishes. It is as if the brain were paralyzed. The quick, restless tread of the busy American in his own town becomes the slow, careless walk of the people



The Cocoanuts

to whom this fair land belonged. All hurrying and all caution vanish. No longer are the doors locked. Not even shut are they.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Royal Palm

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

From Christmas to Christmas they are swung wide to all the world.

Work in such an atmosphere! Never! One can. One never does; except from compulsion. If any who read this are through with struggling against the world, let them go to Hawaii without further delay. They are wasting many precious hours by remaining elsewhere.

"No land in all the world has any deep strong



Above Honolulu

charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through more than a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms, bowing by the shore; its remote summits floating

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Palm



The Song of the Lead

HAWAII AND THE QUEEN

like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude; I can hear the splash of its brooks; in the nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished years and years ago."

A great prose poet wrote that, although probably he was never before so designated. It is a classic. Who wrote it? Find it in the song of the man who threw the lead that evening to see that we were not nosing around too close to a coral reef as we barely moved through the narrow channel that was to take us out into the wild ocean.

Over the seaman's head stood the imperturbable captain on the bridge where he could catch every word, and this is what he heard ringing out over the waters:



CHAPTER IV

HONOLULU TO THE MIDWAYS

Once free of Oahu, we turned to the northwest, heading for the Midway Islands, 1168 miles away. These possessions of ours lie almost in a direct line to Yokohama from Honolulu.

Our new quarters on the promenade deck offered much improvement over our former ones. The room was no larger, but had fifteen feet of deck in front of it. The only entrance was by a door from this deck. There were also two large windows and an adjustable electric fan from which to secure such fresh or salt air as was available. We were on the starboard side as before, but further toward the stern. The door of no cabin was ever closed from San Francisco to Manila, except for the first one or two days.

As a rule, there was no attempt to exclude the contents of any cabin from view, except while dressing. Then the home-made curtains were pinned up. We employed a thin red shawl for this purpose.

Upon this upper deck the washing of the decks in the dead hours of the night became more of a nuisance than before, when it was carried on over our heads. This nightly visitation was made by some six or eight bare-legged sailors who were sure to take turns gaping into the open windows of all our staterooms, and if one saw anything that was particularly interesting he shared his bad fortune with those of his companions with whom he was on good terms.

All the way to Honolulu the wind had blown from the southeast, cooling the port side. If that wind continued until Manila was reached, our new cabin would only be on the cool side as far as the Midways. In arriving at a decision as to whether we would or not continue on the "Sherman," this matter of the direction

HONOLULU TO THE MIDWAYS

of the wind was much discussed, but never to my satisfaction.

The Queen's fruit was in a sack in the ice rooms below. Every day some of it was brought to us. Alligator pears almost created a panic at our table, and only one could be induced to partake. The cocoanuts were received differently. They were not ripe for eating, but were for drinking. There is always one eye of a cocoanut that is easily punctured. The others are not. Cocoanut "milk," as we call it at home, is not drunk in the East. It is considered as too old. In the young cocoanut this milk is entirely colorless and is called "water." It is extensively employed as a mild cathartic, and is much less rich than what we call "milk."

When the cocoanut is ripe, the change comes. Before it is ripe the only edible part of the fruit is a colorless pulp lining, next to the water, of a thickness of about a sixteenth of an inch. This is glutinous in texture, palatable and liked by the natives.

The first day out from Honolulu the sea was the heaviest we had seen and there was more seasickness in which we did not join. As hoped, the wind was on our side, and as it was very strong the day was cool, although the temperature was 82 degrees. That day we passed Bird Island, a solitary rock.

The following day I yielded to the "siesta" habit and never shook it off till I was in the Mediterranean. If you had stepped aboard right after lunch you would have found many of us asleep in our steamer chairs, in all sorts of nooks and positions. The rest of this traveling city were in the staterooms; except the children. They were the only people aboard who came near drowning. Many narrow escapes had they. The most perilous time for them was when, just opposite the chair of a sleeping male passenger, they, half a dozen strong, joined in whistling for a cow to get off the track. This delightful diversion occurred daily, until finally deck sleeping was an impossibility.

There was no barber shop aboard, but there was

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

a man chambermaid who said he was a barber, and appointments could be made with him for his services at one's cabin.

He had a head rest that would screw onto the back of a camp stool, the only chair in the cabins, and as may be imagined the things he did to some of us can hardly be described in temperate language.

Any cabin passenger could, by signing his name opposite the hour at which he desired to bathe, reserve the bathroom for that time each day.



Warm

The chief duties of Captain Taggart, the Quarter-master, appeared to be to play cards and promenade with the ladies who best liked his uniform. He was supposed to keep everybody good-natured and prevent social friction. Once in a while he seemed to be doing some work, but I may be mistaken. Oh, yes, he used to walk around and look into the staterooms, "inspect them" at 11 A.M. each day. I don't wonder.

On the fourteenth, Thursday, the heat struck us. The glass mounted to 86 degrees and we began to see

HONOLULU TO THE MIDWAYS

what there was ahead. At times there was absolutely no air stirring, and our slow speed of less than a dozen miles per hour produced no relieving wind. Then the unaccustomed wondered if he could survive this and worse for the next weeks. For Mrs. Chamberlin the effect was dangerous. She almost gasped for breath. But a little breeze would be discovered just in time to prevent disaster, and then all who could would move to that part of the boat which it favored. In a little while that would die down and then would begin another



Hot !!

search for relief, and, if found, a further migration ensued, unless the identity, location or reality of the new visitor were disputed, as was often the case. Then each followed his own judgment, and the ship divided. These expeditions usually occurred half a dozen times a day. Collars were discarded, even by many ladies.

The baby, of course there was "the" one, tried a fairly modest costume, as we ploughed nearer the sun.

Still later she habitually appeared, in the next ten days, with no visible attire.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Some gentlemen refused to don coats or even vests, and wore negligee shirts that left the chest exposed. It was often, from here to the Philippines, a fight for air. Now commenced the sleepless nights, the long, dark hours of restlessness. Had it not been for the electric fan, I doubt if Mrs. Chamberlin would have reached the Philippines without further serious illness.

Many of the passengers, however, found it dangerous to employ the fan at all while they slept, so harmful was the constant draught.

On the second day out I recommenced work. It



Hot !!!

was about the only time in my life when I had to drive myself to labor. But I was compelled to do it here, and the task became more and more irksome the further we penetrated the tropics.

On the fourteenth a sailor caught a tired, gull-like bird which had alighted upon one of the lifeboats. This feathered visitor did not seem to have much fear of man and, after pecking at us on first attempts at petting him, soon ceased any resistance and allowed all who desired to stroke his coat. Then he was released, but after describing a single circle he, to our surprise, re-

HONOLULU TO THE MIDWAYS

turned to us and spent the night aboard. The officers assured me that as a rule one or more birds nightly rested their wings by sleeping aboard after their long journey from the nearest land.

Soon after midday we saw an apparently helpless schooner lying across our path.

That reversed, lowered flag meant trouble and much excitement for us. All we did was to slow down to about half speed and move nearer to her so that she could be



Kidston, The Best Ever, First Officer

hailed. But we acted with rather ill grace, it seemed to me, for we were plainly going to do as little as possible for her, and those of the officers I saw appeared angry at the delay that little cockleshell was causing us. What right had she, half a dozen strong, to hold up a leviathan of the deep carrying a thousand souls? Mr. Beecher's words came to me as we bore toward the little stranger:

"As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies."

Through the megaphone we asked them what they wanted.

"We have lost our bearings,—compass out of order."

I think we were all disappointed that their story was not more harrowing. The captain told them about where they were and they started for Honolulu.



Help!

The fifteenth was the last day before the Midway Islands, and four days from Honolulu. The thermometer had registered 82°, 78°, 86° and 78° in these four days, and we had had nothing yet suggesting a storm at sea.

Ship life was now well adjusted. We had decided whom we wanted to know and whom we preferred to avoid. No mere veneer can long hide the true wood on shipboard. There are too many eyes and there is too much contact to admit of other results. The true,

HONOLULU TO THE MIDWAYS

staunch, reliable, even-gaited had found each other, and the froth was no longer to be seen. Each day the latter circle grew smaller, the former larger.

Those who really did things began to unbend with the finding of kindred, appreciative souls, and soon one by one voices that could sing began to jolly the fellows who looked solemn and were natural comedians, until they permitted themselves to be known; and before we knew it, there was an evening of the old songs, with the



Belongs to the 12th Inf.

four parts well taken, accompanied by the violin—Ben Bolt, The Rosary, Heidelberg, Lead Kindly Light, Fiddle and I, Robin Hood, the famous Scotch songs.

In this way were our evenings occupied as a rule. On this last night before land, Dr. Aleë, of New York City, who would leave us at the Midways, rounded up all the available voices for a concert under his direction. The most of it was a joke, but an attempt so understood

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

was more enjoyable than some other numbers which were offered as serious attempts.

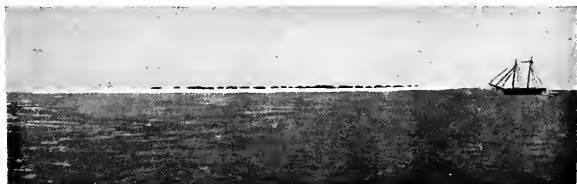
Here was where the rank crowd had to succumb and ask the one voice aboard please to sing again; and, lady, she sang and had all the revenge she desired.

CHAPTER V

THE MIDWAYS

Saturday morning, at seven, the sixteenth of July we sighted, dead ahead, a strip of low, level, white land that just barely arose above the horizon. The Midway Islands were in sight.

Nobody aboard had ever seen these lands. All that we could learn was that they furnished a wayside station for the trans-Pacific cable, that some fifteen employees of the cable company had been exiled there for approximately a year and had nearly starved, that they recently had been relieved by the United States "Iroquois," and that a physician, some marines and a score or so of carpenters had been landed, which brought



The Midways ten miles away

the total population to seventy-five. Since the discovery of the Islands, no civilized visitors, we were informed, had ever come there but by shipwreck, except during the recent governmental survey, when the cable had been laid in 1903, when the suffering employees had been saved, and when, in the past sixty or ninety days, additional building material or supplies had been left by several steamers.

The United States Army Transport, "Buford," upon the appeal of the cable company, had, we were told, endeavored to leave supplies to save the famishing

castaways during the preceding spring, but, owing to rough weather, had been unable to make a landing, and had boxed the provisions, mail, etc., thrown them overboard and steamed away into a gathering gale which soon arose and dashed the box to atoms and entirely destroyed its contents.

Our orders were to land some provisions and Dr. Alee, who was under contract with the cable company to reside on the islands for the two ensuing years. He would relieve Dr. E. Storrer, of San Francisco, a famous traveler, who was about concluding a six months' engagement of a similar nature. We were not to depart until our errands were accomplished.

Sand Island, the only inhabited island of the group, is located in Lat. 28 degrees 13' 15" North, Long. 177 degrees 21' 30" West. It is 956 miles to the northwest of Honolulu, close to a straight line from Honolulu to Yokohama, and about the latitude of New Orleans, Shanghai and Nagasaki. It is some 700 miles south of San Francisco, and 350 north of Honolulu; and it is not far from half way between San Francisco and Yokohama.

The group consists of two islands, Sand Island and Eastern Island, separated by about a mile of very shallow water. The two may be comprehended within a circle, the radius of which is only two miles. They lie inside of and only an eighth of a mile from a most remarkable coral reef over fifteen miles in length, and which forms almost a complete circle. The ends of this piece of coral continue the formation of the circle to within three miles of each other on the west, when they halt and leave a gateway of that width through which the islands may be reached. This entrance, however, so far as the purposes of navigation are concerned, narrows to a width of about one-third of a mile, and even then affords only between four and five fathoms of water. The remainder of the three miles supplies only two or three fathoms. This enormous piece of coral is substantially solid except for an interval of about five hundred feet on the southern line, through which runs a narrow channel by which

THE MIDWAYS

small boats may enter the circle when the weather is, as the chart says, "fine." At no other place can this fifteen miles of coral be pierced.

That part of the southern line lying to the west of the five hundred foot break in the coral is always submerged, to the depth of some two or three feet at low tide. At high tide the water continuously breaks on



Fifteen Miles of Coral

this section of the reef. On the other hand, the remainder of the reef rises above low tide from ten to fifteen inches, and at such time one may walk on it from end to end.

Seward Roads is the name given to the third of a mile wide channel, which, when inside the reef, expands into Welles Harbor, an anchorage basin some half-mile

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

in diameter. As its depth is only about five fathoms, none except small craft can take advantage of it, and that in but the best weather; and even then the careful, experienced mariner would see no safe berth in case of any unexpected current or other sudden happening.

Sand Island is one mile and three-fourths long, and will average a width of some three-quarters of a mile. Its highest point is forty-three feet above the sea level, and it averages an elevation of less than ten feet.

The greatest length of Eastern Land is one mile and a fourth; its width less than that.

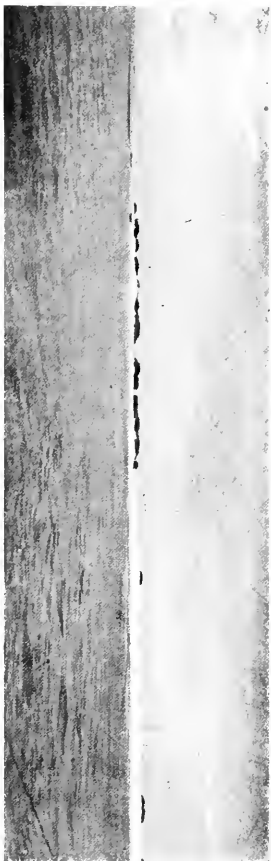
Our white ship, convoyed by hundreds of sea birds, continued her course toward the northwest until we were about opposite the five hundred foot entrance for small boats. Then we followed the reef until opposite Seward Roads, where we were to lie, adrift, perhaps two miles from the reef.

Both islands lay in full sight. Sand Island was a level patch of white sand with here and there a small circular mound that appeared to be covered with green growth. On the northern shore were to be seen maybe a dozen dark red, one-story, box-like buildings, and two larger structures, one of them yet in the skeleton, above which, from a tall, white, glinting staff, floated the Stars and Stripes, flashing in the bright sunlight.

Eastern Island was entirely level, with no mounds. It was covered with a long, rank, green grass. To the east of this the water was of a very light green, such as, we were informed, usually accompanies coral. Here and there, between our berth and the white sand of the larger island, were rivers of similar shade.

While we awaited the arrival of three small sail boats which were some half-mile distant when we stopped our engines, many were entertained by watching large fish that were estimated to measure two or three feet, as they crept along the bottom, through six or seven fathoms of water.

Just here my arm was pulled. Tom Heinatz—"Buttons"—the kind, thoughtful little fellow who did our errands, informed me that there was a shark on a



Sand Island Three Miles Away



Sand Island Two Miles Away

THE MIDWAYS

hook at the stern and "the men" wanted me to take a picture of it. Surely enough, there in the water, over the propeller and not more than a foot from the surface, was a struggling, madly fighting shark, held fast on a hook through her jaw. She was about six feet long. Accompanying her were two babies, not over eighteen inches long, who swam about their mother in evident fright and dismay, and when she was hauled clear of the water, they peeped up after her, as if determined to share her fate as far as they could. A noose was let down and



The Shark

fastened over the victim's tail, and then she was hauled to the rail and Captain Chase asked to shoot her. Just as he pulled the trigger, a close-cropped, bullet-like head was thrust through a port-hole not six inches from the trajectory of the bullet. Chase's face was as pale as death. The shark half stopped its spasm. A second shot rang out, and it hung limp, never more to move.

One of the sailboats from the island was alongside. In ten minutes, all three had lines aboard. The most

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

natty of them was white, and manned by a crew of marines, all dressed in white duck. Over the side climbed a rather small, explorer-appearing man, dressed in drab duck and a white helmet. Bronzed was he, thin and wiry, soft of speech, calm, collected, and bearing all the earmarks of a globe-trotter, who had sought secrets in all the hidden recesses. It was Dr. Storrer.

If one of our boats went ashore, I had been promised passage. Our Quartermaster had been told at



Dr. Storrer comes Aboard

Honolulu that it would not be necessary to use any of our boats in the landing of the new doctor and the stores we carried for the islands. The marines assured him, when they came aboard, that the three boats alongside could readily take to shore all we had to leave. We ought not to delay a great transport for the pleasure of two or three.

I therefore felt that there was small chance of my

THE MIDWAYS

setting foot on land, which was a bitter disappointment. In fifteen minutes, however, my view of the world was altered by a whisper from Kidston, the big mate, a splendid fellow, that he'd sink the three boats that had come out from the island if he loaded onto them all the stores. Then Captain Van Deusen, A.C., Captain Chase, and Surgeon Snoddy joined us, and one by one we clambered down the threshing, flying rope ladder on the starboard side, and sprawled into the tossing life-boat No. 1, falling over bananas, watermelons, boxes and trunks. The boat was hurled hither and thither; the cargo leaped in all directions; the Paymaster, anticipating an involuntary wetting, loosened his shoes so that he could remove them quickly; one of the mates, sitting high up on our stern, bawled some red-hot remarks that fairly scorched the air—to the effect that there was no ——— tiller aboard and when he was answered that no tiller could be found on the ——— ship, he was as striking a picture of disgust as can be well imagined. He started to express his feelings in words that fairly fought for exit, but a glance at scores of women leaning over far above him warned him, and after a savage "Aw!" those on board heard no more. They only saw that he pounded the rail with huge clenched fist in impotent rage and turned away from the transport. We who were nearer heard him direct to the distant horizon the remainder of what he had intended to say to the sailors.

To add to the fun, it was discovered that, owing to leakage, there was almost as much danger of becoming wet from within as from without, and the Quartermaster and the giant Van Deusen were soon bailing as hard as they could, but with little sign of progress. The former lost his hat, which sailed far astern amidst a gleeful chorus from all the kids aboard the big ship that towered so far above us. Our mate did some more bawling. Another jawed back from the transport, the marines' sail boat pounded into our stern, the transport whistled and shrieked till we were nearly deafened, a huge wave sloshed all over us, a watermelon flew into the Doctor's

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

lap from the other end of the boat, a hundred messages were shouted at us from those above, and we started.

Before we were rowed very far, we entered the strangest shade of water I had ever seen. It ceased to look like water, as I had known it. It was of a grayish green, very light, lighter in shade than any before noted. This obtained on all sides, almost as far as one could see with the unaided eye.

Accompanying the five of us who were rowed to the shore were a huge shark and beautiful birds. These latter frequently sailed, for seconds at a time, within reach of my hand. Then they would go further forward and glide along at the same level. These birds had a spread of wing that would measure probably three feet, were clear white on the back and upper feathers of the wing, and of a Nile green underneath which shaded into a delicate sky blue at the tips of the wing and tail. Upon one occasion a bird of exactly these colorings, but of fully twice the dimensions given remained for perhaps a full minute above the centre of the boat at an elevation of less than three feet above our heads.

In two hours we reached a soft, level, sandy beach. Here we parted. All but myself went up to the little bird-cage houses, while I hurried out into the interior, to look for albatross bones, which Dr. Storrer had informed me were, with some feathers, the only curiosities the place could afford.

The Japanese bird catchers had, some time since, descended upon the Island in the nesting season, and slaughtered thousands and thousands of birds which here annually hatched their young. These marauders stripped their victims of their beautiful coats and left their bones in piles to whiten in the sun.

Substantially the whole of Sand Island lay before me. It was of pure, white sand, the glare from which was, under the full sun of the noon time, exceedingly painful to the naked eye. I could see no blade of grass or any sort of vegetation upon the entire land except where, in perhaps ten instances, in the square mile and

a fourth of the island's surface there were mounds of sand fairly covered with a green, stunted growth which appeared to be a dwarf magnolia reaching to a height of three or four feet. These hills are plainly seen in some of the pictures.

Hardly had I traversed fifty yards from the boat when, encircling one of these mounds, I came upon the blackest Chinaman I ever saw, engaged in drawing water. He greeted me pleasantly. I asked where the bones were. He pointed to the highest sand hill on the island, some quarter of a mile away, and said that just before I reached there I would find "plenty bone." As I walked, my feet, at each step, sunk into the sand deeper than the sole, and progress was difficult and tiresome. A distinct and unnatural downward and backward pressure of each foot was needed to ensure progress. There could be no doubt of the composition of the island. Every grain of it was coral. It was almost as soft as talc, pure white, and the hand would readily sink six inches into it at any point.

Ahead of me and on either side, perhaps two hundred yards distant, were black specks in the sand. They were the albatross. Some of them were resting on their bodies, some stood bolt upright. Could I secure a picture that would show them plainly? I set myself to the task. Directly over my head, and on my right, and three feet in front of my face flew one of the green-breasted birds before mentioned, with white neck, red beak and black eyes. At no time were they more than five or six feet away. I thought them friendly and yet, in my ignorance of their habits, I did not feel assured of their action if I were to offend them, which I might unwittingly do, so I discouraged too close companionship, which was often attempted by them. I feel sure that they would all have lighted upon me had I dared to allow it. But from my shoulder or my head they would have been within pecking distance of my eyes.

At almost every footfall I threw up some pieces of coral, usually white, or some scattering and broken bones of small dimensions. My albatross friends, when I

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

approached within a distance of fifty feet, showed no evidence of disturbance. When I came nearer, those which were nestling in the sand arose and turned away as if prepared for instant flight.

They would turn their heads to watch me as I tried to approach them from different directions.

The standing ones usually increased the distance between us by ten or fifteen feet of toddling, awkward, droll walking. They were all of about the same height, three feet, with dark brown feathers on the upper parts of the body and wings, and white breasts. The neck was white. The body was too long to be in good proportion with the short legs. The birds were as ungainly as a Tennessee buzzard. At my attempt to approach nearer, one stood quietly till I secured several views at twenty-five feet; but he flew with wide wings when I tried closer proximity.

Satisfied, I resumed my search for the bones. No mound of them did I find, only three or four thigh bones, perhaps a foot in length, of snowy whiteness. With several of these in my pockets, and a large sea shell in either hand, I clambered up the sand mound. This was the one that provided the highest point on the island — forty-three feet above the sea. The mound proper must be fifteen feet above the surrounding sand.

To the westward, perhaps two hundred yards away and some fifty yards from the sea, were several small mounds, surmounted by rude crosses and boards, leaning in different directions. I knew that here these lonely men buried their dead. A more desolate place one could scarcely suggest.

As I walked near the graves I noted that they were probably six in number and that they were decorated with large sea shells and bouquets of beautiful branching coral.

There was nothing but the rough crosses, the white, desolate sands, the great, boundless ocean and the wild sea birds which perch themselves upon the crosses in ignorance of their sad story.

Upon retracing my way I found myself within



The Highest Point



Only the Frozen Flowers of the Great Sea



Albatross fifteen feet away



Wonder if I better move?

THE MIDWAYS

fifteen feet of an albatross. In a moment I had his picture. Then something flashed through my mind that I had last seen when I was studying intermediate geography. It showed a man on a desert island in the Pacific engaged in capturing the albatross.

Could I catch the one who stood quietly looking at me, only a few yards distant? What would he do if I ran at him?

I moved a bit nearer. He still stood.

But when I took another step he pursued a like policy.

Then I charged, loaded down as I was with sea shells, coral branches, bones, three or four packages of camera films, a camera and an overcoat. To my surprise he turned toward me, straightened back, spread his wings and snapped at me with his long bill. The sound could have been readily heard fifty feet. His attitude altered mine. I confess I was in doubt as to how to proceed. I did not know how badly he could injure me; recollections of broken bones inflicted by the blows of the wings of an angry goose came to me. Here was a bird twice as large, of whom I knew nothing, surrounded by a dozen of his kind and I was all alone, unarmed. While I was making my decision, the bird retained his belligerent attitude at a distance of not over two yards. I decided. The shells and coral were dropped; off came the camera and the rain coat; my albatross bones flew in various directions as did my rolls of films, and I reached for the writhing neck. A pinch from the bird's bill and a scratch from a sharp claw were all I secured. He made no effort to beat me with his wings, and I fairly pounced upon him. There was a mad whirr of wings, a few scratches, half a dozen bites, but no real damage and I held the bird by his two wings and neck and hurried back to town.

All were incredulous when my story of the birds was related, but when, at my suggestion, the paymaster attempted to catch one of the black specks in the sand which I pointed out to him and soon had one under either arm, my word was reinstated.

At the house at which I found myself reside Mr.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



In the Centre of the Town



The Cable Office

THE MIDWAYS

and Mrs. Colley. The former was the superintendent of the cable station. They had emptied their larder for us. There were all sorts of things to eat and drink, but we declined to dine, on the theory that if we accepted we would surely eat everything they had. The things they gave us to drink, however, were too tempting for such self-denial.

There are only the half a dozen completed buildings on the island—the box cottages, say twenty by ten feet, one story, all painted a dark red, to which I before referred. In these dwell or work the fifteen officers and employees of the cable company. The sixty marines, carpenters and general helpers reside in tents or rude shacks made of canvas, oil cans and boxes. A number of buildings are now in process of construction. The principal ones are a cable office and a residence for the superintendent. These will be about 25x50, two stories in height. Then there will be a mess room and quarters for the general employees, a house for the Chinese cooks and house servants, a water tank and a place for shipwrecked mariners or other chance visitors. I was amused to notice that the sand around the present cable office was paved with hundreds of carefully laid brown glass bottles, most of which, if not all, I am glad to state, were labeled "White Rock."

To the surgeon's inquiry for feathers, a marine offered twenty tail feathers of the boatswain bird for ten dollars. These feathers were fully fifteen inches in length, red and white on a black quill. They were less than half an inch wide at the larger end where they were white for the first three inches, from which they tapered to a needle point. We compromised for half price. It is never necessary to kill the birds for these feathers; a reach in the air or to one's shoulder or hat catches the bird and two slight pulls release the feathers which soon grow again.

It was only at this time that I realized the beauty of the water. I had been so occupied that I had given no attention to the sea. But now that the hurry was past, I saw that it was the sea that would furnish the

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



Captain Taggart leaves the Watermelons



All ready to leave

THE MIDWAYS

principal memory of this wonderful place that the after years, if there were any, would bring to me.

I stood within almost a complete circle of coral. The diameter of the circle was six miles. Imprisoned within the space was sea water so shallow and so translucent as really to offer no obstruction to a clear view of the coral sands beneath. The effect was the most wonderful sight I ever beheld or expect to see. The water did not seem to be water. The only thing to which I am yet able to compare what I saw is the appearance of metal melting hot in a crucible, upon whose surface are



The Japanese Bird Catchers

mingled shades of green and blue. The effect of being upon an island surrounded by a sheet of metal was perfect and convincing. The color of the sheet was so elusive and so composed as to baffle my descriptive sense. But to those familiar with the wonderful beauties of molten metal, I think my idea will be plain. The green, which was the predominant color, was many shades lighter than any other salt water I have ever viewed—and I live by the great Atlantic.

Before seeing this water at the Midways I would not have believed there could be such a scene. Had I

been shown an exact reproduction of it I should have considered that the painter had grossly exaggerated. But it is there and from what I can learn of coral formation elsewhere I gather that there is no parallel to it, for there seem to be no similar conditions which alone could produce such an astounding result.

Propelled by a strong wind that blew directly on our backs, we sailed to the transport in less than an hour. The paymaster mounted the ladder with my albatross, and was at once the centre of a wondering throng, who, you may be sure, gave the bird plenty of room when he had been hitched by one leg to a windlass.

A number of prolonged conversations with Dr. Storrer disclosed much that may interest.

Four wrecked barks are now gradually grinding to atoms upon the coral sands of the Midways. Nobody knows aught of their names, nationality, or career.

For years, but how long is unknown, the group has been visited by Japanese bird catchers. Lately they have been forbidden a landing, and it is now illegal for anybody to destroy any bird on the land. Some pictures which I obtained from Commander Pond show what they looked like and what they did.

The worst circumstances surrounding this vocation are the starvation of the young, which necessarily follows the death of their parents, upon whom they are entirely dependent for food; and the cruel maiming of many in their successful struggle to escape.

Clouds of flies pester the Midway inhabitant. Their prevalence is ascribed to the visiting bird destroyers.

The temperature never exceeds 86 degrees Fahr. nor descends below 58 degrees, and the nights are always cool.

The glowing sand is exceedingly painful to the unaccustomed eye and is so persistent that only glasses fitted with side nets effect relief. At the end of a few weeks, however, the glasses may be dispensed with except when high winds prevail, when the flying sand pervades everything.



More Bird Catchers



Acres of Bird Skins



More Bird Coats



And More of Them

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The coral reef is of a dark red color, from ten to fifteen feet in width and very irregular in formation. For much of this last, erosion may be largely accountable. When the tide reaches the potholes in the coral it is often alive with many imprisoned inhabitants of the deep.

Reading matter on the island is very limited, confined to about a dozen standard medical books and a number of such paper-covered books as are often carried in the box of a marine. A subscription of \$25 per year has now been made to the — Library in San Francisco



Investigating the Dog

which will provide twenty-five books per year, of which each contributor may choose three in advance.

Strange to say, at a depth of only four feet from the surface, pure, fresh water was found in apparently permanent abundance.

The tides are very low, averaging .87 of a foot with a maximum record of 2 ft. 1 in.

The famine of this last springtime was very severe. When the "Buford" failed to relieve the inhabitants, there remained for provisions only some rice, pickles, jam, and a small bit of flour. For a long time all had

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

been on half rations and the outlook was not the brightest in the world. Their constant ability to talk with Guam and with San Francisco, and to learn the doings in the great world of which they were not, was their only solace. The sea was, for extended periods, too rough to admit of fishing, and all the edible birds had long since departed. In these dark days before the "Iroquois" succeeded in landing supplies, the only oil that was to be had was that furnished by the albatross, which has a deposit of oil in or near its stomach. If the bird be held up by his feet he will eject quite a teacupful of this oil from his bill. With this strange source of supply the evenings were made much shorter than they would otherwise have been.

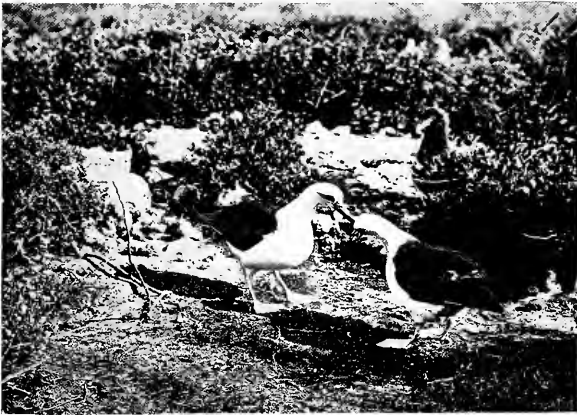
The albatross is a bird affording the deepest interest. When the nesting time comes, a single egg, of about the size of a domestic duck egg, brown spotted on a cream ground, is deposited one morning on the bare earth, perhaps at your very doorstep. In six weeks the female is rewarded for her faithful vigil by the arrival of what is probably the homeliest offspring on earth. For months the new bird has to rely entirely upon its parents for food, as there is none on the island and the young are too weak to fly. So far as can be learned the old birds are absent for periods that are sometimes three weeks in extent. Never does the young bird drink. He stands about or sits on the white sand waiting till his food shall come. Soon, in the far distance he sees two dark specks. He knows that they are propelled by enormous wings that often spread more than ten feet. Soon they alight beside him. He is inspected carefully by both parents, who then move from him to a distance of perhaps ten feet on either side, seat themselves, and then apparently begin an absorbing conversation, with curious quacks. First one discourses and then the other. At times they become so interested that both talk at once, their child standing respectfully between them in entire silence. This often endures for five minutes, when both older birds arise and begin a strange dance by touching their bills together, each

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bowing profoundly to the other at the same instant.

Then they sashay, pirouette, reverse, and repeat these figures, both invariably making the same movement at the same time. At certain intervals they will rise on their toes, puff out their breasts, elevate their bills to the sky, flutter their wings, and then both will emit a shrill whistle.

Then they salute each other with their interlocked bills, bow, withdraw and repeat the previous movements. If a spectator stands beside them they will pay no atten-



First Figure: Albatross Dance

tion to his presence unless he seems too near. In that event they interrupt their movements long enough to waddle a few feet distant. There they at once resume their play. In these orgies the young bird takes part. He repeats the figures of his parents as far as he can. Often a score of couples may be seen similarly engaged at the same time.

This curious dance ceases at the end of about fifteen minutes. Then the mother approaches her young and opens her long bill; the youngster's head almost

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

disappears in his mother's throat; she regurgitates and the offspring is soon fed. The father then permits the same operation and then the parents sit down on the sand, one on either side of their young, and some fifteen feet distant from it; the younger bird seats himself and thus they remain until it is time for the larger birds to begin their next expedition, usually upon the following morning.

At the time of our visit Doctor Storrer estimated that there were then over five hundred albatross upon the nesting grounds in the south of Sand Island.

The albatross has a very large brain. It appears



Albatross Dance: Final Figure

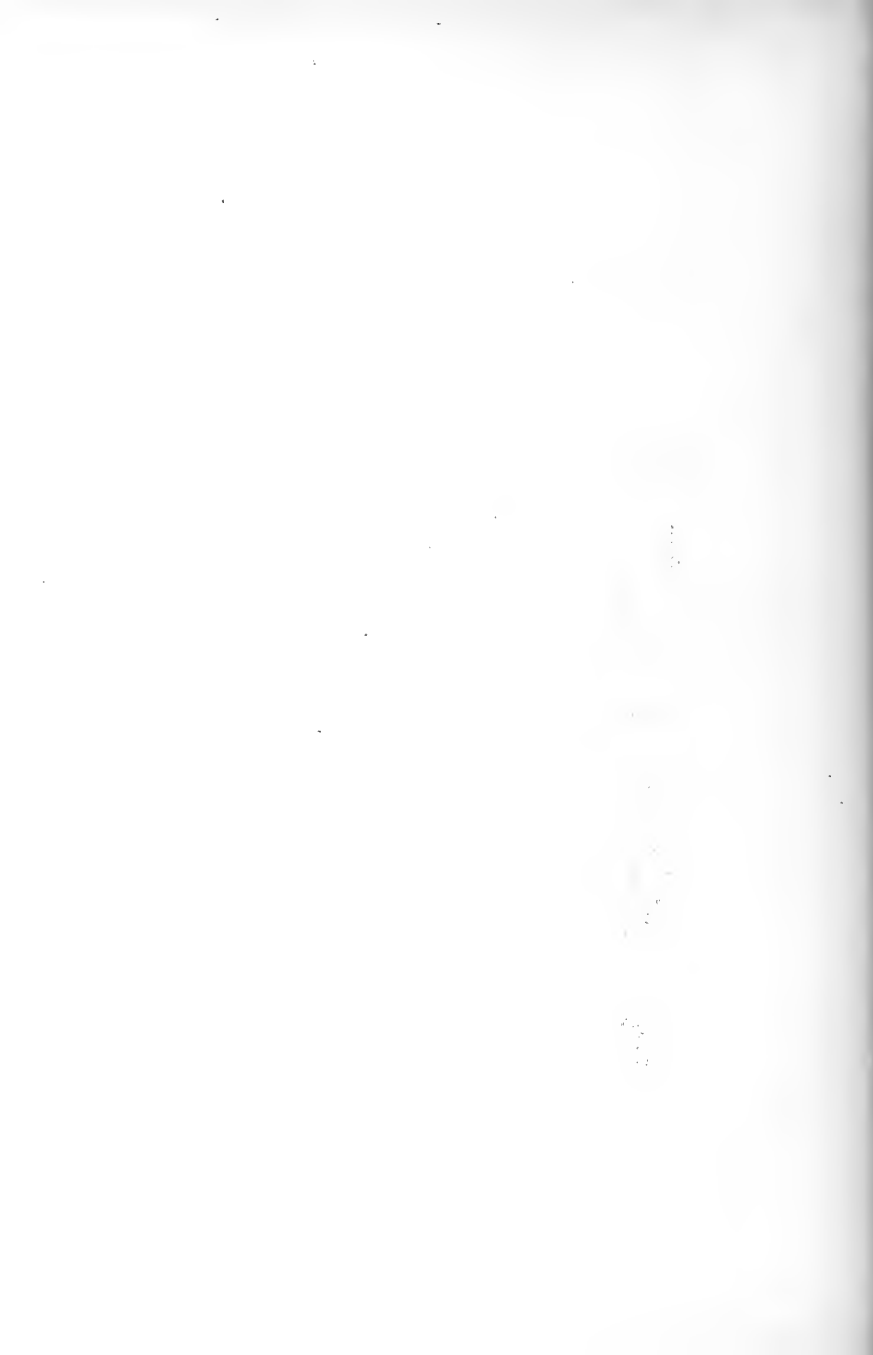
to bear a ratio to its skull that is fully equal to the ratio of the brain to the skull of the normal human. Besides the albatross, the tern and boatswain are prevalent and there are many plover and sickle-billed curlew. The boatswain is about the size of an ordinary pigeon in the States except that it has a much larger spread of wing. It has a long, crimson wing and a dusky gray body. The tern was the white bird with green breast that accompanied my perambulations on the island. We saw a slate-colored member of this family which is very common.



The Nesting Grounds



Among the Birds



THE MIDWAYS

From Commander Chas. F. Pond, U.S.N., who is often called "The Father of the Midways," as he made the only existing chart of them and their surroundings, I learned that the Islands were first discovered in 1859, by Captain C. N. Brooks of the Hawaiian bark "Gambia," who formally took possession of them in the name of the United States.

They were then unvisited for eight years; when the "Lackawanna," Captain Reynolds, made a survey



Resting

at the instance of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which desired to make a coaling station upon Sand Island. As a result of this a cargo of coal was later left there but never taken off, as the project was abandoned when the true conditions were learned. Traces of the coal still exist.

Three years later, in 1870, Captain Sicard, later Rear Admiral, made a reconnaissance in the U.S.S. "Saginaw." Shortly afterward she was wrecked on

Ocean Island, the last of the coral chain extending to the northwest of the Hawaiian Group for some thirteen hundred miles, and of which the Midways are the next to the last. The "Saginaw" overran her estimated progress and struck the coral reef of Ocean Island at full speed and with no previous warning. Sicard, aroused by the shock, came on the bridge and drawled out a remark that is one of the prides of the American Navy, "Well, we got here sooner than we expected to, didn't we?" The ship was totally destroyed.

Next, as far as known, the group was visited by the "General Siegel," a Honolulu ship, which was wrecked on Sand Island in 1886, as Commander Pond recollects. Some of the crew reached the shore. One of the men killed the Captain and the murderer was marooned upon Eastern Island, when the rest of the survivors left the island in an improvised boat, which later arrived in Honolulu. The story of the crime and wreck was told to Captain Walker, also of that city, of the bark "Wandering Minstrel," which about a year later visited the islands.

As the strangers approached the small hut in which the murderer had been exiled, they saw a man moving from window to window as if he desired to create the impression that there were a number of people in the cabin; at the same time he displayed a firearm and his whole attitude was one of hostility. When he was assured that Captain Walker did not desire to arrest him and had not come to punish him in any way for his former crime, he became friendly. Before Captain Walker could leave, his vessel went to pieces on the coral on the northeast side of Welles Harbor, Feb. 3, 1887. He, his wife, his son and fellow companions soon occupied a new hut, known ever since as Walker's House, on Sand Island and there the most of them remained for fourteen months, during which six died of scurvy, and another was killed by dynamite while fishing with that explosive. The graves of these unfortunates, together with those of two Japanese bird catchers, I have already mentioned. The

THE MIDWAYS

marooned man had evidently become demented by his former terrible experiences and he proved a fire-brand among his rescuers. One dark night, Walker's mate and a Chinese coolie disappeared with the only boat which the islands possessed, having previously loaded her with provisions, etc., taken from the scanty stores of their fellow sufferers. They landed in the Marshall Islands several hundred miles to the southward. There, instead of endeavoring to obtain relief for those they had left behind, the miscreants represented themselves as the sole survivors of the crew of the "Wandering Minstrel." Walker, however, a man of many friends, was being sought by them and was soon after rescued. Search was instituted for those who had deserted and they were located. In the meantime the murderer had added another homicide to his record and was already in durance. Owing to technicalities the man escaped and was soon deported to Panama, where he disappeared.

Mrs. Walker faithfully kept a diary of these adventures; this book, I am informed, has been read but by one person outside of the Walker family and that person was Robert Louis Stevenson, who used it as the basis of "The Wreckers," which he wrote while he resided at Waikiki, Honolulu's wonderful sea resort.

Commander Pond placed at my disposition his reports to the Navy Department of his observations at the Midways. He was their next known visitor. He arrived May 6, 1900, and in nine weeks of exceedingly hard work made 16,192 soundings for the remarkable chart possessed by the Department.

His reports are models of modesty, exactness, and wealth of detail. From them I gathered the interesting fact that during the taking of his soundings he had recovered one of the anchors of the "Wandering Minstrel" and had carried it to Honolulu and returned it to Captain Walker who had lost it thirteen years previous and who still was, and is, at Honolulu.

Sand Island has probably much changed in appearance and dimension in its history, as Pond noted that,

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

even in his short stay, over twenty feet of the bight at the northern end of the island disappeared into the water.

Of the sand dunes he states as follows:

"These sand dunes are covered with bushes and are practically a permanent feature of the topography of the Island. From our excavations for sand anchors . . . it is evident how these sand dunes are formed. A seed takes root on the level sand, and, as a bush sprouts, sand collects about it. The bush grows as do others about it and the dune is soon formed. It finally



Edge of Sand Dune

becomes so high that the wooded portion of the dunes is too much for the roots to sustain life, or they cannot get enough moisture. Then the bushes are smothered, die, and the dune is blown away. It is very easy to determine the relative ages of the dunes, the young ones, the middle-aged ones and the old ones. The older ones have no bushes on top, only a fringe about their sides. Some of the larger ones are covered with bushes, which present, in these cases, a fresh appearance. Circles of dead stubs mark the location of former dunes.



Ruins of Capt. Walker's Hut



No other House within a Thousand Miles



THE MIDWAYS

"From conversation with Captain Walker . . . and his description of the dunes as they then existed, I would estimate their life at fifty years or more."

Commander Pond states that there is a curious, small, wingless bird, exceedingly fleet of foot, upon Eastern Island, which he thinks was introduced from the Laysan Islands. He also reports that he obtained over a quart of oil for use in a lantern from five albatross which he treated in the same manner described by Dr. Storrer.

Dr. Storrer's eyes twinkled behind his pince-nez when he related that on the "Fourth" there was a very close base-ball game on the island—the Marines against the world. As the game progressed, excitement increased until decisions at critical points could no longer be amicably received by those who suffered from them. The continuance of the contest finally turned upon a single interpretation of a point of the rules of the game. No copy of "the book" was on the islands and neither side would recede from the contention. At last it was decided to cable to San Francisco for an authoritative ruling. Pending the receipt of the reply, the game was suspended. In the course of an hour the decision was rendered, the announcement was received with acquiescence, and the game completed.

You may be now interested in pursuing the fate of my albatross. You know the real old salts. They are fast disappearing; but there were some half dozen upon the "Sherman." Several of these men tried to dissuade me from bringing the bird from the island. Van Deusen whispered to me that sailors would leap overboard rather than remain upon a ship that carried an albatross. But I was insistent. I was well aware of this superstition, but I also felt that there was not a live albatross in the United States, and at Manila there was a Botanical Garden to which there would be an enthusiastic welcome for him.

We placed him in a shower bath between decks. He ate some raw meat and devoured some fish which was placed in his jaws. I was jubilant but still afraid

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of the sailors, so afraid, that at the first opportunity I made photographs of him.

The second day out I took him to the stern of the ship to place him in a box which had just been completed for him. This box was to be located at a point on the upper deck that would be visited but little. As the box was not quite prepared for him I fastened him securely to a capstan and opened a conversation with one of the old sailors near at hand. Four of the oldest



My Albatross en tour

ones on the boat were at work in my vicinity. I noticed that they seemed to resent the presence of the bird but I went forward to lunch. On my return the bird was gone. I asked these men if they knew anything of it. All but one replied in the negative. The fourth made no response.

"One of them old shellbacks let him overboard all right, all right," commented Kidston.

CHAPTER VI

A NIGHT IN GUAM

When on July 16, Saturday, at about 2 P.M. we set to the southwest and started for Guam from the Midways, I felt depressed. We were commencing a voyage of nine days, over 2,300 miles, doubly tedious with sixteen days behind, and the knowledge that each day would bring heat more and more unbearable.

But the story of these nine days is short. The usual routine was pursued. On the first day, Sunday, there was a shower for half an hour, temperature 81 degrees. That night we slept thirty-six hours; into Tuesday anyhow, as we crossed the line, and there wasn't any Monday. I don't believe it; but the geography says so. Figure it out if you can. I can't. Temperature 78 degrees, and a quarter of an hour of rain.

On the twentieth the glass was at 76 degrees and there was another day with no air. A long swell added to the discomfort of many. This day we fell into a new custom that was maintained till the end: sandwiches and coffee after 10.00 P.M. They were served on deck, and on these nights when the moon was rounding to the full, and the singing naturally held later and later, this lunch proved a welcome way to close the evening.

On the twenty-first there were white caps, but none on the twenty-second. We were awake nearly all night the twenty-first.

On the twenty-third we had a grand card party, ostensibly to play "500," — really, though, to afford an opportunity to some of the rank ladies to put on as scanty attire as they dared. By great good luck and the inevitable consequence of sharp practices by an opponent the first prize came to me, a collection of toasts, styled "Hello Bill!"

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

This was the occasion when I saw snobdom at its worst. The way some of the rank crowd would play as partners to some poor plebeians and never see the latter at all was wonderful: but not half as wonderful as the manner in which some of them would cheat.

On Sunday, the twenty-fourth, we attended Catholic divine service. The altar and its furnishings were improvised, from whatever the ship afforded, forward upon the main deck, and the contrast between the rich vestments of the officiating clergy and the rough canvas that covered the boxes which made the altar, and the common, greasy, sputtering lanterns that served for candles and censers was notable. Yet I never before witnessed a ceremony that was more impressive. A glance over the rail at the sea, and then a thought of how frail the protection against it, made our utter dependence upon the Ruler of it all most evident. The most frivolous were sobered.

That night was a bad one. We sang till 11, then stood on the after bridge till midnight, under a full moon in a cloudless sky, watching the entire ship in front of and under our feet as it ploughed ahead. Never have I been, elsewhere, so impressed with the greatness of the ocean, the wonder of the sky and the littleness of man and his affairs. Between and on those decks ahead of us were a thousand people, each with his or her struggle, his or her story, his or her tragedy and skeletons, and yet, the whole scene would lose no more than a little dot if we all sank beneath the waves! Who could feel proud and strong in such an atmosphere?

This night the air was 83 degrees, and even with the fan, sleep hardly visited our cabin, and many slept on deck, half-disrobed, in steamer chairs. From now this occurred nightly.

It was the night before Guam, which was to be the end of the most disagreeable section of all our sea trips.

As soon as we were on deck the next morning, Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day from 'Frisco, Guam was in sight and we ran along by its surf till about 10 o'clock, when we dropped anchor, a mile from the nearest shore,

A NIGHT IN GUAM

of which I took a picture, which is typical of the island's appearance from the sea.

Long before we reached our anchorage we saw a number of boats hurrying toward us. They proved to be filled with bargaining natives, cocoanuts, bananas, deer horns, cigars, oranges, etc., etc. These men of Guam were short of stature, about five feet-two, and, apparently of the same race as the Filipino. Their only clothing was a shirt open at the neck, worn outside the cotton trousers, and a large-brimmed, high-crowned, home-woven, ungainly, straw hat. Their skins were



In the Harbor of Guam

copper colored, and they understood enough of Spanish to render communication easy to those of us who had a smattering of it.

The U.S.S. "Supply," which is one of the two official dwelling places of our naval officer who is the Governor of the Island, lay near us, and Dr. Storrer and I were soon taken aboard her in Commander Pond's launch.

We had brought the mail, two months overdue, to the "Supply," for her young officers were eager to secure the bags.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

You should have seen the faces of these officers shine with anticipation as they saw the huge sacks come up from our hold.

Commander Pond was so eager to get his own letters that he ordered all the bags, some half dozen, to be brought into his cabin, where, with anxious hands, all were emptied on the floor in one huge pile. Any semblance of dignity or relative rank vanished in the scramble which ensued.

Down on their haunches and knees they got. "Haven't had a word from home in over three months" the commanding officer ejaculated, "and I sent full directions to Mrs. Pond about coming out to stay the winter with me."

While I was busily at work at the Commander's desk, I heard an exclamation of disgust from him; and then his sharp voice, filled with anger, snapped:

"What's this! Here's a lot of letters I sent March 1st. Here are several to Mrs. Pond! What's the meaning of this Mr. A——?" addressing a junior officer.

"I don't know, sir. Here's a whole batch of mine sent at the same time. It looks as if they had returned our letters to us by mistake—the bag we sent March 1st."

"Where's the tag that came on that bag?" the Commander almost shouted.

It was produced. "Whose writing is that?" he asked, as he read "U.S.S. Supply, Guam."

"William's sir. He made it up."

"Have him put in the jug for two days, and fed on bread and water! I'll teach him not to be so careless again. Don't let this get out to the men. It'll break them all up."

"It's too late, sir. They know it already. Walker who helped bring the bags in, left just as you spoke. He had just shown me what had happened when you caught on."

"Then it's all out. Too bad! Too bad! Just think of the anxiety in scores of homes, this fool's mistake has roused — homes all over the United States.

Too bad! It'll make the men sick for a few days!"

That is life in the navy! And the absences, the years during which a father never sees his wife, his little ones! But how these hardy men regard these deprivations may well be indicated by Commander Pond's observation, in response to my questions, that he "had never been separated *more* than two years" from his family.

Heavens! An absence of six months would not be regarded as worth mentioning by these men. That isn't living at all. It must freeze the hearts at home as well as those on the salt seas. The comforts of home can never be known in those families. Such men and women deserve all their country can give them.

Several hours later, the "Sherman" moved alongside and strapped herself to the "Supply" which we used as a wharf, and a sorry spectacle did we soon make of the immaculate appearance she had presented upon our arrival.

In the early afternoon practically all the passengers went ashore, but my work kept us behind and it was six in the evening before I was free; and we were scheduled to leave for the Philippines at nine — in three hours, and it took nearly that to go up to the town.

I knew that the chances were a hundred to one that we would never again visit here; and it was a bitter thought that we were lying only a mile from shore and yet could not visit it. Nor was I any happier, I fear, at the reflection that everybody but us had gone, taken tea with the governor and had been his guest at the palace for several hours. It was, then, a rather glum time at our lonely table at the evening meal, except for "The Prince," and a slow growing determination to go ashore anyhow, if no more than to leap on the sand, run ten feet and then run back again to escape the disgrace of having visited Guam harbor but never Guam.

He whom we dubbed "The Prince" was shedding his armor as, indeed, all must, on a long voyage. He was the typical small politician. He was tall, slender, narrow-shouldered, and usually maintained his right

hand half open behind his back, suggestive, it is whispered, of the politicians of his State. He wore a permanent smile, exhibited effusive manners, and had arrived at that dread period which many men attain when they love only to talk of their own fancied exploits. As a result, long before Honolulu, we were all avoiding him.

At Guam we found him out. My first inkling of the true situation was his appearance on the gang plank that led to the "Supply," accompanied by a small boy, say of seven, whom a mother, anxious to go ashore, had placed in his charge. In a little while I saw the statesman stagger up from a lower deck of the "Supply," holding tight to the hand of his bewildered little companion. This, and a very red face and more affected manners than ever, showed what had probably happened to our friend. He had come to see the "Supply" and had taken much of it with him.

No sooner were we away from the table than I found three young men who sympathized with me, and, together, we besieged Kidston, the big first officer, to know the latest minute we could be back before the ship was to sail.

This is where, if my experience is typical, all ship officers begin (perhaps "resume" is nearer the truth) their lying. But without protest, we had allowed Kidston at all our concerts to sing all the Scotch songs he desired, and, he was, therefore, not in a judicial attitude toward us conspirators. He then told us a profound secret:

Owing to the slowness with which the Guam cargo was being discharged it was certain that we could not get away till after midnight, even if the men worked constantly; and, as they had no supper, the Captain had just decided that it was best to finish in the early morning.

There was our chance. No boat was available except several native ones that hung around the gangway searching for buyers of their cocoanuts and bananas.

Was it safe to go ashore in the night? Would it be wise to take Mrs. Chamberlin? How large ought our

party to be? Should we carry revolvers? Were these boatmen reliable? Was the channel plain? These and other important inquiries hurried to our lips.

On these, Kidston's guess was as good as our own. We decided we would go if we could secure half a dozen strong young fellows to join us, who would stand by if we ran into a mess anywhere. Lieut. Fulton, of the Philippine Scouts, a splendid specimen of the American soldier, volunteered for the duty, and then I asked three of the young men employed in the engine department of the ship to go. They were big fellows, hearty, bluff, men you would trust your wife's life with before you had known them half an hour, and gentlemen all; and more, the transport could not stir without them, so that, no matter how long we were delayed we could not be left behind. For similar reasons I always take the game warden shooting with me out in Nebraska when the game law is on.

My proposition was that the rest of us would pay their expenses if they would go.

You may be sure that they were eager for a lark; but their immediate chief refused them permission. Kidston, however, got them off.

Then we bargained for a boat, or rather Fulton did, as he knew enough Spanish. These boats were about twenty feet long, of very wide beam, and steered by a paddle. There were five natives to every crew. After much haggling we closed a bargain at the rate of \$1.00 for each passenger for the round trip, payable at the end of the work.

In a minute Mrs. Chamberlin, bareheaded, and I were in the stern under the stout, cheroot-smoking, implacable, silent, half-naked native who steered, while the remaining five of our party occupied such spots as the oarsmen left.

That ride to the shore, say for half an hour under the full moon of the tropics forms one of the brightest memories of all our travels. The channel through which we were soon slowly proceeding was less than thirty feet wide and not more than four feet deep. It had

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

recently been made fairly clear by piling up on either of its banks the huge pieces of coral that it formerly contained, so that one felt as if he were being rowed between two stone walls.

The steersman controlled the crew by sharp guttural gruntings, and felt his responsibilities too much to smile at our most winsome approaches.

No sooner were we out of the boat than the crew demanded pay. Orientals always do that, but never succeed with those who have had experience with them.

I had a penciled note to an American who lived near the landing. He heard the noise of our arrival



The Landing at Guam

and came down, opened the note and read it. So naturally was this done that there did not flash upon me till later the true significance of what I had witnessed, I only refer to it now to demonstrate how wonderfully clear was the moonlight. To inquiry for conveyances he shouted some gibberish at several huts near by and left us.

In five minutes a curious rig came pattering down the street, a black bossy, with soft yielding feet, not over three feet high, drawing a two wheeled, springless vehicle, of the chaise variety, with a single seat for

A NIGHT IN GUAM

passengers, and a smaller one behind for the driver, who had a six inch roll of tobacco leaf between his teeth. He was barefooted, and wore only the cigar, trousers, hat and a transparent shirt. He maintained one rein, the other end of which was hitched to a ring in the calf's nose.

We had arrived in the tropics. There was no doubt of it. Mrs. Chamberlin and I mounted the seat, our puffing driver behind. Then a pony cart came along



The First Shacks

for the others and the five were soon stowed away, happy and hilarious. The pony was no larger than the bossy. He had rope tugs and wore blinders. The carriage was a two-seated, covered affair, about the style of what we call a beach wagon. The sight of those five big fellows — all but one were over six feet and each weighed over 175 pounds, cooping themselves up in that little carriage, their knees up to their chins, depending

upon a little horse which would not weigh half of what they did was a ridiculous sight. But these things all added to our enjoyment, for every one of the party was a thorough Bohemian. We figured that the calf would travel slower than the other animal, so Mrs. Chamberlin and I went ahead. The cigar our driver was employing just reached beyond my ear. Where in the world we were going not one of us knew, and all sorts of visions of treachery, ambuscades and slaughter flashed through my mind, as it must have done in that of all.

It was surprising how fast the bossy moved. She struck a gait that must have equalled six miles an hour and if the driver grunted at him hard enough, the little beast would sharply increase even that. This sound that urges additional speed is exactly the same that obtains in the Philippines.

We were soon among the natives. The first shacks to which we came were all upon piles to avoid the dampness and made of braided fibres and roofed with grasses. The preceding picture shows them.

The road to Agaña, the "town," runs close beside the sea, almost all the way. We met scores of ambling natives, walking with the heavy, shuffling, springless, stiff-jointed gait of the barefooted in the tropics. The body sinks down alternately on the hips, all the upper muscles relaxing, as the weight is thrown on each foot in succession. Both sexes were about equally represented, of all ages; and usually they were smoking cigars or cigarettes — men, women, boys and girls, as they moved lazily along.

The women, who were evidently the hard-working members of the family, were inclined to be scrawny, flat-breasted, possessing, with their flat heads and low retreating foreheads about as unattractive bodies, limbs, heads, and faces, as could be devised.

They wore skirts of thin cotton, and loose waists, with short sleeves. The waist was open at the neck and entirely unattached below. The skirt usually came a little below the knees, but was often held up above them

A NIGHT IN GUAM

as its mistress lolled along, chatting, spitting as she puffed at a black cigar or cigarette.

The women, when a cigar or cigarette was not between the teeth, practiced the awkward Malay habit which I saw all over the East, of holding the weed in the extended fingers, while the elbow rested against the body, the forearm pointed up and outward at an angle of about forty-five degrees. They often walked this way, with nothing in the hand. I doubt if we ever saw a Malay woman walking or sitting with the hands at the side as is the Caucasian use.



Half Hidden Homes

Poor, irregular, discolored teeth appeared to be practically universal.

The Guam voice is in the middle register, but weak, as could only be from such flat chests. A large sonorous voice, one with *timbre*, I presume was never given to a Guamite.

The smaller children, who fairly swarmed, were naked except for a short shirt. I estimated the average number of children in each family at six, about that in the cabins of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains.

Many families were bathing. Fires were smouldering beside the houses to drive away the insects. Pigs

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

were running wild. Family groups squatted beside the hard, white, smooth road. The large majority of the population which had lived over five years was smoking, irrespective of sex. Hardly anybody was in doors. Night is the time when they visit and go abroad.

A caraboa, the first we had ever seen, with huge branching horns, dragging at snail pace a cart with solid wooden wheels on which, half asleep, were its owner and a numerous family, moved to one side to let us pass. All looked at us curiously, but respectfully, in every case and often men and boys touched or removed their hats.



The Cross

Large groves of cocoanut palms of huge-leaved banana and the nipa were on every hand; and on the left, now through the clear trunks of the tall palms, now in uninterrupted view as we crossed a bridge, the high white wall of the onrushing surf could be seen as it gathered for one final leap. With thunderous roars that chilled ones soul in awe it struck, for miles at a time, on the coral reefs that ran beside us.

Out of some dark nook soft, barefooted steps would bring into view a group of timid women and children who had deserted the road as they heard our



The Chapel



The Beginnings of Agaña



By the Roadside.



The Sea and the Palm.

A NIGHT IN GUAM

noise, singing and shouts from one carriage to the other.

There were little shrines set into the palms, and a chapel, all of nipa.

Then we passed a hut all aglow with candles and tinsel, from which came the sound of music like an accordion. We concluded that a marriage was the cause.

For long stretches there were only the palms, the bananas and the heavy ferns on either side of the road.

So we continued, laughing, talking, singing just as we do in the warm summer nights at home when on a



The Heart of Agaña

long-awaited holiday, until we came to the outskirts of the town. Here, after visiting a wayside store without finding anything we desired we changed conveyances with two of the others, at their suggestion, for they believed that we had the less comfortable of the two outfits, and so it proved. We had ridden some five miles in what amounted to a tipcart, and the effect on the spine was severe.

As we moved into the town we noted a change in architecture.

More houses were built of boards, although the nipa roofs were prevalent.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



Along the Plaza



The Riding Club

A NIGHT IN GUAM

Still further in town the red-tiled roofs, that are so predominant in the far eastern city, began to appear, surmounting a frame or adobé house of modern architecture.

We drove to the palace yard, but refrained from presenting ourselves, and, on attempting to drive across the parade ground, were halted and turned back by several native policemen, who smoked and wore no more than our driver, except a badge and a billy.

A view shows the palace in the early evening, just as our flag was lowering at retreat.

I procured one picture of a party of Americans just before their departure from the Palace upon an afternoon pleasure ride—the Agaña Riding Club.

After inspecting the royal quarters we started for the ice-plant where we had been informed we could secure cool water. On the way we passed a house, two stories, of adobé, with a red-tiled roof.

There was a sound of many joyous voices, of music, of rather heavy, noisy dancing. A glance through the gate showed a bevy of young, white-gowned, native girls and young men, also in white, gathered around a punch bowl on a back balcony.

"Let's see if we can't get in this!" I called and, nothing loath, you may know, all dismounted and *en masse* we charged through the gate, and mounted the stone steps leading to the punch bowl.

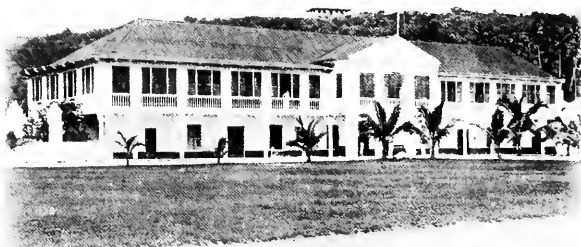
An elderly gentleman, evidently a native, clad in white, met us and invited us all inside. The civilized character of the place showed us that here was true refinement, and we proceeded more cautiously. We were ushered into the dance hall, on the second floor. Windows that were open doors led onto balconies on all sides. These were filled with ladies and babies, evidently the relatives of the young people who were dancing. The room was about twenty-five feet long by fifteen wide, say seven feet high, and floored in dark wood that reminded me of redwood.

The chairs were cane-seated, and of wood similar to that on the floor. The centre of the room was devoted exclusively to dancing. Kerosene lamps fur-

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



Agaña



The Palace

A NIGHT IN GUAM

nished the lights. The music came from a Spanish piano, of most ancient make, played upon by a native youth.

We were shown to chairs, and the dancing which our coming had somewhat impeded, began with refreshed vigor. The two-step was the first one we saw. All the participants, and there must have been fifteen, were plainly refined. Their voices were soft and modulated. The young ladies all wore gowns made in



Our Host and Family

exact counterpart to the summer dresses we see here at home. Their hair was long, very black and arranged as here.

Before the first dance was finished, Lieut. Fulton whispered to us that, according to the laws of hospitality we would probably be asked to drink and drink we must, or offend the host. One of our engineers here brought forward a tall, strapping, rosy-cheeked fellow all in

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

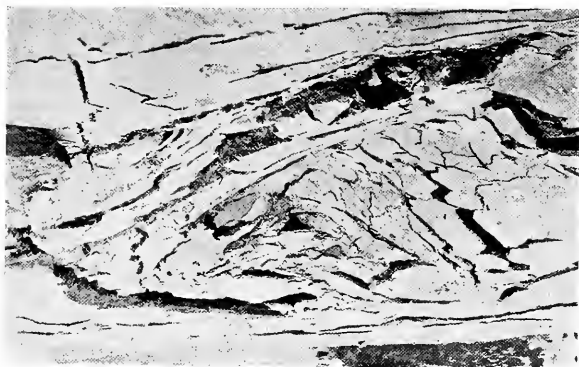
immaculate white trousers, white shoes and pink shirt. He was introduced to us as Sergeant —— of the United States Marines stationed on the Island. One of our company, recognizing an American, leaned over and asked in a low tone: "Say, what sort of a joint is this, anyhow?"

He replied, without changing a muscle of his face: "This is my father-in-law's home."



An American Home

His interrogator appeared satisfied to leave the conversation at that point. Engaging the sergeant in conversation, I found he was from the South and that we had a friend in common. He showed us his little baby boy, who was about the room, but we did not see his spouse. The white moustached gentleman who had



The Earthquake



Where the Quake Knocked

met us on the stairs was his father-in-law, evidently a man of means — for Guam.

Bino was the drink that soon appeared, served by a young gentleman, in cordial glasses. The liquor tasted much like gin, was colorless and was dutifully disposed of as offered.

In dancing, the couples assumed positions exactly as here and danced as we do, except that they showed a disposition to pound the floor with their soles, in unison with the beat. This sound could be heard a long way from the house.

I wanted to dance with one of the young ladies, but fearing that she would not understand or that I might unintentionally transgress some custom, did not dare to proceed further.

Two young daughters of the proprietor danced a Spanish Fandango with what appeared to me great skill, and their audience applauded, clapping just as we do.

In short, but for the color of the participants, the ruder furnishings and the more tinny music, the whole affair was like what we might expect to see in any gathering at home of people of similar age and relative condition.

We bowed to the company, thanked our host, wished "good luck" to the marine who had married the rich native's daughter—quite "a raise" from \$14 a month!—and started for the ice-plant. There we found some ice-water and chatted with two Americans, young men who were running the machinery, and then decided to return, as it was now nearly midnight.

They have earthquakes in Guam, that leave the land and houses like the pictures on the preceding page.

The road back, was shortened by a red hot race between the little cow and the pony.

For a time the result was in doubt, but soon the latter was far in the lead. Observing some low-hanging cocoanuts on the sea side of the road, I stopped and announced my determination to pick some. I felt as if I

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

ought to do that if I could. The other fellows took a similar view, and soon we were stumbling around in reeds as high as one's chin, falling into puddles that surrounded the tree trunks; twice I fell at full length, sinking into a muddy hole, which, of course, could not be seen. The stout blades whipped my face and hands severely.

None of this had appeared from our conveyances, and the fruit looked twice as far in the air as at first.

While I was fighting my way in the first contest with tropical vegetation, I wondered about snakes, jaguars and all sorts of things. Such grass as we found could easily have concealed a whole menagerie. But we took the risk. When I at last found myself at the foot of a tree trunk that was perfectly round, fully fifteen inches in diameter, that had not a branch, a knot or a knob on it for the twenty feet up to where those green cocoanuts hung, I felt chicken-hearted, I shall admit — and more so when I tried to pull myself up and discovered that I had not the strength. It was nearly twenty years since I had climbed a tree and here was one as smooth as a birch, too large to allow me to get a good hold.

I puffed away at my unusual exertions, but could make no headway. My companions were wading in the tall reeds all about me, and none had yet secured any fruit.

I leaned against the tree in disgust and weariness. My hand fell into a nick, fully two inches deep that gave a splendid hold. It had been cut. What did that mean? I felt for others. They were there! Instantly I knew, and shouted to my companions. "The things are cut. You can walk right up." We could. Every two feet or so there was a deep nick, first on one side and then on the other, so that by guiding with the hands, we could walk right up to my cocoanuts. In less time than it takes to say so I was hurling down the fruit in bunches. In a few minutes we had several dozen, all we wanted.

Several of the pictures will show such nicks.

Upon reaching the wagons where Mrs. Chamberlin



The Nicked Trees



The Poor



The Altar



The Pool

A NIGHT IN GUAM

had remained with the drivers, we found several other natives awaiting our coming. One of them, seeing my awkward attempts at piercing a large cocoanut for its water raised his hat, showed a knife and in sign language offered to help me. I raised my hat in return and watched his deft work. Such an act seems typical of the Malays. I saw it everywhere extended to anybody who honestly sympathized with them, as I believe I did and do. They respond to kindness and true consideration as unerringly as does a baby.

The water of these Guam cocoanuts, however, was not palatable, nor were the bananas.

Although it was after midnight, about as many natives were abroad as when we had passed before.

Passing a church, we all alighted, to find the door open and nobody in attendance but ourselves. The room was bare, except about the altar. A single candle dimly lighted the tomb-like edifice.

Arrived at the Landing at 1 A.M., we paid the drivers fifty cents for each passenger and then explained that we wanted to visit one of their houses. We were at once conducted to a typical shack, and shown into one of the rooms which it boasted. In the other the wife and two children were asleep. While they were being herded up by the father, who proved to be a regular Yankee for trading, we examined everything the dim kerosene lamp would discover, nor did we hesitate to move it about as we pleased.

There were three chairs, a table and a rude, hewn settee. The chairs and tables were machine-made, cane-seated, of the same dark wood I have before described.

Evidently we had found a prosperous native; and he had an American bicycle, made in Chicago, which rested against one of the walls.

The only ornaments on the walls were two Japanese prints of landscapes, set in cheap, hand-made frames, about six by four inches. For one of these I paid half a dollar. By this time the three sleepers had appeared, and we found the mother a cleanly native, good natured

and responsive to the great interest Mrs. Chamberlin displayed in her. They sat down side by side, on the settee, and the native looked at all of her companion's attire, in minute detail, smiling confidently if the latter looked at her, but none abashed; just honestly, kindly curious, that is all.

The children were not over five or six, a boy and a girl. They were in short shirts that were seldom below the waist as they clung to their mother and sniffled with the head colds that seemed to be almost universal among the natives we saw.

The father showed us some deer heads, one of which I purchased for seventy-five cents.

I inspected the kitchen utensils and purchased several large spoons, the bowls of which were whittled from cocoanuts. The wooden handles were attached with bits of bark. We showed so much interest in everything that the mistress of the shack presented her lady caller with a small nipa basket, which she had herself made, she signed. There being nothing else that we wanted we arose, shook hands, the family said "Good-bye" and we went down the ladder to the ground.

Upon the little wharf we found our crew asleep, stretched out on the hard boards under the full moon, lying in all sorts of positions. At one-thirty we clambered up the "Sherman's" gangway, left our fruit to be sent to the ice-box and separated for the night, a tired but still hilarious outfit.

Before retiring I asked my companion to step with me around to the port side where we were lashed to the "Supply" to see what was going on aboard her. Most of her men were asleep on the decks. It was almost as light as day with the moon and electric lights still ablaze. Some slept in hammocks, some on bales of merchandise which we had brought, but the most of them lay on the bare deck.

Suddenly we saw "the Prince" ahead of us seated on a camp-stool, outside his stateroom, his head bent forward on his breast, fast asleep, to all indications.

I signed to my companion to walk silently so as not

A NIGHT IN GUAM

to disturb his slumbers, of which he was surely in need, and we started to edge behind him. When we were about ten feet away he suddenly arose, moved to the rail and started to climb up over it. I was never more amazed in all my life. If Mrs. Chamberlin had not cried, "Stop him!" I doubt if I should have been in time, for I didn't particularly like him, and he was over-balanced when I got him by the nape of his neck and drew him back. In three seconds he would have been in the water between the ships.

How strongly the mind works! He was headed for the "supply."

A vigorous shaking was administered, and advice given that he should go to his bunk. But only maudlin responses could be secured, so, while I stood guard, my better-half went for the watchman who soon came and compelled the inebriated man to go to bed.

This was the last adventure, and at nine-thirty the next morning we drew away from the "Supply" and started on the last lap of our long voyage, five days to Manila, during the last two of which we would be close to land — Luzon.

CHAPTER VII

NEARING THE END

From Guam to Manila is 1400 miles. But as we set sail for our last port, that Wednesday morning, July 27th, we were comparatively light-hearted, for on the next Sunday morning we would be in sight of the Philippines.

For those of us who had been ashore the preceding night the remainder of the journey was even shorter, for we did not recover from the experience until the second day. The heat was now at its height. The first noon after leaving Guam, the glass climbed to 89°, the next day it was 87°, the next 86°, and the next, Saturday, 87°.

On these nights more slept on deck than at any other period and still the fact was that this was a record breaking voyage as to heat; that is, it was wonderfully cool. The officers of the ship who had made the journey a number of times united in saying that they recollected no such low temperature; that, as a rule, everybody slept on the decks after leaving Honolulu. Even in the worst heat, I doubt if over a score of those accommodated on the promenade deck ever passed the night outside their rooms. Down on the main deck, however, it was very different. Scores lay stretched out on the hard boards. A number of ladies lay on the hatchway. Practically everybody between decks abandoned their rooms at this time, both day and night.

Nothing else was possible. An hour spent down two decks searching for some photographs so exhausted me that I did not recover that day. At the slightest exertion in the middle of the day one profusely perspired. The Sewing Circle met, however, as usual, as did the "500" crowd, and the crocheting class.

Now the food was becoming soft and flabby.

NEARING THE END

Many of us depended upon the soups and the nightly supply of sandwiches and coffee.

One of the passengers, a German, was in the Philippine Constabulary. He was very fond of chess, when he won, and was very excitable. When he had decided upon the decisive move in a game that was attracting much attention, he was so elated at the glimpse of his triumph that he lost his head and picked his Queen off the board, threw it overboard and put his lighted



The Sewing Circle Meets

cigar stub in its place in the game. You may well imagine there was a shout of glee from many a strong throat, and the poor German was so mortified that he abandoned the contest and thereafter steadfastly refused to play, while his sensitive nature was made miserable by his tormenting companions, even to the last hour of the voyage.

In these final hours the love affairs, the scandals, the resentments aroused at cards, the social strivings

were merged in a feeling of exhilaration at the realization that we were soon to be released.

Up from below came the trunks of the favorites. These, in the cooler air of the setting sun, repacked the various gowns in which they had tried to outshine some other rank one.

Those who did not have favor in high places were obliged to descend in the heat of the day, between decks, where they reeled and sweltered in a hundred degrees of heat. Packing trunks under such circumstances was not an enjoyment.

Sailors carry their belongings in huge cylindrical canvas bags, that, stood on end, are about four feet high. They may be fastened with a rope that runs through brass eyelets set around the top. They furnish the best carry-all I have ever seen and we gladly accepted the first officer's proffer of his, and our accumulations of the past month were such that it was filled to the bursting point.

All day this Sunday we were in sight of the Philippines. The island of Samar, covered with green hills, is the first one seen, to the southward. Then Bulusan volcano, on Luzon, at the entrance to the San Bernardino Straits, through which we were to run for thirty hours, loomed up, conical and regular, surrounded by a column of smoke that rose skyward into the gathering clouds of the sunset.

At five o'clock we reached the Straits, finding them about five miles wide at their mouth. At no time in the rest of the journey were we more than that from land. Just as we entered these gaping jaws of Samar and Luzon, the sun began to set behind Bulusan, reddening the edges of the banks of clouds and smoke that lay in back of and over its summit. It was the most gorgeous sky picture I have ever beheld. Its beauty, its wonderful marvellous coloring made tears appear in some eyes. It was thrilling, ennobling, awe-inspiring.

All Monday we moved along in the straits, often within a mile of the shore, much of which was rugged but laden with bright green foliage. Hour after hour the beautiful panorama unfolded. Little towns nestled

by the water. Often a vessel passed, some inter-island boat. Mindoro, with mountains over eight thousand feet in elevation, was close on the port side.

In the afternoon we could see the town and dome of the church of Batangas, and far inland could be made out the summit of Taal volcano which from its home in the middle of the lake of the same name, suddenly sent up a cylindrical column of light smoke. At four-thirty we passed Cape Santiago, where the telegraph lines begin, and we knew that Manila was aware that we were only seventy miles away as we entered Manila Bay. That message was awaited by many an anxious one in Manila and in America. Just at dusk the foregoing chapter on the Midways was finished, and I laid aside my work for the first time since San Francisco. It had been a hard month in which to do hard work.

Now we were approaching historic ground. Soon rugged old Corregidor, by which Dewey crept so cautiously, lay off to port and, when the evening blackness shut down, and we saw only little glimmering lights here and there it was with something of enthusiasm that I duplicated the particulars of the approach our great naval hero had made to these very shores; aye, in this very track in which we were moving.

When we dropped anchor off the Luneta it was in half a gale and within an hour of midnight. Besides the long rows of lights on the water's edge and here and there a stray house gleam, little could be discovered of the city before which we swung, and, except for the various colored signals from a score of waiting shipping, the scene was dismal enough in the rain. Nobody could land till the doctor had seen us at seven the next morning and nobody could, before that time, board us. What this delay at this last moment of our journey meant to the wives, sweethearts, mothers and children we brought with us, who had come to join the loved ones from whom, in some cases, they had been separated for years, may be more readily inquired than described. There were children with us who had never been seen by their fathers. There were wives who had not seen

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

their soldier husbands for three years. If one were not made of iron he could not see these anxious, waiting faces stare off toward Manila with the tears gathering in their eyes, without a sob in his own throat.

We had an angel with us. She was a delicate little body that disease had bruised long years ago, and imposed a crutch and everlasting pain. The crosses these had made her to bear had made her so patient, so calm, so sympathetic, that her soul was in her face, in her frank, kindly smile.

After many a year of siege she had yielded her life to a big, strong, generous, high-minded officer of our army. She had tried to follow her husband as long as she could, but the little crutch detained her by the way, and illness had, two years before, compelled her return from the Philippines to the States. Now, stronger, she had come back to him. Can you imagine what was in her heart as she leaned on the rail, when ceased the monotonous throb of the engines and the huge anchor splashed into the mud, and she knew that her husband was in that city whose lights were only a quarter mile away, and she could not grasp his hand till the next morning? At times it seemed as if her little arms tried to stretch out over the black waters to him who must be there among those lights.

Soon, across the bay tossed a red light and around the stern bobbed in the gale, the rain and the huge seas, a little launch that halted some fifty feet away, for it was dangerous to come nearer, we were rolling so.

The little crutch flew to where the launch was nearest. "There he is! There he is!" she cried. Then out called a strong voice through a long megaphone. "Is Mrs. H— there?" That was she. I lifted her up on a chair that he might see her. "Yes! Yes! Here I am! Here I am!" she could only say through the choking tears. I doubt if he could hear her small voice, above the whistling gale, but he could surely see the little white figure on the crutch, frantically waving a bit of lace.

There was another voice from the cockle-shell.

NEARING THE END

A young mother, holding up a manly little son whom his father had seen only as a baby, three years before, pushed to the rail.

From these scenes my interest centered upon lights that shone, close to the water, some miles to starboard. That was Cavit , and between where we lay and those lights had been fought out one of the few battles that largely changed all the maps then in existence.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FILIPINOS

You may be sure that everybody on the "Sherman" was early awake the next morning.

We were in the Orient. Paddling all about us in dug-outs with outriggers, were lightly clad Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos, squatting low down, surmounted often with the huge, circular, bamboo, peaked hats that you would expect to find there. There was a session with the custom officials that consumed half an hour and sorely tried the patience. There were hurried good-byes, tips to the servants, struggles by a number of us to secure the services of a poor deck boy, all at one time. Everybody was excited, especially when the boats began to come from Manila and reunite long separated families.

By good luck and as a return for courtesies we had extended to a soldier's mother who was traveling alone, we were first to leave for shore. A smart little Custom House launch landed us near the Magellan statue, an indifferent memorial to that great navigator, the first Caucasian to visit these lands. Two steel-tired carromatas (local carriages) low conveyances, each drawn by a pony that weighed say, four hundred pounds, were found by our escort and soon the ladies, with the baggage, were started for the Hotel Bay View—at any rate the driver was so directed,—where we had been promised board and room for \$21 per week, each. One of the ladies knew a little Tagalog (pronounced Ta-gāl'-og) and it was upon her that we depended to govern the little brown brother who acted as their driver. Either of them could easily have spanked him, but I must admit that as I saw them move away I felt many misgivings.

I shall attempt no detailed description of the capi-

THE FILIPINOS

tal of the Philippines, further than to say that it is a rambling town with twenty-five-foot streets in the busiest centres, paved often with rough cobblestones.

The architecture of the most expensive buildings is all of the Spanish school, low-studded, of only two or three stories, with many little balconies. It was a common thing to see a room all open except at the corners and up to the height of the waist. Split bamboo curtains were all that were used to close these huge open spaces, so that, when seated in one of these rooms it was like being on a covered piazza.

Many people crowd the main thoroughfares. All Caucasians and all others well-to-do wear white duck suits. In the Orient these cost about \$1.50 apiece, and one orders them by the half-dozen or dozen. Not infrequently white silk ones are seen.

The city is thoroughly cosmopolitan, Chinese, naked to the waist, Japanese, Indians with huge red turbans, Englishmen in white helmets, Filipinos, Spaniards—scowling at us—dress and undress—all degrees of all races jostle each other with no thought of how strange is the scene to the unaccustomed visitor. Weak-backed, fallen-chested, stoop-shouldered, native policemen were often passed, presenting a sorry contrast to some of the American police who are placed at the more important locations. These American Manila policemen are splendid fellows, all ex-soldiers, none others being eligible. Their uniform, as is that of the natives, is substantially the present olive drab of our own army.

Snail-like caraboas, dragging low carts on which half recline sleepy drivers, met one often. We were in the country of bare feet, or, at most, the heeless slipper—but stockings—never. Everything and everybody moved slowly in the heat which began to be strongly felt by ten o'clock. If extra exertion were made, the perspiration appeared in little beads. We soon found that if you desire comfort you must not move in the East; and that if you do not move, you will soon be ill.

No alert American should be expected to keep his

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temper in transacting business in Manila. Nobody knows anything beyond his own walls. For example, no steamship company could give me any information at all about the sailings of others, and I soon saw that I could not decide under an entire day the steamer question—a problem which in New York or Boston, could have been easily decided in fifteen minutes, so we rode down the Malecon Drive, the only attractive road in Manila, toward the famous Luneta or square where the band played nightly. This Malecon Drive runs parallel with the sea shore and but a few yards from it.



Malecon Drive

The Luneta is an oblong grassy common, say three hundred yards long and half as wide, with the sea breaking in on it from the southward. The only structure of any kind within this park was the bandstand in the centre.

Across the Luneta we rode and a hundred yards beyond alighted at a three-story building against which and under which the sea broke, for the edifice was half on pilings. Rooms had been secured by the women of our party and we were at once initiated into the best

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hotel Manila affords. I think I require as little as anybody, but I defy anybody to live in a Manila hotel and be content. The prices for everything are awe-inspiring, and what you secure for your money is the least, I believe, that the world affords. The table — Heavens! What food we did have! To begin, the flies were in swarms. I doubt if there was ever a moment during a repast which we tried to eat when there were not over a hundred flies on our table. They covered the very bread you were hastily transferring to your lips.

No meat grown in the islands is fit for an American table, so all is brought from Australia or from America. But the total absence of milk is what upsets the usual American appetites. Just think of it — there's not a cow in the Philippine Islands! The only milk obtainable is that of the tin can! Imagine the ice-cream! Often it is impossible to secure enough palatable food to make a solid meal. Rice and curry, usually chicken, is the staple food, and we were told that if we would confine ourselves to that for so long as we were in the East we would have no trouble. The only fruit available was the banana, a small, inferior article compared with what we have here at home. The frequent sight of lizards of a length of some four or five inches, crawling up the wall beside one did not tend to accentuate one's pleasure.

Our room was large, on the third floor. There was no elevator. The beds were surrounded with mosquito netting hung from a canopy above. There were no mattresses, only a cotton-batting pad about half an inch thick thrown onto a cane laced bottom. On this pad was a nipa (straw) mat, and on this was placed the under sheet. A space as large as three ordinary windows was open to the outer air, protected, if desired by unrolling the bamboo curtain that hung from the ceiling. In case of violent storm, too, windows of glass could be moved from either side. There were some five or six rooms only on each floor. As there were, however, a row of similar houses adjoining which were used as annexes, the proprietor could accommodate, say, a

hundred. The only thing resembling a bath was a single shower for either sex, and a large tin pan for a tub.

If the bell boy (Filipino) were to be called, that was done by stepping into the hall and clapping the hands. The laundryman was a Chinese outsider, who always overcharged and then lied about it. Filipino boys were the chambermaids and the dining room servants were Chinamen, all in white, with long black cues hanging to their knees.

After lunch my army companion called up the Army and Navy Club for a rubber tired carromata. If one is registered on the books of that institution, the best conveyances in town may be secured at fifty cents per hour, thirty-three and a third *per cent.* less in price than the public charges for poorer service. If one be so unfortunate as to be denied this advantage he must depend upon the public conveniences. For these the advertising pamphlet of the Bay View says: "The drivers are lazy, their vehicles usually very dilapidated, and the ponies slow and balky." — and the description is mild — much milder than any I ever heard.

A number of these Army and Navy outfits include American horses, and the way the native boys drive them is dangerous for the driver and for the passenger if the latter be anything of a horseman. The former is in peril of a runaway; the latter in danger of murdering the driver. I never saw in the East a native who knew how to drive a horse. The means employed to ensure progress are usually a jerk at the reins, a cut with the whip, and the grunt described as a feature of our Guam experience. These performances occur about every minute of the ride and the American horses are all ready to bolt most of the time, while the native ponies refuse to move except at intervals. Always a balky horse is in sight.

Next we drove to the Custom House where we had a trunk and my soldier's mother had three. I stated my name in answer to an inquiry for it, and was astonished at being notified that my baggage was ordered to be passed without examination. I had arrived. Some-

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body in the United States had awakened. I immediately passed all of the trunks of my friend's mother as part of my baggage, which almost caused my companion to swoon and the inspector to smile, and we soon saw our belongings on a cart headed for the Bay View. The rest of the day I spent in visiting the steamship offices.

All I had determined was that we could not safely go to Japan if I were to keep my word and be in New York Oct. 1. It was just at this time that the Russians



One hundred feet from best hotel in Manila

and Japanese were busily engaged in ransacking such vessels as they chose for contraband, and all sailing dates to and from Japan were cancelled in Manila. No company would promise that it would ever get us back, if we succeeded in reaching the Mikado's property. Under such circumstances we had no choice; but the consequent disappointment was poignant.

In the evening Mrs. C. and I walked out alone to see the neighborhood. We were surrounded by native

shacks, one of which was on a corner diagonal from our hotel, and not over fifty yards away.

There were also, in this part of the city, the more modern residences of Americans. Many of them were guarded from the street by stone walls fully six feet in height. As a rule the front yard was a flower garden. Each native hut showed a lighted lantern in front of it, a universal regulation which our rule demands.

The streets were deserted, but there was much to see, as the inmates of the houses, as a rule, did not pull down their bamboo curtains.

As we were nearing the hotel we heard a soft voice singing and by a glance through an open window we saw a native mother rocking her baby to sleep in a rude, hand-made cradle, beside which she sat, slowly waving the insects from the little dark face that lay against the white pillow. Except for the color of the participants, the strangeness of the song which, while weird, was yet plainly a lullaby, the scene was that of New England.

At five in the evening all Manila rides to the Luneta that can. The rest walk, and when the band of one of our regiments, or of the Constabulary or Scouts, begins to play at five-thirty hundreds of carromatas stand about the plaza, and here one is sure to see all the friends he has in the city. The concert lasts about an hour; and if you lie on the grass, or are not very careful about the settee upon which you may station yourself, you will be overrun with red ants who will fix your attention far more than the band or the throng; and I speak from sad experience. In the various regimental bands we saw, nearly half the musicians must have been Filipinos and they seemed to be very earnest and efficient, evidently trying their best all the while.

At dinner the Americans, both sexes, affect full dress, and the spectacle of many a poor government employee who never owned a dress suit at home, now, in far away Luzon, copying the imagined rules of high society, high handshakes and all, is not uncommon. Here he rides in a carromata. At home he never rode in a carriage, unless on the top of one on Fifth Avenue.

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Women of poor education, suddenly elevated into this high society, appear in pink ribbons, bows and sashes that, on the stage at home, would bring a screech of amusement. As long as the arms and neck are bared, these poor people imagine they are doing something.

Army officers in white uniforms, with their wives, bareheaded and décolleté, without wraps, are often seen in expensive barouches looking as if they had recently inherited all the Standard Oil money. They look so much like rich people that they recalled a remark made by General Howard to a young man who was very fashionably dressed. We were all three in an elevated train in New York, when the General, pointing to the gentleman said, "I gave that boy's father his start in life." The young man turned and introducing himself, inquired if my companion were not General Howard. "O, yes," the one-armed hero replied, "I remember you perfectly. But you looked so much like a rich man that I didn't dare speak to you!"

The first night at Manila showed to us what was in the future. One could sleep, but not rest. In the morning there is no feeling of returned vitality. Energy is at the same ebb tide that it was the night before. The bed clothing, only a sheet, is damp. The leather shoes you left beside your door last night to be cleaned are covered with a green mould before "boots" attacks them. When you rise and begin to dress you find that your garments are damp with a clammy chill that is far from agreeable. Photograph films must be guarded from the dampness with the greatest care, for, if exposed they will quickly spoil.

At about seven on that first morning I arose and looked from the window. Directly beneath were a native man and woman, seated on their heels, in Oriental style, upon a rock by the sea, gazing silently out over its depths, as if wrapt in contemplation of what lay beyond its great distances. For a quarter of an hour they thus perched, without a word or movement. Two or three native boys rode horses into the surf, a mother pushed into the waves, accompanied by two little naked

children, while across the street another mother was pouring water in tin canfuls over the naked form of a boy of probably seven or eight. In the annex, fifty feet away, an American, a government clerk, was playing with two monkeys which were chained to his window seat. A Chinaman hobbled up to a hydrant, filled two pails brimming full of water and then trotted away without spilling a drop, with his heavy load dangling, one pail from either end of the flexible stick that rested on his shoulder behind his neck. The amount of bulk and weight a Chinaman can carry by this arrangement is marvellous. It is a common thing to see two of these men trotting along the main streets with a modern upright piano swung between them.

The second day was strictly devoted to solving the home-going puzzle. The differences between the prices of various routes to America *via* Suez were remarkable, varying forty *per cent*. But at last I chose the North German Lloyd line, whose steamer would leave Hong Kong on the seventeenth instant, which would land us at Naples on the thirteenth of September. This necessitated our departure for China on the thirteenth, the second Saturday, ten days later. From Naples we could proceed slowly across Europe to Bremen where on the twentieth we could catch the Kaiser Wilhelm II. That would permit us to reach New York on the twenty-seventh of September. The fare to Southampton was \$340. To New York it was only \$320, so I have calculated that our voyage on the Kaiser Wilhelm II, the most expensive steamer afloat, cost us \$20 less than nothing.

You will understand why this is when I say that there are half a dozen lines running from Asia to England, only one of which extends to America.

This day we were introduced to the rainy season. "Sufficiency!" Sam Bernard would surely remark. Out of a clear sky the water tumbles down in buckets. Everything is flooded. Some streets become lakes. Then of a sudden the sun appears. From May 1 to Oct. 1 this is the average climate, each year. During

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this period, the rain fall averages two-thirds of an inch *per diem*.

Upon inquiring at the banks again for funds from home, I had full opportunity to see how a silver basis money system would be utterly impossible in a modern country. The counters where deposits were received were about four feet across, waist high. Before them on the floor, were nipa bags, about a foot in diameter and half as tall, piled up one on the other sometimes as high as the counter. The depositor lifted up the top bag, unwound the string that tied it at the neck, reversed it and emptied a great flood of silver dollars on the counter. These were immediately seized by a teller who piled them up in uniform cylinders before him. Meantime the depositor had let fall another shower of silver, and so the work went on. I saw, to my wonderment, a deposit made from scores of these bags which were brought into the bank by half a dozen nearly naked Chinese coolies, like so many sacks of meal. I was obliged to remain half an hour and but a small fraction of the bags had then been opened. The head cashier told me that it was a common thing for three or even four hours to be employed in completing a large deposit. In the particular instance which I was watching he estimated that the work would consume three hours. The amount was \$60,000. In the meantime a half-dozen other depositors were emptying their sacks on the counter with a crash. Attendants were handing out other bags to pay cheques. As the new owner received the bags he deposited them on the floor, one on top of the others, and then loaded them onto the heads or shoulders of his servants and out they went, through the crowded streets.

I drew the equivalent of \$1,000 of our money, and I was obliged to receive six hundred bills, as the dollar is the common denomination issued by the local government, and the bank had but a limited supply of Spanish notes. The latter were larger than the former. Now count out six hundred bills and see what a predicament I was in. I had no one pocket that would

include them and I stuffed them, literally in handfuls, all about my person after I had spent fifteen perspiring minutes in counting and reckoning them.

I felt outraged and uncomfortable, with these great wads of paper filling every pocket; and I felt no better when, arrived at the steamer office, I tried to count out \$640 to pay our passages to New York. It took half an hour by the clock to accomplish the task. Every bill was worth only half of its face, and this confused the count; the various piles of notes became intermingled; in emptying a pocket, some of the bills escaped to the floor in the most inaccessible places, *a la* collar-button; the clerk and I disagreed on the contents of a particular pile,—all this in a temperature of about 95° Fahr!—and then I had some \$400 to take to the hotel. I simply couldn't remain in town with such rolls in my pockets, and I had to return to the Bay View to get rid of that money. For the first time in my existence I was tempted to throw away three or four pockets full of money just to be free of it; for once money was a distinct nuisance.

No business can be done in a modern sense, by any such system as that.

Everybody smoked, women, children and all—invariably cigarettes. I also noted that a native covers the head with the first object obtainable when coming into the sunshine. When rain falls it is a common sight to see natives strolling along protected by huge banana leaves resting on their shoulders. All that is required is to seize a leaf, break a hole for the head to pass through, and the Filipino is about as well guarded against rain as one of our soldiers when encased in his rubber poncho.

In Manila one frequently hears many shoutings upon passing certain buildings. This disturbance is created by the children in the Spanish schools, who shout their lessons aloud when committing them to memory. The result of a hundred lusty young school children at once loudly voicing their lessons is something that cannot fail to attract Americans.

In a critical survey of the Americans I saw, I found

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that many of them had become listless and sallow. Officials explained to me that all of our race must leave the Islands every three years for a period of at least three months. Accordingly all government employees find their vacations and terms of service arranged to that end.

"Filipinitis" is the name given to the condition into which all Americans sooner or later slide. They walk slowly. The memory is badly affected. Mine was before I had been in Manila a week; and that faculty has never regained its former acuteness. Dysentery, one enemy man cannot meet boldly, becomes dangerous. More and more one desires to lie down. Hour after hour the formerly energetic American is content to loll about and talk nothings on the street corners. The habit of decisive action gives way before the continuous march of irresolution and soon one requires a day to decide what before would have consumed less than ten minutes. The spring leaves one's gait and now it is all an American can do to drag one foot after the other. Sores appear on the bodies of many and sap vitality. There is no food obtainable that the appetite relishes. The fruit is unsafe because of cholera germs; no fresh vegetables that can be eaten with impunity are to be had. Colds attack those who have reached this unfortunate condition and are far more dangerous than at home, pneumonia following more frequently than in the States. Everybody, practically, wears a flannel protector over the stomach. This is about the first precaution strangers are told to adopt. If this warning is not heeded, the dampness of the evening will soon lead to serious difficulties.

There is only one railroad yet in the Philippines. That line runs directly to the North from Manila about one hundred miles to Dagupan. Nearly an entire day is consumed in traversing the distance.

Entire streets are lined with Japanese and Chinese stores.

In fact, over half of the stores in Manila, which is no place to shop for anything except Manila straw hats,

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are apparently conducted by the two yellow races from Asia.

As to their reputation, I think it is evident and decided that the Japanese merchants are regarded as sly, tricky and unworthy of confidence. Upon the other hand, the Chinaman is regarded as honest and thoroughly reliable.

Late Wednesday came this message from an army friend, Lieut. Carl Stone, formerly of the Minnesota infantry regiment largely recruited from the University of Minnesota. He is now of the Philippine Scouts, a part of our army establishment:

U. S. Signal Corps, Biñan, Laguna, Aug. 3, '04.

F. Chamberlin,

Hotel Bay View, Manila.

Make every effort to get here tomorrow if possible. Big move. I will be in the field and out of reach after fifth. Stone.

I clapped my hands for the German porter, an ex-soldier in our army and was soon informed that Biñan (Binyan) was on Laguna de Bay, which is really a large lake to the southeast of Manila, between which city and lake flows the Pasig River, which divides Manila.

I determined to go, and was up at five-thirty preparing for the day. The porter accompanied me to the Tagadito, which was really a large tug of a length of about one hundred feet. Here I, indeed, found opportunity to study the Filipino. I was set down, the only white person aboard except three Spanish friars in brown cowls, in the very midst of several hundred Filipinos, half of them men. The natives plainly detested the friars. There were not over half a dozen chairs aboard. These were set forward, and all occupied by men whom I judged to be Chinese merchants. Their dress, except for helmets, was essentially European in all details. There were a dozen or so of bamboo stools, of such height as we usually employ, and any number of lower seats which were not over eight inches in height. It was these last that the natives preferred.

I took a picture of a better class of native and his



My nearest Companion



On the Wharf



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little boy who sat beside me. The father feared the son would lose his hat.

In response to a command of the captain, whose place was forward, one of the crew brought a tall stool for me.

On the wharf was an interesting group, the mother, strange to say, being the only one smoking.

Many, in fact the majority of passengers, sat on the deck, usually on their heels, in the Oriental fashion. Most of the women were smoking. Others were chewing betel nut with irregular teeth that were already reddened or blackened with the habit. Poor teeth are almost universal among the natives. A shining set of molars such as our negroes here at home exhibit is never seen in the head of a Filipino.

The odors aboard would have sickened a person of weak stomach; and had I not fought the tendency as hard as I could, I would surely have succumbed. When the boat had started I pushed as far forward as possible and thus obtained some relief. There was an incessant jabber. The females dressed about alike. Within six feet of me stood a lady of about the average size, five feet tall, weighing perhaps one hundred pounds. She wore silver ear rings of rude manufacture. A cigarette hung to her under lip. She wore a red skirt with narrow white stripes every half inch or so. Her bare feet were in wooden bottomed sandals. At times her foot would withdraw until only the tips of the toes would be sheltered. Often she would stand on the left foot with the right resting against the left calf. Wide flaring gauze fluffed up about the shoulders. The neck was bared to the tops of the breasts, but never so low as to show even the beginning of their curves. The arms were naked except for the gauze which was so loose that the arm could be plainly seen for its whole length. The profile closely approached that of a chimpanzee. The head was flat, the nose snubby, the jaws protrusive, the chin retrograding. As she looked over into the water her lips moved continuously as if she were singing to herself. One small inexpensive gold ring, set with a blue

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and white stone, was worn on the third finger of her left hand. She also had suspended from the neck, by a dirty cord, and resting on her chest, a brass charm about 2"x4", showing in bas relief a devil despatching an evil spirit, demonstrating that no harm could come to the possessor of the relic. Probably half of the women aboard were similarly equipped.

The "hands" aboard were small.

They were usually smoking, were barefooted and dressed in a pair of cotton trousers and a shirt which



The Hands

was so thin that it concealed little.

One of the men at the wheel asked a lady who was amusing a baby on the deck beside him for a light, upon which she removed the cigarette from her charming mouth with its red teeth, and accommodated the gentleman. The baby had on only one garment, a shirt that by no possibility could have reached below his waist, and which, because of creasing, was never below his arm pits. His mother wore a red shawl twisted about her

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forehead and when the baby had procured his lunch she deposited him on the deck and then turned her attention to performing an operation upon the head of a neighbor who, too, squatted upon the hard deck. The light would not admit of a good instantaneous picture; but I am sure you will understand what a delightful incident the result suggested. The operation was conducted with many a sharp "click" that demonstrated progress.

Hanging from the deck above were a number of freshly caught fish which some of the passengers had



The Landing

purchased at the market. These slimy things brushed my face more than once as I moved about in my search for the truth.

The some score of game cocks aboard so many of the native gentlemen carried under one arm did not improve matters at all, as may well be imagined. As something should be left to the imagination, however, I will say no more of these birds.

Every few minutes we would slow down, far from

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land, — sometimes several miles — a number of native boats would bump into us head-on with a crash amid a babel of shouting voices, for the Oriental always screeches whenever excited. These visiting craft would do this even when we were proceeding at full speed. The secret was that the most daring visitor secured the best place for boarding us.

Not once did we approach a wharf. Often pedlars would move about, and then many would purchase eggs, corn on the cob which was at once gnawed off,



The Pedlar

corn balls, mangoes, bananas, and cakes of a slimy, chocolate colored glucose-like concoction that I would not have tasted for the whole ship.

Such people, dressed as they were, acting as they were, ignorant as they were, looking as they did, I call savages. If they were not savages, the world possesses none. There are some who are of a lower scale in development, but the Filipino of the rank and file is a savage. It is useless and folly to describe him other-

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wise. We might as well look the thing right in the face now as at some later time. In Manila and other large towns the Filipino has acquired considerable of the veneer of civilization, but he is about one man to every twenty-five in the islands. The world has always united in calling people savages who appear as these people did on the Tagadito. Not five *per cent.* of the population of the Philippines can read or write a single word.

Considering the distance — and its bearing upon the problem — that separates us from the Philippines, the effect of the enervating climate and the difference between the character of the two races, I believe the Filipino problem is far less promising than that of our own American Indian with whom we have been able to do almost nothing.

On board this native boat, as invariably in the Philippines, I was treated with marked politeness and kindness by the natives. They sympathized with my curiosity, and aided me when it was necessary to enable me to take such group pictures as I desired.

Finally Biñan was shouted and the Captain pointed to the shore and nodded as I looked at him inquiringly.

Half a dozen rude boats — dug-outs and two thatched-roofed affairs about five feet wide — bumped into us with the usual excitement, everybody cursing and yelling at once. I clambered down into one of the latter style. Bent quite double — for the roof was so low I could not sit erect — and in the terrific heat, which was surely ninety something — it was just noon — and in the midst of half a score of native women, children and men over some of whom I stumbled, with their garlic, game-cocks, puffing cigarettes, fish, and ill-smelling bundles of remarkable purchases in the city, I was a good deal disturbed, for the effect of all these things on my nerves made me doubt if I could long endure this filth and stench without becoming ill. Relief, however, came soon, for hardly had the steamer left us when I was made to understand that I was to enter a small, rude, flat-bottomed boat, sharp at both

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ends, which came alongside and which, except for the two paddlers, contained no passengers.

Upon later mentioning this courtesy to an American officer he told me Americans always were paid that attention when it was possible.

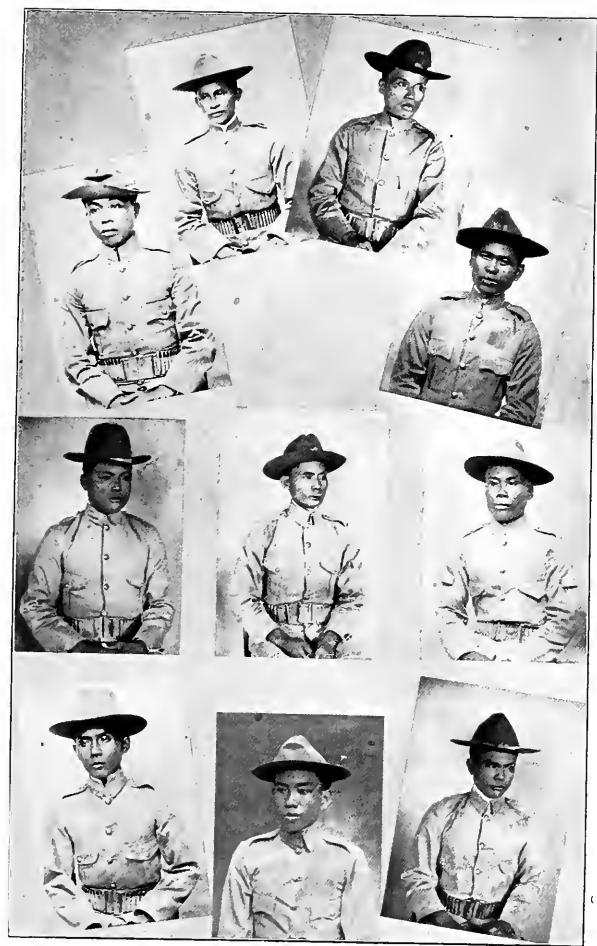
After twenty minutes of paddling by two natives neither of whom wore more than a pair of trousers, I came to the landing, entered one of the group of waiting *carromatas*, and was slowly driven through the first small Filipino town I had ever visited.

It all looked as you might expect to find it. The streets were about thirty feet wide. . On either side were rows of one-story, peaked-roofed, twelve foot square bamboo huts, set on poles so that a space about five feet high was left beneath for the carriages, horses, pigs and hens. Huge leaved banana trees half hid many shacks, while a small lantern dangled in front of each of them. That was all there was to the town except the market, the church, and the Spanish style houses of several of the well-to-do. Among these modern frame dwellings was the barracks of the Philippine Scouts whose commander I was to visit.

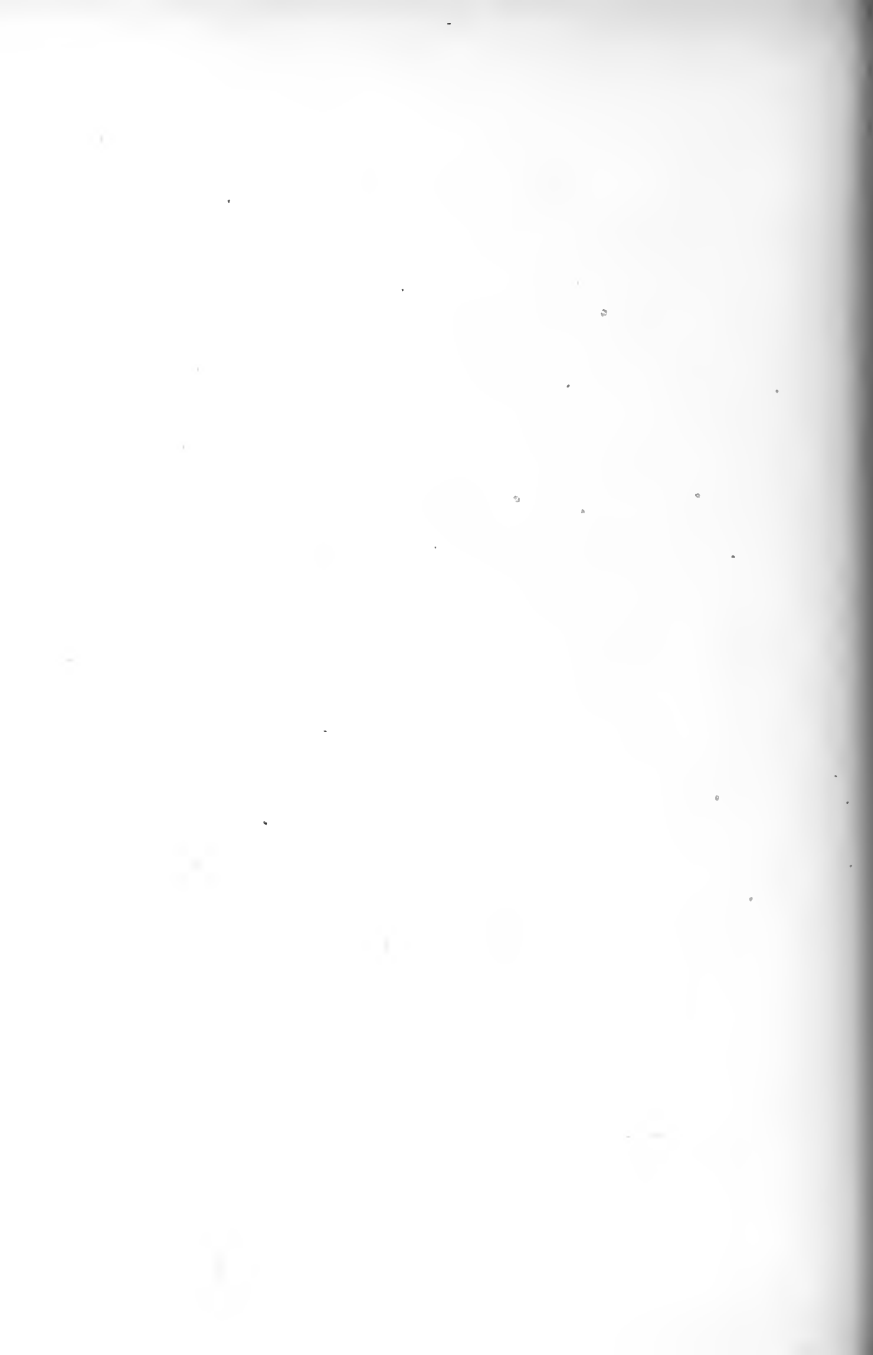
The church was pure Spanish architecture, with the chime of bells set about fifteen feet from the ground in an open campanile not over fifty feet away.

On arriving at Lieutenant Stone's I donned an army campaign outfit, blue flannel shirt, khaki trousers, leggings, and campaign hat. About the place was the air of something doing. Everybody moved quickly. All commands were fairly hurled at their recipients. Not a word was wasted. Everybody was excited, but with enthusiasm and, old militiaman as I was, always deeming the drum the sweetest of music, I entered heartily into the occasion and grew ten years younger in five minutes.

In the meantime, another company of scouts had reinforced us, and Captain Grove, head of the Bureau of Information for the archipelago had arrived from Manila after a hard ride, lasting all night. I at once besieged him to settle the question about Aguinaldo's



Group of Stone's Scouts



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location in the Islands, for him I must see. In the early evening came a message that the Filipino leader was at Cavité.

Now it was time for the troops to start and as they fell in at the ringing bugle call that I knew so well, I looked them over carefully and critically; for none of us knew, I the least of all, how much might depend upon them in the next few hours which presented so many possibilities of excitement and danger, and I secured pictures of a number of them.

They were a soldierly lot, so far as set-up, alacrity, and general appearance was concerned. They were, to be sure, only about five feet, four inches in height, but that is not always a disadvantage. They were the only Filipinos I ever saw, except others engaged in some branch of our military service, who moved quickly and with a spring. So far as drill and the show work of a soldier were concerned they certainly made a very good appearance and in general smartness of uniform, accoutrement and conduct were the equal of any American troops I have ever seen. Their earnestness was especially notable and they portrayed none of the carelessness that many of our regular army men exhibit. It was evident that each man was trying with all his forces, mental and physical, to do the best he could. Not one had an air that suggested that he knew it all. There was no slouching and no slouchers. It would be a delight to drill and train such men, so interested were they, and it was thrilling to see them march off with that same irresistible, free, strong swing that we now use in our army. The game was afoot. We would follow, Stone and I, in a carromata, in two hours.

CHAPTER IX

CHASING ORUGA

We were to try to capture the ladrone Amiceto Oruga and his band of some forty men. "Ladrone" is Spanish for highwayman or bandit.

This fellow Oruga was a Major on the staff of General Malvar, one of the chief commanders of Aguinaldo, in 1900-1903. When we first occupied the Islands, Mr. Oruga was serving a sentence in the jail at Batangas for different crimes. Effecting his escape, he joined the insurrection and was captured by our troops and sentenced to be hung, for the best of reasons, but was released on his promise to behave himself. He broke his word, however, and was soon again taken by our forces under the vigorous administration of General Bell. The general amnesty proclamation of 1903 again set him at large. Ever since, he has been in the field in command of all the outlaws he has been able to collect in his home province, Batangas, to which he confined his operations, where the fastnesses of huge mountains, with which from earliest boyhood he had been familiar, permitted him to defeat repeated attempts at capture.

His success in eluding us had emboldened him, and only a few hours before my arrival in Biñan he and his band had made a sortie from Batangas Province into Laguna Province, entered the town of Cabuyao (Caboo-yo) about ten miles south of Biñan, at early evening, attacked the residence, in the very centre of the town, of one of the wealthiest citizens, captured him, and disappeared with him into the mountains of Batangas.

This outrage, being reported to Manila, led to the "big move," of which Stone had telegraphed me, to try to end this fellow's career. For this commendable purpose some eight hundred scouts and constabulary, all under American officers, directed by Captain Grove,

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were detailed; and before my entrance upon the stage they were proceeding from various barracks to their respective designated positions in the living net which was to be drawn about the supposed habitat of Mr. Oruga, and which would be gradually narrowed in an endeavor to catch him in it.

An American officer passed the word along that the moment a native appeared who tried to run he was to be shot. If I shot anybody all promised me to forget that I did it if there happened to be any inquiry afterward; but I was firmly impressed with the idea that I must shoot first and investigate afterward unless I desired to be bolloed.

With a 45 Colt on my right hip, a Krag rifle on my shoulder and belts filled with cartridges for both revolver and gun, I felt all ready for anything, and certainly felt "tougher" than anybody else I met.

At six-thirty a terrific thunder-storm began, but in an hour it was over and at just seven-forty-five, in a fast gathering blackness I shook hands with Mrs. Stone, turned away as her boy stepped up to her to bid her farewell — she had only been with him forty-eight hours and this parting was therefore particularly hard — and we were off.

Each of us carried a blanket roll filled with food and what baggage was necessary, and the little springless carromata was, when the driver was aboard, filled to the brim. Stone and I were wedged in so that neither could move limb or body unless the other did also. There was no room to stretch one's legs as the driver's seat was too near, and my knees were close to my chin, so low was our seat. Before we were free from the town even, we were in an utter darkness. That, however, only served to enhance the beauty of a phenomenon supplied by clouds of fire-flies, millions of them, which far surpassed any other incident of a similar nature I had ever witnessed.

Our little pony, when some two miles had been passed, began to drag us into deep gullies which the rain had caused and a number of times we were nearly

thrown upon our beams' end by a lightning-like descent to the hubs of the wheels into a pool, which could not be seen, but the mud of which splashed all over us. The pony had to try many times to extricate us, and succeeded, only immediately half to disappear in similar depths. The road could not be seen with any certainty, and at times we learned by the one wheel in the brook, which ran alongside, that we were surely not in the highway. We commenced this journey with a candle sputtering on either side of the vehicle for guidance. But these lights jounced out every time we were deposited in a cavity, and after relighting them a dozen times or so, we abandoned all such attempts and trusted entirely to the sense of the pony, — for the driver evinced no signs of possessing any, — to reach Santa Rosa, three miles away.

At last we made it, and found ourselves in the centre of much activity. A large crowd was in a square, in the middle of which were two companies of our troops. On the right, in a room open to the street, was the town council, in session, surrounded by a gaping lot of natives. We drove straight ahead till well out of the crowd and then halted at a little store. Taking all the arms and ammunition with me I entered the store while Stone started afoot for the town council to make inquiries about the disposition of the troops which should have previously passed.

My time was expended far more pleasantly, and considering the lies with which the mayor entertained Stone, far more profitably. The only occupant of the store was a young Filipino girl of some twenty years, who had plainly had much fun with my predecessors and could talk pretty good English. I now recollect only one thing she said and that was "Do you think I was born yesterday?"

But I grew curious about the city council and, loaded down with my murderous outfit, I soon appeared before that august tribunal, which was composed of half a dozen natives seated about a long table, at the head of which sat His Honor the Mayor, engaged in

conversation with Stone. I was introduced and shook hands with all. Three kerosene lamps, in tipping brackets, half-lighted a room of fifteen by twenty feet. Pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt, in colors, were on the wall, as the chief ornaments of the proclamation of the installation of civil government in the Islands to succeed military rule. The little body was dignified enough and one or two busied about as if there were much to do. Stone must have done some tall lying about me as I was treated with great apparent consideration and respect. But I did not feel at all sure that I was not really despised and hated; and I may as well say here as anywhere else that I have never been sure of the Filipino when he has exhibited friendly sentiments. I have always felt that he feared and detested us Americans but did not dare show it, and I came out of the Islands believing that their inhabitants would like to cut our throats, and would do so at the first good opportunity that presented itself. I wouldn't trust one of them even in plain sight and then I should want to be against a wall so that nothing could strike me from behind. On this trip I never lay down at night but I thought that I should very likely awake on another planet.

At nine we left for Cabuyao (Caboo-yo) three miles away, with the troops fifteen minutes ahead. While passing the last struggling houses of the town, we came to a path that led off to the right. Up this the troops had gone. Stone had thought out something that his subordinate should know and so decided to leave me in the carromata while he afoot — for the path was too narrow to admit of the passage of a carriage — pursued his men. Well armed as I was, I did not fear, until Stone's stalwart form had disappeared in the darkness and my carriage became surrounded with several score of natives who pushed and jabbered. They spread beyond the circle of light shed by the feeble carriage candles, and, unaccustomed as I was to the language spoken excitedly all about me, with no means to distinguish a friendly word from a curse, and stationed in

the centre of the only visible light, with black faces peering up into mine, their owners jammed against the wheels and body of my conveyance so that a dozen hands could have snatched my rifle before I could have moved a finger, I concluded that I had better move and move quickly. I am willing to admit that a realization of my helplessness made my blood chill for a few seconds. I accordingly alighted, pushed through the crowd, leaped a stone wall by the roadside and took my station some fifty feet away in a field where the grass grew to about the height of my waist. Of course I thought of snakes and all sorts of other things that, in fact, do not exist in the Islands; but I felt fairly secure until I heard a number of shots a hundred yards up the path taken by Stone. The natives who had been so curious about me vanished at the sound as if they had been spirits of darkness surprised by the sun. My nerves were strained to every sound and the next few minutes were anxious ones. I thought that Stone had been attacked, and I ran up the path. I soon, however, came upon him, although we were both pretty cautious in approaching one another. The shots had been signals to his subordinate.

The ride to Cabuyao was the worst in my career. I have ridden over logging roads in the great forests of Vermont, New Hampshire and Canada, where, in the course of a mile, an overturn is imminent every other minute; where bogs, swamps, and broken, poorly laid, decayed corduroy presents the least of the difficulties; I have ridden in the Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee mountain regions where no wheels, only sleds can travel, but nothing ever even approached this night ride between Santa Rosa and Cabuyao. The previous ride of the evening was fifty *per cent.* better than this latter experience. The candles could not be kept blazing and again and again we both alighted in mud holes that swallowed us up to above the knees, and shouted, pushed lifted and pulled our pony out of an abyss. Twice my rifle was hurled from my hand out into the darkness. The rain had recommenced and on one of these de-

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lightful occasions we spent surely a quarter of an hour in searching with matches in the various mud holes in our vicinity for the missing weapon. At last the outfit was stalled. The pony could not drag us. He was completely exhausted. After pulling him from a huge hole into which he and both wheels were so immersed that the water entered the carriage, we left him and his driver with orders to follow as soon as possible, shouldered our weapons and started afoot. Remember, I could not see my companion had he been as tall as a telegraph pole. I could see nothing but nothing. There was no sidewalk, and no limit to the road on one side, while a brook ran on the other. Certainly I fell into that brook a number of times, up to my waist and once I was down on all fours right in the middle of it, when the bank gave completely away. Bushes and thorns slapped my face and cut my hands. But still we plunged along and about eleven we came again to houses where dogs barked and snarled at us; but the owners were fast asleep. The little lanterns at each hut made our progress more secure and, besides, the road became firmer.

Cabuyao we discovered to be quite a town, with many modern residences built in Spanish style.

Here we were almost immediately joined by Grove and then the three of us started to visit General Juan Cailles, one of the most famous insurgents, probably Aguinaldo's ablest general, and now Governor of the Province of Laguna, within which we now were. This visit amused me more than any other incident of our entire three month's journey. It exhibited the Oriental to perfection. As we approached the outer door I called my companion's attention to a half-dozen natives in uniform stretched out, on the bare earth, three on either side of the door, all fast asleep, in the various positions that sleeping men assume, their rifles lying close beside them; besides, two sentinels challenged us. Grove explained that these men were the Governor's Guard. In the court, within the house, were seven more armed men, all asleep, in different corners and

nooks. Across the foot of the stairs, so distributed that we were obliged to step over them, were four more. At the top of the stairs two lay across our path, while in the corner to the left were three, all asleep on the floor. We turned into the room to the right and there were three sleeping on their arms on the bare floor in front of a bed beneath whose matting, like a Sultan, lay sleeping the object of our search.

The thing struck me as so utterly ridiculous that I could hardly treat the General as other than a joke all the time we remained. I did not suppose such a condition of things had existed outside of Turkey and Persia at any time within the last two hundred years and yet here it was in the United States. Grove shouted at Cailles, and the sleeping guards awoke ruefully and the General proceeded to arise. He was dressed in silk trousers of a khaki color, a blue army shirt over a stiff-bosomed white linen one, and a white linen standing collar and cuffs; but was barefooted. Thus appareled he entered the first room we had seen and sat down before a very handsome low writing table of rare wood. I was amazed to see Grove lift his boots covered with Luzon mud — for he had to walk as well as Stone and I — up onto the delicate table right under the Governor's chin and punctuate his tense statements with cuts of the handsome silver-mounted whip which he carried, sometimes on the table, sometimes on the boots. Yankee inability to comprehend Oriental ideas of greatness and importance I never saw better or more amusingly exhibited.

Cailles looks like his picture. He is tall, spare, hollow-chested and round-shouldered, presenting a weak, effeminate appearance. He wore a single diamond ring on the small finger of his left hand. His fingers were long and delicate, and the knuckles turned backward. An old woman servant thrust under the table two pairs of Oriental velvet sandals. He discarded the blue and donned the red. He is accredited with being half-Portugese and half-French, and, all in all, he looks it, with his swarthy complexion and black mustache, eyebrows, and hair.

It was just 12.30 A.M. when we sat down for a conference. He offered us bino which looked and tasted like gin, and then proffered a box of cigarettes, all of which were thankfully accepted. He showed me a recent letter from Judge Taft (already Secretary of War) which showed that Taft and he were upon rather intimate terms. In a musical low voice he discussed the campaign with Grove and Stone and stated that he himself would take the field with all his forces within an hour.

Meanwhile I examined the room we were in, and discovered that the door frames were mahogany, apparently carved in a most elaborate manner.

In half an hour the consultation was terminated. Cailles called to a servant who brought in russet shoes and leather leggins which made the Governor look quite like an American officer. He then proceeded to awaken his sleeping guards who had not stirred and we bade him good night and started for the native shack which we had set upon as our abode for the rest of the night.

Before we lay down, however, we disposed of an enormous quantity of our rations. The driver finally appeared with our carromata, immediately curled himself up on the seat of his vehicle and went to sleep. We then bolted our door. I lay on a rattan couch with a huge whiskey bottle which I found under it, for a pillow. Stone, stretched out on the bamboo floor, drew his army blanket over him and soon we were sleeping quietly, our weapons carefully disposed for quick employment. The entire front of the house was open to the roof from two feet above the floor and a dozen natives could have simultaneously scrambled through upon us, — the only Caucasians in the town, — without resistance had they proceeded quietly, or they could have shot us into holes from beneath, through the thin bamboo floor between parts of which they could have seen with ease.

Early the next morning, however, I assured myself that I had not been assassinated. For the use of the pony rig which we tried to use, inclusive of the driver, an order on the military department was given called

a "chit" — the most common currency of the Orient — for one dollar.

"Chits" purchase everything among the Asiatics. The system is that pursued in social clubs by which orders for conveniences are in writing, signed by the recipient. In the East this custom extends to all public business, and practically no cash is needed in any establishment. This is the invention of the Caucasians, exiled there, to improve the silver basis money system.

At seven-fifty we left in a two pony carromata for Calamba, another town on the lake, distant about four miles. The mud had subsided and we moved at a satisfactory speed. Those heavy rains, however, leave large gullies in the roads, except where we have superintended construction, and progress is slow to an American, while the jolting and general roughness of the journey renders the experience a hard one.

In this part of Luzon, after the first pleasure at the luxuriance of the vegetation and its tropical strangeness, there is little that is beautiful or interesting. The road at times is through thick underbrush that fairly crowds on either hand, and tall palms rise in clusters. Then there are stretches of rank grass about to the hips in height, that extend far, broken here and there by patches of stunted trees that are only huge bushes. The country is rolling, but with no steep hills until the mountains are neared.

All the native population was traveling to Calamba for it was market day, and we pattered past many men and women who carried on their heads the products of their little gardens.

When only a mile from Calamba we came to a creek where was a typical scene of much interest. A real caravan of men, caraboa carts and women were just fording the shallow stream. The caraboas were all allowed to walk in, and the women balanced their heavy loads on their heads and held their skirts up to their hips as they paddled along. Arrived on the other shore, they deposited their burdens and then re-entered the stream to wash the mud from their legs.



The Market



The Brook



Rations



The Little Red Schoolhouse

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These women possessed a self-confidence, a poise of movement that indicated superiority to the men and this fact is borne out by the further truth that the women and not the male members are the real masters in Filipino family finance. They plainly have twice the brains and depth of character that the men possess.

At this ford I took several pictures of the most interesting scenes that I noted in the Islands, all in a splendid light and I was delighted with such a splendid opportunity; and you may well imagine my disgust an hour or so later when I discovered that I had lost the roll of films which contained all of these impressions.

At Calamba I halted at the barracks of the constabulary. Opposite the entrance were the shacks of some natives and I hastened over to secure a picture of a mother starting to bathe her little child in the brook.

In an hour, which I spent in a bunk in the barracks, we had exchanged our two ponies for one, eaten our cold lunch and hurried toward Santo Tomas in the interior, in Batangas. Here we met more of the market visitors, and secured a picture of a corner of the fruit department.

If I wished to take pictures of anybody I alighted, indicated my wishes by signs, and invariably was accommodated.

Not over a mile from town we came to an American school-house.

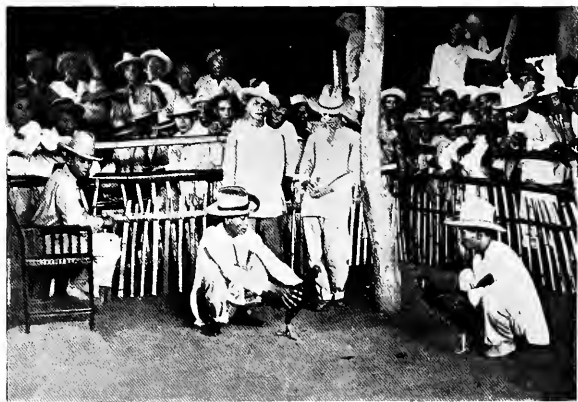
The lower part of the flag can but just be seen. One of the inevitable game-cocks is in evidence. This bird occupies so important a place in the life of the Filipino that the subject warrants more than a mere word. The secret of the institution is, that a cock is the best source of revenue a Filipino has — inasmuch as it yields the most for the least effort by its owner — the only standard by which the ordinary native apparently measures the relative value of various sources of income.

In the Islands, cock-fighting is practically the only form of entertainment, and when to this is appended the further note that the custom offers unlimited opportunity for gambling, the charm of the cock to the Oriental is well explained.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



The Introduction



Make Your Bets

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It is a fact that when our troops in the fighting days of 1898-1900 occupied a town, often a native head of a household could be seen to rush from his habitation, snatch his cock from the peg to which it had been hitched by one leg in the yard, and dash with the bird under his arms into the forest, leaving his wife and little ones to get along as best they could. But he had saved what appeared to him the most valuable asset he possessed.

You see, these cock-fights take place only when a



Lt. Stone in our Carromata

fixed amount of money is deposited by the spectators as admission fee. This sum is divided into percentages, of which the owners of contesting birds have a certain proportion.

Half way to our destination we came to some troops. Their sentinels could be seen as little dots at different points across the fields and the largeness of the problem of capturing Mr. Oruga was evident. He was hidden, or made his home in the fastnesses of a mountain that was fully twenty-five miles in circumference, so that we

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had, in our eight hundred men, about thirty to guard each mile, or one to every one hundred and seventy linear feet. In a country in which grass grows in patches many square miles in extent, often so high as to reach above the head of a man on horseback; in a section with large forests of sheltering tropical luxuriance so thick as to be impenetrable without a bolo, our task was well-nigh condemned to fail from its inception. If the outlaws were shrewd and brave they were certain to elude us.



The Family

Opposite the little outpost by the roadside were two native bamboo huts, with their occupants.

At my request the latter, except the mother, who could be seen bathing in the background, came out in the sunlight and posed for me. It is a constant occurrence to see half-nude women bathing behind their huts. They dip into a bucket of water with a gourd, often a tin can, lift it above the head and then reverse it, letting the water onto the head and shoulders.

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It appears to give them as much delight as a pig secures from a new mud hole. Only newly arrived Americans appear to take any notice of these skinny bodies thus exposed to plain view and I am free to say that I saw nothing in the Islands that made me think the natives lacked artistic sense when these exhibitions did not attract the eye.

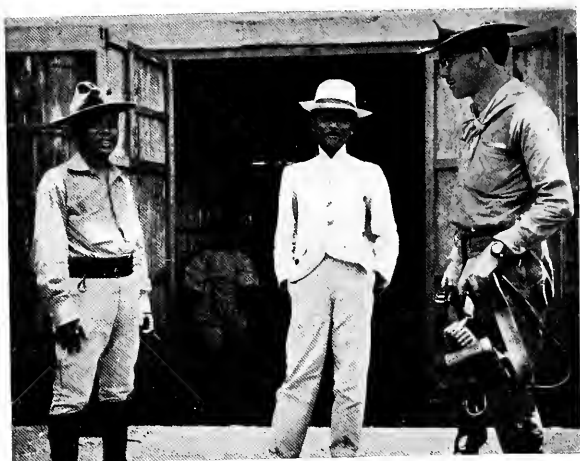
An hour and a half brought us to Santo Tomas (Tomar), a little knot of houses. We at once called at the office (Presidencia) of the Presidenté (Mayor) where we found that that august official was away.



A Foreigner's Dwelling

The Vice-Presidenté, however, was present and I found him about the most intellectual native who had yet come to my attention. Thought veins stood on his forehead, something I had noted in no other native. Stone informed me that this official was a college-trained man and he certainly so appeared. In the council chamber were four clerks or sub-officers besides a little, good-natured looking fellow, of a stout build, about five feet, two inches in height. He was the commander of the local constabulary and had been a captain of Spanish forces in the war with us. His uniform

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The Vice-Presidentē



A Pony Cart

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was of our army. There were a few curious spectators to view the workings of these great men. The prominent figure was a fat old woman who sat in the window, smoking a cigarette, and blowing the smoke through her nostrils.

The Presidenté was brother of the Vice-Presidenté, and they were both druggists.

Stone and the little officer were old enemies become fast friends, and we made a jolly crowd as we walked to the home of the Vice-Presidenté to take "chow" within. It was especially jolly for me as I could not comprehend a word. As we entered the yard, I halted my three companions and took a picture of them.

The stable was underneath the house, which was plainly the best in town. The building was entirely of split bamboo work. Awaiting dinner I went to sleep in my chair. Upon returning to Luzon I was interested to notice a very old woman who wore only a waist and skirt — which did not join by considerable space — and a cross and two cards containing embossed images about her neck, sidle up to the dining table at which we had seated ourselves, take a match from the box that was deposited beside the mayor's plate, light it and begin to smoke her cigar — not cigarette. As nobody else appeared to notice the incident, I presume it was common.

The little captain of constabulary drank some whiskey and was soon in a very comical state. His deeds of valor when in the Spanish army were recited with wonderful effect, for his tongue would not obey his will and about all he could do well was to shout and make furious gestures.

The proceedings were further enlivened by a very good dog fight behind my chair, which, however, did not last long enough.

Curry we had, rice and curry, made with some sort of meat; I haven't the slightest idea of the sort; dropped eggs and coffee without milk.

At one-forty we left for Tanauan (Tan-wan) only



Main Street, Tanauan



The Church at Tanauan

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twenty minutes distant, and the road we found to be one of "ours," with the result that it was the equal of any American turnpike. Tanauan we discovered to be the most interesting town we had visited. I secured a picture of its main street. The gateway to be seen through the avenue of trees at the farther end of the street is the main door to the church.

This view of the church was next taken, with a group of boys who, but two minutes previously were busily engaged in a game of baseball, played exactly as we play



The Old Wall at Tanauan

it here at home, including the excoriation of the umpire and any amount of quarrelling.

Here we met an interesting man, a full-blooded Spaniard, in command of a full company of constabulary — Aurelio Ramos, a young, medium-tall fellow, of olive tint, with features almost exactly those of the present Spanish monarch. He talked far better English than either Stone or I do — certainly than we do when on a vacation.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Failing to hire horses, Ramos sent to the *Presidenté* of the town for them, for Stone and myself, but to no purpose. As commander of the local station Ramos had power to call upon the *Presidenté* for horses for military purposes; and after a delay of several hours it was suggested that I visit the official in the hope that my presence as a traveler might bestir his courtesy to furnish the horses we must have.

Accompanied by Ramos as interpreter I was glad to go.

The *Presidenté* I found to be a rather tall native, of



A Tanauan Store

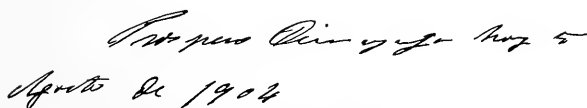
some fifty years of age, living in a frame house of two stories. His hair was tinged with white, and, after the native style, was worn in a pompadour.

Beer and cigarettes were served and while these were disappearing I questioned my host through Ramos, who spoke Tagalog fluently. The mayor said that the Americans were helping the natives very much by new schools. Asked his opinion of Aguinaldo he replied that that gentleman was not a very able man, not nearly so able as several of his lieutenants. Cailles,

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the governor of Laguna, had said the same thing at our midnight interview the night previous. I asked him if he knew much of American or European history. He said "Very little." He also stated that, for a long time to come, the people of the country would be quite unable to comprehend the workings of a government of any kind. For half an hour we exchanged views and I left with the statement that he could do no greater good in the world than by aiding us in every way he could, to hasten the day when the greater body of his people could govern themselves.

As I arose to leave, at my request he wrote his autograph with the date (Aug. 5) in ink, upon a sheet of paper as a memento of the visit, and I gave him my card in return and a promise that I would send him a book when I returned to America, which has been done. His autograph is as follows:



The handwritten autograph is written in cursive ink. The first line reads "Presidente de Tanauan" and the second line reads "Agosto 5 1904".

Autograph of the Presidenté of Tanauan

What in the world the handwriting stands for I have no idea. I find no translation in my diary, and no mention of him by name.

Next I visited an American school in the town, which was crowded with scholars who appeared eager and bright. The methods of teaching seemed to be as in America.

But no horses were forthcoming and at 7.00 Ramos ordered one of his men to go out and bring in two. While he was gone the rain descended in torrents, and with the fast gathering darkness I knew we were in for another wild ride. I had learned that the road at best was poor and intricate to follow. In half an hour

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Ramos's man returned with the two ponies, accompanied by their expostulating owners who feared that harm would come to their little beasts. These natives were summarily dismissed by Ramos with an air that only a haughty Spaniard can assume when addressing one whom he considers his inferior. The contrast between the Spanish officer and the poor, distressed Filipinos was very marked. At eight we were ready for our mounts, but by the amount of bucking that Stone's little animal did it was evident that if we had satisfied the owner we certainly had not the creature most concerned. Stone was thrown several times in quick succession and then he resigned the animal to me with great pleasure. Being much lighter in weight I found the little brute fairly tractable. The saddle I had was the worst possible. It was a native affair, altogether too small for a man of even my dimensions, and its edges were very sharp. The net result was very painful and signs of the effects were not lacking for some days. At eight-fifteen, immediately after a shower, we left the barracks. It being impossible to lengthen the stirrup straps to a sufficient point I discarded the stirrups and let my feet hang loosely, about a foot from the ground. Ramos was on a white, China horse, and one of his men was on a pony. This soldier acted as a scout.

Before we were a mile from town, we were in total darkness, and in the deepest mud I had yet seen. We floundered about amid curses of choice Spanish and English. Horses stumbled. Ramos's mount fell down in a pot-hole. Stone's pony went in on top of the two. The animals struggled to extricate themselves. They scrambled up only to slip back, fighting and kicking. In endeavoring to escape, my pony slipped into another place almost as bad, but at the first trial pulled us out. Stone finally dismounted and dragged himself to solid ground. His pony, thus relieved, followed, and Ramos soon joined us. No damage had been done.

The next three hours were wild and exciting. It was useless to try to follow one another, as much of the time, by no power of vision, could even a horse's

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head be discerned by his rider. Every moment serious accident was expected. With no warning at all, my pony would slip to his belly into a mud-hole, or a hind leg would break down the edge of a brook beside the road. A number of times I presume he went to his knees, and twice way down. So long as the road was wide we were frequently hurled violently against each other by falling suddenly into the same gully when, until the shock, we had no idea of the other's identity, nor often of his proximity. Upon one occasion, during a heavy downpour, we were mounting a steep hill down the middle of which, for its entire length — as well as I could judge — a gutter about four feet deep had been washed, of the presence of which, of course, all of our party were ignorant. The Filipino escaped, as he was traveling on the side, but Ramos, who was next, fell in, his horse going to his knees. Stone's animal backed in and mine followed, head first. Stone was thrown, but not badly hurt. Had we known we were in a gully we might have escaped sooner, but it was fully five minutes before we emerged, after dozens of attempts at scaling the banks, and then we did not know what had happened till Ramos, who had an electric torch that would work at all times except when the most needed, made some examination. But the really amusing event of the evening was when the Filipino scout was inconsiderately thrown over the head of his pony, whose forefeet had sunk into a bog. The native landed head first in some of the most oozy of the muck. Ramos had said that this native could not speak a word of English, so you may imagine my delight when the Filipino, as he picked himself up, sputtered out at his entirely innocent little horse: "You God damned chump!" Oruga could have heard me shout for a half mile. All through the night we were halted at frequent intervals by outposts. I well recall the first time. At each barrio (ward of a town) the native policemen were out in force and when, several miles from Tanauan, just as the inky darkness had modified a bit, a half-dozen, dim, shadowy, white-robed figures suddenly accosted me, as I happened to be in

advance by an accident, and, before I could avoid it, had seized my bridle, I felt sure Oruga had me. The ghostly appearance of these marauders, combined with the entire surprise which they afforded, made my blood freeze, my heart stop, and the cold chills run down my back. My muscles, I admit, were completely paralyzed, and I could have made no immediate resistance. But our Tagalog scout coming up, I was released, and Ramos repaid the policemen of the barrio, for such they were, by compelling three of them to go ahead of us afoot, and show us the correct road.

On several occasions we came upon camp-fires surrounded by native troops, sleeping in the rain on the ground, with no blankets, their feet to the smudging blaze that was only used to drive away the insects.

Then the trail narrowed to such a degree that our horses had to push to carry us through long stretches of grass so tall that it rose above our heads. What a pleasant place to meet a lot of Filipino outlaws who were on foot and armed with scythes! A white man on a horse caught in such a trap would have just about as much chance for his life as the icicle in the warmest of imagined climates.

Frequently, for a half hour at a time one had no idea of the locality of the others of our party. By no means could any one of us, for long periods, be certain that he was in any road or path.

Thus did we progress, wet to the skin, nerves pretty well racked by the continuous accidents and the strain of the long ride in such darkness, in the very home of the outlaws of whom we were in quest. Sore and raw from the rude saddle, shaken almost to death by short-gaited ponies, and fatigued by the loss of sleep on the preceding night, there was surely one member of the party who was heartily glad when, after a separation of half an hour from any of my companions, I suddenly rode my pony hard against Stone, who was awaiting me to tell me that Ramos had arranged for us to stop at the barrio of Santol in the house of its head man or Mayor, Mr. Toribio, a full-blooded native.

CHASING ORUGA

He was known as a faithful friend of our troops.

In a few moments we were at our host's house, which proved to be a typical bamboo shack, of the better quality. It was set upon piles, about five feet above the ground. The space beneath the floor was not enclosed and there we hitched our four horses, necessarily in close proximity to one owned by the mayor, and in the very midst of four or five pigs who grunted their displeasure at the lateness of our arrival. There was also a flock of hens in this stable.

We climbed a modern stairway, and entered a place which I shall always see in memory. Imagine a single room five feet to the eaves, twenty feet square, open on the end toward the morning sun from two feet above the floor to the peaked nipa grass roof, all dimly lighted by a sputtering lantern that hung from one of the rafter poles, in the centre. On the left of the entrance was a pile of newly laid garlic, about twenty-seven cubic feet thereof, and surely four times as much odor thereto. On the right was a large, rough table, surrounded by rude benches, on which lay five of our native troops, fast asleep. Directly under the red light, and the central figure of the picture, lay a baby boy, flat on his back on the bamboo floor, a little plump right arm thrown up around his head. The boy had on a shirt which could never have reached below his waist, and now came only about half there and was slit up the front from top to bottom, so that its wings lay on the floor, one on either side. A girl of some ten years lay with one leg across the baby's extended left arm, and the mother and five other children, three young women and two babies lay in various stages of nudity, some by themselves, others side by side, under the same cheap covering, a sheet six feet square with two-inch wide red and white stripes. One of these cloths covered the bodies of the mother and the two babies. The nude baby boy suddenly coughed and a girl of some seventeen rolled near and covered the little tot with a corner of her sheeting.

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The father of all this, His Honor, the Mayor of Santol, sat up and winked at us, said we were welcome, and carefully unfolded a nipa rug, one sixty-fourth of an inch thick, about seven feet square, obviously placed it as far from his daughters as possible and indicated that that was to be our bed. Ramos promptly got the berth nearest the young women after thrusting his electric torch into the blinking faces of each of them on the plea that he had heard that one of them was pretty. The old gentleman gave each of us a pillow, made of I don't know what, — done up in a section of an eight cents a yard red cotton tablecloth, — which was as hard as the whiskey bottle upon which I had reposed the night before. We stretched ourselves out on the mat, four of us, including our native scout, who lay on my right, and the night had begun.

I think the horses duelled with their heels and teeth about every half-hour of that night; and they disturbed not only the pigs and hens, for on more than one occasion a resounding whack from an angry set of hoofs intended for a brother horse, doubtless, drove my head up from the floor, which was only a quarter of an inch thick and effectually dissipated restful slumber. I examined the floor and found it of split bambôo, made of slats about ten feet long, seven-eighths wide, each two slats set one quarter of an inch apart, so that there were many odors that very naturally arose from beneath, to mingle their sweetness with that of the insufferable garlic near which we lay.

After Ramos's actions there was no hope that the watchful father would extinguish the light — had I been in his place, I would surely have lighted three more — and its gleams added a ghostly pallor to the strange scene. The rain fell heavily and steadily, and when Ramos called at five-thirty "It's daylight" our clothing was as wet as when we lay down, although the roof did not leak. At the first sound the girls were so frightened at our presence that they scampered hurriedly to the house of a neighbor. Stone said to me "The old

folks always get their girls out of the way as soon as possible after troops enter the vicinity."

This led to a discussion of some of the morals of the Filipino women. They seem to rest upon the following basis: it is regarded as a perfectly proper arrangement for a white man to have a daughter of a native household enter his house, provided he previously fixes certain details with her parents. Among these circumstances is a definite decision as to the amount of money she is to be paid each month, how much she is to be allowed for clothing, and the sort of house and style in which she is to be installed. When this is done, there is nothing immoral in the relationship beginning. It may continue as long as the bargain is fulfilled. If the man does not keep his word, or is tired of her she may leave him and return to her parents, and she is in just as good social and moral standing as before she quitted her father's home.

Intimacy under other circumstances was considered immoral, save where the father or mother sold their daughter's transitory favors. This latter arrangement, however, was hardly considered in the best of form.

If the man were blind or the night as dark as that in which we had been traveling, some of these knock-kneed, slab-sided, black-toothed, bony, flat-headed creatures with retreating forehead might be attractive, but I hardly could conceive of any other way in which their charms (?) could appeal to an American gentleman. And yet there is another explanation, and that is the climate. There can be no doubt but that the moral sense becomes blunted in many a Caucasian in the tropics.

The mind enters a lethargy which paralyzes the acuteness and alertness which one possesses in a cooler climate. Perhaps the remark to Mrs. Chamberlin of a splendid Dutch fellow on the way to Europe from China illustrates as well as anything what I mean. He had been lonely in Java, and was homeward bound. "Do you know," he stated, "it's a good thing for a young man in the tropics to go home once in a while.

He forgets if he doesn't." That, I think, explains many things I saw in the East. The European or the American has really forgotten; so do not blame him too much, until you have tried to live there yourself.

It is interesting to consider that when with child, the Filipino mother is at the zenith of her pride. When the approaching event plainly casts its shadow before, she sets out jubilantly on a round of visits to the huts of her friends, far and near, and receives the congratulations of all.

To my surprise I found that I had contracted no cold during the night at the Mayor's. Later in the day, when riding, I often became chilled and was promptly made to alight by Stone to get thoroughly wet again in the warm rain, which restored my usual temperature and effectually guarded me from harm.

The roof under which we had tried to sleep was about four inches thick, of nipa straw. The barrio was without a drop of drinking water other than what was brought by natives a distance of about five miles, in long bamboo joints, stopped at either end.

I had promised myself a visit to the volcano Taal, from whose slopes we were but a short distance, but we knew the terrific rain would make the ascent unsatisfactory, and I abandoned the project.

No sooner were the some twenty of us awake than all of the natives, including every child old enough to do so, lighted a cigarette. Awaiting breakfast, I inspected the establishment. An opening in one corner of the floor, entirely unshielded from the remainder of the room, was the only convenience afforded for the exercise of the necessary usual bodily functions of the members of the household. The sides of the house were nipa basket-work. Practically everything was kept in nipa sacks about the shape and dimensions of the American paper flour-bag. The family was first ready to eat. They squatted, half a dozen of them, on their heels, about a single gourd filled with rice; each, as desired, dipped into this common supply with the hand,

and the contents rapidly disappeared. When the meal was terminated, the mother daubed some betel nut with lime (the latter from oyster shells in Lake de Taal,) which she extracted from a small whittled cup (which I promptly purchased) and then devoted her attention to my curiosity. I purchased entirely by signs — bidding one piece of money after the other — a bolo, a saddle, a nipa bag, the wooden spoon with which they had stirred their rice, and several other small articles, spending in all about to a dollar. I took such an evident interest in everything that the entire family assumed a broad smile of appreciation, and voluntarily exhibited all that the place could present.

The bolo was in a scabbard made of two pieces of split wood bound together every three or four inches with withes. The blade was more or less exposed. This design of scabbard seems to be quite generally followed in the East as a number of weapons which I secured at various ports were similarly equipped. To an American, who invariably encircles the scabbard with one hand and draws with the other, this split scabbard is a dangerous affair, as I have since several times demonstrated to my entire satisfaction.

I strung my bolo to my waist, on the left, and felt tougher than ever. Before we left they gave me several of the best things they possessed and, poor and naked as they were, resolutely refused to accept a penny although the temptation must have been very great. Truer courtesy I never have seen. Ten cents in money meant a large sum to them.

Then Ramos — what a devil that fellow was! His next stunt was to photograph the entire family, although, so dark and rainy was it, that four hours exposure would have fastened nothing on a film. In a long harangue, in Tagalog, which Stone translated to me, Ramos explained that I was a great American historian, and that I was even then traveling in the Philippines with a large escort, to secure material for a great history of the Philippines and their people, especially of the Tagalogs. The Mayor was visibly impressed and the

mother awed. Continuing, the Spaniard said that my books were known all over the world; that many of them could be seen in Manila and that I was probably the greatest author who had ever lived; and that now I especially requested that the speaker, who was one of my escort, would secure a photograph of the Mayor and his family. They expressed great willingness to accommodate me; and with entire solemnity the young Spaniard ranged the half-dozen members of the household against the garlic of execrable memory. The Mayor, in his transparent cotton shirt, red and white checked, in large squares, worn over his only other garment, a pair of white cotton trousers, extending about half way to the ankles, and with his feet bare, occupied the right of line. Then came his hollow-chested, bow-legged, barefooted wife, in a loose, low-cut waist and shawl-like skirt, her mouth crammed with betel nut, and a nude baby sucking at her wasted breast. Then came other children, the boy with the split shirt, and a couple of young girls — all save the mother and the two babies smoking cigarettes.

Ramos, with great patience, made them change places, then change again, always keeping up a running fire of talk about my greatness, and the necessity of their appearing well or else my wonderful history would be injured. If they did well, he promised the father a copy of the work, at which all who were old enough to understand smiled happily.

After making the mother move the nursing babe from one side to the other, the tormentor announced that all was ready and taking my camera pointed it at the wondering, awed group, gave a final "Sh!" which made them exert all their forces to keep their poses, *snapped the range-finder* and dismissed them with a long flowery peroration on the service they had done the Tagalog people by immortalizing their own countenances.

Our breakfast was boiled eggs, rice and coffee, without milk. Upon our host assuring us that some water had been boiled, we filled our empty canteens with it; but none of us dared to touch it all the day long.

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At eight-forty we set out for home. The work of my companion was probably done. It was useless to continue the expedition with the roads in such a condition, and growing worse, as they were, every minute, under the terrific rain that showed little evidence of abating its vigor.

Before we had gone a mile, however, we were surprised at what was plainly volley-firing, which, to me, appeared not very many miles distant. This was followed by scattering shots and then more resounding volleys. It was the sound of battle! Stone swung his hat and yelled "They've struck him. By — they've struck him!" He was the very incarnation of the glorification of battle. There was more volleying — more scattering shots. I felt such exhilaration, such elation as never came to me before. I know the ecstasy of battle. If such a sensation could be purchased, the whole world would bankrupt itself to pay the price.

This was followed by keen regret that we were not there when the brush was taken; but still we were all smiles, for much of the forenoon, at the thought that the expedition was successful.

A short route was taken and we were soon at Santo Tomas. Here we called on Malvar, a famous general in the old days. He impressed me as a large-minded man, and I am inclined to place him as a broader guaged man than any other native I met. He offered us beer and cigarettes and said that he did not think Aguinaldo the ablest general the Filipinos had. To his mind, Luna, whom Aguinaldo is reputed to have ordered assassinated, was a far more capable military leader. Malvar had the air of a man sure of himself, and spoke in the low, quiet, modest tone of the man of much experience. Several American officers, hearing of our presence, called, and I noted that their host was especially cordial if he learned that a gentleman had fought against him.

At eleven-twenty we were at Ramos' barracks once more; and thence we traveled by two-pony carromata to

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Calamba, arriving at three-five in the afternoon.

On the road we often passed strange Americans. I wanted to hug every one of them, but Stone and they looked like images, and never indicated that either had seen the other. To my expressed astonishment, Stone replied that no Americans in the Islands now ever spoke unless introduced, no matter how remote they might be from the centres of population, to stranger countrymen.

Stone left for Biñan, I for Los Baños, a short



Going to Calamba Market

journey by water. There was a road to my destination but I was assured that it was impassible.

All of the towns which I visited were directly connected by telephone and telegraph with Manila and with each other, under the administration of the United States Signal Corps.

These conveniences had been established in the early days of our occupation and their network may be

CHASING ORUGA

conservatively said to extend substantially to all the towns of the Islands. For a mile I walked through the town of Calamba with no white man in view, while scores of natives were on every hand. I was not exactly at ease, I admit, but having been told that there was no danger I continued. Arriving at the edge of the Lake, I hailed a sailing banco, a sailboat with bamboo balancing poles resting on the water on either side, about ten feet from the boat. Immediately a boy of some sixteen who could not have weighed in excess of one hundred and ten pounds, dropped into the water and waded to me. I did not understand what was to be done, but when the little fellow approached me and doubled over, back toward me, I proceeded to climb onto him. He promptly shook me off and indicated that I was to sit on his shoulder with my legs dangling down over his chest.

I doubted the ability of my horse to carry me, but as he did not appear anxious, I gave him my confidence, and it was well placed. He pushed me aboard the rickety sloop, without wetting me even with a drop of water, not, however, an important point just then, as I had been unable to enjoy any dry clothing for forty-eight hours.

The boat was about thirty feet over all, with a huge mainsail and a jib. It looked as if a storm were approaching, but I had little fear as I felt confident these natives would be competent sailors. There was a basket work cover over the centre of the boat, but too low to admit of my sitting upright under it, so that I was obliged half to recline against a native who had a rooster with him. There were also four other native passengers, including one young woman. All smoked cigarettes. The crew consisted of an elderly man and three boys.

Not more than ten minutes had elapsed since my coming aboard when we were struck by a violent squall of wind and rain. In my awkward, cramped position, with rain dripping down all over me, with the boat shipping water at every wave, until two of the other passengers began to bail with large tins — for we were

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quarter filled — with the sloshing of the outriggers as they splashed into the waves, first on one side and then on the other, as we careened heavily; with the exciting, ear-splitting shouts of the crew and its director, who were now stationed out on the windward outrigger to keep us from capsizing, I cannot say that I was content. Yielding to the frantic appeals of the captain, enforced, as indeed were the most of his earnest remarks, by numerous repetitions of "God damn it!" two of the passengers worked their way out upon the bamboo outrigger and stood there clinging to the guy-ropes, tossed now way up in the air, now buried waist-deep in the wild water as we careened.

By a strange lack of foresight, the Tagalog language is devoid of forcible expletives; and undoubtedly one of the most benevolent things we have done for the Filipinos is to introduce our choicest cuss words. The fact that the only English words many of the natives acquire are of this character is the best evidence in the world of the crying demand and value of just such additions to their limited vocabulary.

Had it not been for the confinement to my recumbent position, I should have been more at ease; but to be battened down, as I was, in effect, with so much pitching, flying water and screaming, for I was the only one not engaged in emitting shouts of terror, was trying on the steadiest of nerves, and I found use for all of my self-control. Had the others not excited my derision so by their plain terror, I would have been probably much more frightened.

But, never again! Once will do very well. It was perfectly apparent that in time of stress and danger the native Filipino is entirely helpless in all functions of reason or body except in lung exercise, and all the testimony I secured upon this point was to the same effect. They "lose their heads" entirely when danger comes, and shoot up in the air or down into the ground.

After an hour of such experience we approached Los Baños. The rain had ceased and, after some diffi-

CHASING ORUGA

culty, my landing was effected by placing an end of one of the outriggers on the shore. On this round bamboo pole I balanced myself and walked to land, a thoroughly relieved man I can assure you. To be drowned like a rat in a trap is about the worst end one can imagine, and I had been confronting it for some time.

As I stepped ashore I noted that a family were bathing not over ten feet distant, the father with nothing to hide his nakedness, the young boy likewise. The latter was engaged in scrubbing his mother's back.

Los Baños (The Baths) is a delightful place, fairly honeycombed with hot springs of almost boiling temperature. Here we have a hospital for our troops. The scenery about is beautiful. The hills are not too high to have lost their vegetation, and are of sharp profile, and striped with many white waterfalls whose music is eternal. All in all it was the only beautiful place I visited.

In the morning, on hearing the whistle of my steamer, I hurried to the shore and hired two boys to take me out to her in a banco.

They paddled about and finally took me back from where I had started as the steamer was to come to the wharf, which, of course, the boys knew all the while from the pile of stores and merchandise that lay on its piles. But I had not seen these evidences, so the little naked rascals found me an easy target and exacted ten cents from me for each of them before I stepped into their crazy cockleshell. I was helpless, except that I returned good for evil by giving them in so forcible a manner that they must even now recall them, a number of words the equivalent of which unfortunately did not, as already suggested, exist in their dialect until my visit to Los Baños.

The trip to Manila was without incident. The steamer was the same as that upon which I had come to Biñan, three days previous.

In the capital city I soon learned that Oruga had not been seen by any of our men and that the volleying and scattering fire which had so aroused me were only

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

blasting on a roadway which the government was building; and that, owing to the condition of the roads, the movement had been postponed. Exit Oruga from my life — and I have not since heard that he has been captured.

CHAPTER X

DEWEY'S VICTIMS AND MANILA

It was late Sunday afternoon, August 7th, when I arrived at Manila from the chase after Oruga.

The first thing I saw that I now recall vividly, and that found a place in my note-book was that Mrs. Chamberlin's hair had turned very gray. She was in a highly nervous state, did not sleep well, never more than an hour at a time, ate poorly, and could do but little without becoming much exhausted and was clearly on the verge of nervous wreck. But it was the change in her hair that startled me to the real situation. I knew that only the most serious conditions could explain such an incident and I anxiously counted the hours to our departure from this land. In considering my duties yet to be done, I saw that I should not leave, if it could be safely avoided, before the thirteenth, as originally planned; but the Korea, one of the palaces of the Oriental service, was to leave for Hong Kong on Tuesday, and I urged that my companion accompany some friends on that, for I had been informed that the climate of China would be far more agreeable than that of Manila. But she would not consent. She would go with me as long as she could.

Monday I spent at the government offices and in the continuation of my search for Aguinaldo.

Captain Grove not yet having returned from the Oruga affair, I inquired of the police department. It could tell me nothing definite. It reported that it was paying no attention to the late leader. In company with one of the heads of the secret service department, Mr. Hard, I went to see Maximano Rosales, one of Aguinaldo's stanchest friends. Upon inquiry at the door, we were informed that Senor Rozales was away. Mr. Hard replied "Tell him that Mr. — of the Secret Service has sent us here to see him."

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In a minute we were told to enter and were soon greeted by the man we sought

In the course of a conversation which lasted half an hour, and which was begun with cigarettes and liquid refreshments, of course, Rozales said that he had known Aguinaldo since the latter was a little boy, and that his young friend had always been, and was, a great reader. He said that Aguinaldo was not paying any attention to politics, that he was saddened by the misfortunes that had come upon him, and that he was now devoting all his energy to the development of his farm. Only two days before, Rozales said, the former leader had appeared at the place at which we were calling and had borrowed several ploughs. Where could he be seen? Where was his farm and would he receive me and talk?

Mr. Rozales believed that he was at Naic, on Manila Bay, some twenty miles from Manila, and he was sure that he would be glad to see me.

My police department friends, however, believed that this information was incorrect and insisted that the object of my search was at Cavité, as had Grove's informant.

Still I was uncertain, and in company with Captain Sever of the City Police, a Texas boy, I went to see Felipe Buencamino, Aguinaldo's Secretary of War, who had lately been in the States. He assured me that the man I sought was at Cavité toward Naic and that Rozales knew exactly where, as he had often visited him.

I had to choose and I decided to try Cavité, as it appeared almost impossible that the Philippine Government could be in error as to the location of so important a man.

Monday night was a sleepless one for Mrs. Chamberlin. She had come to where something had to be done. She must leave Manila, and by ten Tuesday morning she had agreed to accompany our friends on the Korea, and await my coming in Hong Kong a week later.

Captain Sever and I, on the "Bucky O'Neil," the large police launch named for Mr. Roosevelt's martyr



In Manila Bay



With Dewey's Compliments



We boarded this one



A Troop-ship

DEWEY'S VICTIMS AND MANILA

friend and comrade, started across Manila Bay for Cavité, ten miles distant. As a guest we carried Dr. Storrer, mentioned previously in the Midway chapter.

At a distance of, say, half a mile from the front of Cavité, lie four of Dewey's victims. Three have been entirely raised while one shows only her nose and forward deck above the water.

They are all rusted, dismantled hulks. Their plates were three-fourths of an inch thick, and made of boiler iron. They seem toy-ships compared with those of our splendid fleet. We were told that they had been



The Ram

sold for junk and were being torn into pieces as fast as possible.

Upon one of them, which we were told was the *Regina Christina*, the Spanish flag-ship, and which we visited, the work was conducted by a large force of natives. A large number of unexploded shells, which appeared to be of five-inch calibre, had been collected by a stanchion.

I tried to purchase several for souvenirs, but was unable to do so. To my intense surprise, however, a few minutes later, the native foreman of the wreckers

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

approached us and presented me with five one-pound cartridges, all of which were still loaded. At my expressions of delight he showed his teeth in appreciation and flatly refused to accept a silver piece which I offered him. This is a typical experience among the Filipinos. They respond instantaneously to honest interest and sympathy. That poor fellow, although he could not understand a word I said, still could sense my eager search for relics, my pleasure at discovering the large shells, my disappointment at his inability to sell them to

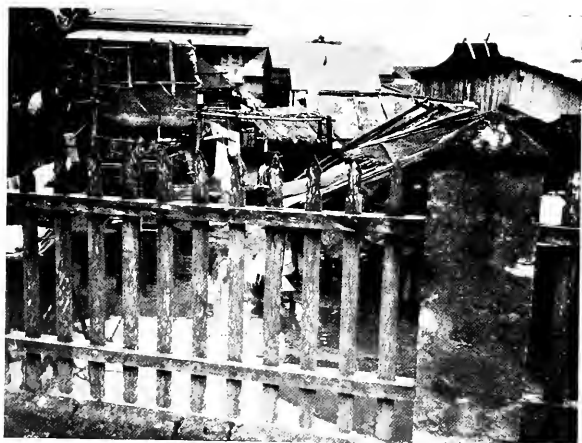


Dr. Storrer and the Author

me, and my honesty in not trying to steal anything.

All the interior works of these ships which had been for months at the bottom of the harbor had been twisted and torn by the flames. Large holes through the iron plates showed how true had been Dewey's aim. They were plainly riddled.

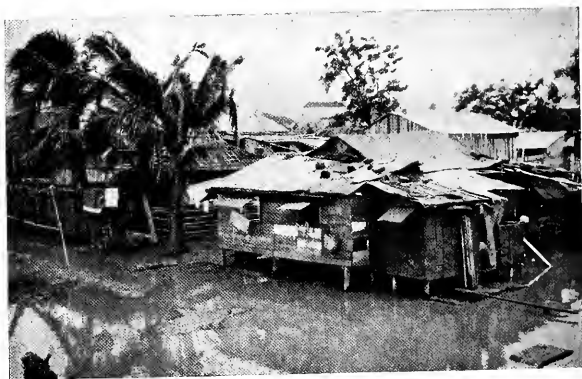
Near where we stood to have our picture snapped, scores of men had been roasted to death by the red-hot iron plates and fierce flames that rushed over the entire



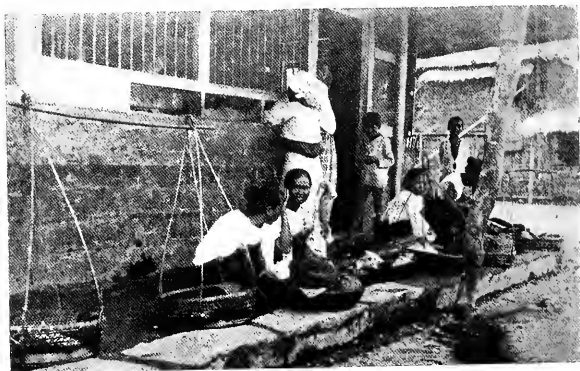
A Germ Factory



In Manila



Where stalks the Cholera



A Manila Store

DEWEY'S VICTIMS AND MANILA

ship. They were helpless in a scorching oven. What shrieks of awful suffering and frightful death must have rent the air even above the roaring guns and the crashing and tearing of hostile shot, for the few moments during which the five score of Spaniards, whose skeletons were brought up from the deep three years later, lived in that hell!

Arrived at Cavité, we at once proceeded to the barracks of the local constabulary. There we lunched and were informed that Aguinaldo was surely at Cavité Viejo (old Cavité) whose church tower could be plainly seen in the distance. It was nearly three o'clock before we were ready to make the journey and the Korea would leave at four, so we decided to wait till the morrow before acting on our latest information, and raced across the bay in a heavy storm of rain which prevented our seeing the huge steamer we sought, until we almost ran into her.

Wednesday I divided between the government offices and riding about the city, taking views whenever the heavy rain would admit of it.

It is forbidden to ride faster than a walk past the building in which the courts of justice are in session, owing doubtless to the fact that their solemn proceedings would be interrupted by the noise of faster driving.

As we passed over a bridge, a little from the centre of the city, I took some pictures which will show the dangers from disease to which Orientals constantly subject themselves. That illness can be averted or cured does not occur seriously to the minds of the inhabitants of the East.

Just beyond, we ran into a puddle a hundred feet wide and a hundred yards in length that extended from curb to curb. Here I alighted from our carromata and took several pictures of wading women.

Their head coverings were usually baskets or bundles which their owners carry in that way, to leave the hands free to raise the skirts.

From this puddle, I called at the hospital for lepers. Those who visit all the morgues and catacombs

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

better halt before experimenting with a leper settlement. I have seen purposely, to train my self-control, some horrors, and many surgical operations of a char-



A Manila Puddle

acter to try the nerves of the steadiest and most hardened of physicians, and I supposed I had seen about as ghastly spectacles as the world could afford. But I was in error. I had not seen a leper. I had traveled too little.



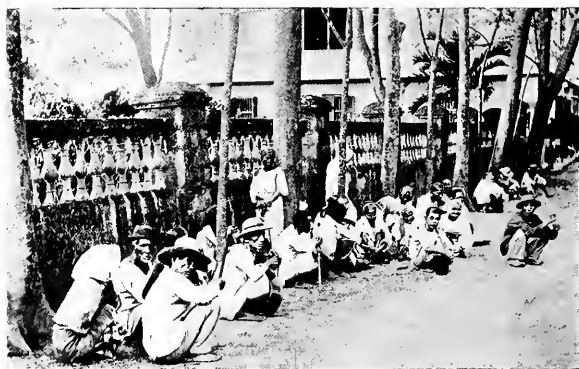
The latest Style



In the Swim



An elderly Lady



The Beggars

DEWEY'S VICTIMS AND MANILA

I have no hesitation in affirming that in such advanced steps as I saw it, the disease is the most awful sight that the world affords.

In a word, it is the exhibition of such putrefaction of the body, while one is still alive performing all the functions and offices of human life, as takes place after death.

I walked through hundreds of poor people condemned to this living death, forbidden ever to touch another living soul, debarred from ever crossing the



Entering Manila

dead line of this hospital. Attended by a half-dozen attendants, who were themselves victims, I walked from ward to ward, looking into each face. Some hid from my view. The horror of it all, the awfulness of the sentence which had been passed upon these people, the frightful distortion of faces and limbs, the exposure of cheekless faces, noseless, earless — God! what a sight that was!

I had to conserve all my strength of mind and body

to stand upright, and had any accident occurred, had an additional horror come upon me before I had steeled myself for the ordeal, I would have fainted. Every moment I was in that great house of the living dead I was in danger of losing my control as never before.

I saw one woman whose mouth extended to a point within an inch of the right ear. She sat by an open window smoking a cigarette, which was inserted close to the ear. Her entire jaws were wholly exposed both below and above; her nose was entirely missing, and



A Manila Industry

her hands were bent backward until they almost touched the elbows of the arms to which they were respectively attached.

It should be here said that she was the most advanced victim in the institution. My approach to her was signalled to me by a soft word to steady my nerves, and it was fortunate that such precaution was taken.

I carefully discussed the disease with the physicians and learned that it is not considered as ever contagious;

that these poor inmates are as happy as the rest of us, and that they live exactly with the same inclinations and temptations as far as possible, the life of those who are in the wide world. They have their love-affairs with all the attendant joys, sorrows, mistakes and misfortunes that accompany what one of my pessimistic associates calls the love-disease.

This visit consumed about an hour in all, and when I returned to the city, the mud puddle shown in the foregoing picture had disappeared.

That evening I spent at dinner with Commissioner Ide, who heads the department of Finance and Justice. The only other guest was W. Cameron Forbes, the newly arrived Commissioner who would lead the Department of Commerce and Police, a young Boston business man, the son of a daughter of Emerson and Mr. Forbes of Milton and Boston. From my observation of this young gentleman, I feel that he is worthy of the great names of his ancestors.

I noticed that no wine appeared at the dinner, which was elaborate, and several hours later I happened to state that I had been trying bino, the vile liquor General Cailles had offered me.

The Governor, without making any reply, rang a bell and ordered some cordial, and explained that it had been a very dry dinner and evening thus far, because he had been led to believe that I was in the Islands distributing temperance tracts among the soldiers. Thus was I slandered for following literally my instructions to tell nobody my errand to the Philippines. I could hardly believe my ears and I thought Forbes, whom I had deemed rather phlegmatic, would fall off his chair with laughter.

Amazed beyond description I asked to be enlightened. In response the Governor said it was entirely on supposition due to this: a cable had recently arrived from the War Department asking that certain unusual rights be accorded me. The request was so extraordinary that the Philippine Government cabled an inquiry for the reason therefor. In the reply, the War Depart-

ment stated that the request had been preferred by Major-General O. O. Howard, one of my dearest friends. But as to my errand on the Islands no intimation was given.

This lack of information, of course, naturally led to more speculation than would otherwise have been the case; and all unknown to me I became not only a person of sufficient importance for two governments to cable eleven thousand miles about, back and forth several times, but also the subject of inquiry between the different members of the Philippine Commission, and the cause of some good-natured commiseration extended to my host, Governor Ide.

Owing to General Howard's well-known reputation for Christian work, Governor Ide concluded that I had probably come to distribute temperance tracts to our soldiers, and in walking down to his palace that very evening, in company with Governor Wright, Governor Ide had jokingly remarked that he had invited a professional temperance fellow to dinner that evening and that as Forbes didn't drink anything, he, Governor Ide, expected to have a drouth the rest of the day. Wright, being a Tennessean, where it is against the law to drink water, evidently had no desire to be present, and we had the drouth, sure enough. Had I not accidentally mentioned the bino incident, I reckon Governor Ide would have passed the most uncomfortable evening he had spent in his home for some time.

The palace of Governor Ide showed how seductive an Oriental existence might be to an American. The rooms were very large, furnished with splendid tapestries, Eastern armor, soft colored lights, thick, rich rugs, beautiful works of Japanese and Chinese bronze and lacquer and graceful candelabra. Soft-voiced, obsequious servants did one's bidding; the air was cooled in some way, how I know not; the perfume of tropical blossoms filled the entire place and I could well understand how one to whom this life had once been a daily experience would never be otherwise satisfied. It demonstrated how an acquaintance with Eastern living

DEWEY'S VICTIMS AND MANILA

could mitigate the hard life I was enduring in that same city, because, I could then see, I did not know how to do it, or lacked the opportunity. A hotel could be conducted in Manila that would be a dream of comfort and luxury to the charm of which the most practical American would immediately surrender; but that place has yet to be instituted, and I presume it is destined to be only a dream in our day.

Mr. Forbes placed at my disposition a large steam launch belonging to the harbor inspection department, and I was thus assured of running down Aguinaldo if he were anywhere near salt water.

CHAPTER XI

AGUINALDO

One of my main purposes in the Philippines was to see and talk with Aguinaldo. Whatever the Filipinos or Americans now say of him, he was the leader of the native movement against Spain and against us, the Commander of the Filipino forces and the President of the Insular government.

To-day, so far as my experience permits me to judge, the American officials in Manila regard Aguinaldo as a man of very small capacity; and the natives join in this testimony.

My own impressions of the man are all to the contrary, and strongly defined and positive. And I think the great tasks, for they were great, which he performed are silent but immovable and convincing witnesses to support my view.

When the attacks in the nineties upon Spain's rule in the Philippines were begun by the natives, Aguinaldo was a country school-teacher.

In the course of three or four years he drew himself up above every other Filipino and became the commanding officer of the insurrection, the President of the only organized native government among 8,000,000 people, and the first man of his race to be known beyond the shores of Luzon.

As already indicated I was presented to a number of Aguinaldo's principal generals and members of his cabinet. Without exception, they freely expressed the opinion that Aguinaldo was not the greatest man of the Filipino people, and never had been; that he was not even able, but was shrewd, smart and lucky. Upon this last they laid especial stress. They particularly stated that he had more luck than any other of the candidates for the leadership of the insurrection against Spain, immediately prior to the coming of the Americans.



Aguinaldo in 1898



AGUINALDO

When this luck is analyzed, the disparagement of Aguinaldo by his erstwhile companions-in-arms does not appear to be either soundly based, or, to say the least, generous or true.

The Filipinos had some trained soldiers among their generals. By common consent Aguinaldo ruled them all. Luck does not win a succession of military victories.

At least, it never has, and Aguinaldo certainly did have a train of successes against the Spaniards; and there is little doubt but that he would have eventually utterly defeated them had his efforts continued.

A man of even mediocre ability cannot perform what Aguinaldo did. A few hours after I had seen him, I had a talk with Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes asked my opinion of the man. I said that, much to my embarrassment and surprise, I had formed an impression that Aguinaldo was a pretty large man, which was contrary to the judgment of every other American in the Islands so far as I knew.

"But he must have been a large man to have accomplished what he did," Mr. Forbes said. I think so and unless the "luck" theory can be better detailed to me than it yet has been, I must continue to believe that the prevalent idea among the American officials at Manila that Aguinaldo is not worth noticing is an error.

Aguinaldo was born in Cavité Viejo (old Cavité), a little hamlet that nestles on Manila Bay, some three or four miles in the rear of Cavité proper.

Now that Mr. Forbes had supplied my transportation, I carefully considered what I would do.

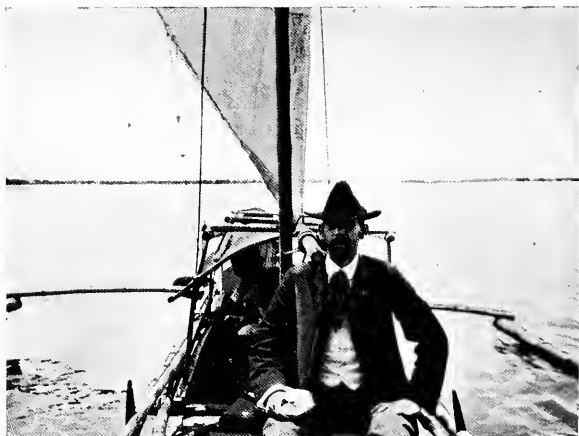
My choice of the next step was the last given to me.

The situation was this: Rozales said the late leader was at Naic. The officials at Cavité said old Cavité — the little hamlet where he was born. French said St. Louis; and I had just one day that I could give to finding the man I sought. In forty-eight hours I must leave for China, and one of these two days was already appropriated otherwise, and I could not visit

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

Naic and old Cavité in one day, so my choice of the journey for the next day was final. I selected old Cavité. Accompanied by the best interpreter in Manila, Mr. Fischer, of the office of the Executive Secretary of the Government, we steamed for old Cavité.

The water was too shallow to permit us to proceed nearer than a mile to the shore and we lay there for an hour tooting our whistle for somebody to come out and row me in. At last our efforts were successful, and a



I am ready to go ashore

fisherman paddled his rude dug-out alongside. It was one of those rickety, ramshackle affairs about as stable as a canvas canoe, but rendered safer by outriggers which lay on the water for the entire length of the craft some seven or eight feet on either side. There was also a sun protecting thatched roof — too low — over part of the thing.

One of the boatmen assured me that Aguinaldo was in the town. But I did not feel sure. What I did

feel confident of was that these boatmen would like to earn a dollar, whether or not I secured more than a ride to the shore and back.

The crew of my tug threatened to leave before I returned, on the plea that they couldn't wait out there without any "chow" — food. I found that lack of "chow" would upset any bargains with natives.

But a little firmness seemed to impress them and I felt easy. Mr. Fischer, however, said that it was extremely doubtful if we found the tug there when we wanted to return.

But that was of little consequence. My task was to get ashore — not to return. Before we had proceeded far the rain descended in torrents, and although we huddled under our thatched roof we were soon drenched. I noted that the only one of my oarsmen who wore a shirt displayed one made from a gunny sack on the back of which appeared this inscription, "Swift's Hams are the best." That looked like home. I asked him if he could write and he showed me a letter which he was completing. The handwriting was far better than mine. He attended school, but looked like an utterly illiterate savage.

As we were paddling slowly to shore the talk of Fischer and myself dwelt upon some of his experiences as a governmental interpreter. My diary relates this:

Upon one occasion, several years previous, a gentleman who had been a native officer in the ranks of the insurgents had called at the offices of our administration in Manila and in a conversation between him and one of our officers, which was interpreted by Mr. Fischer, my countryman had asked the late insurgent what sort of an experience he had had with the American soldiers.

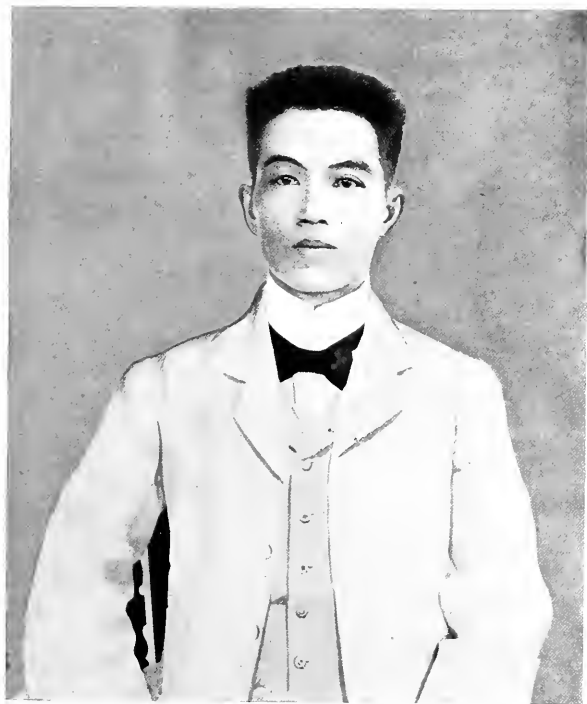
The native replied:

"You didn't fight fair at all. Now, when we were fighting the Spaniards, it was fair on both sides. Whenever the two forces met, both dug trenches and threw up earthworks across the street. When this was done

each force would lie down and begin shooting at the other. That was fair. But you Americans would not lie down and the first thing we knew you were right on top of us; and then we had to run. What could we do? You didn't fight fair."

We were directed to a large native house, surrounded by banana and cocoanut trees, and all enclosed by a high fence, within fifty yards of where we stepped ashore. The floor was set up on poles. The roof was made of nipa and, except that it was larger, the building was little better or larger than the average native hut. To our knock, an elderly native woman responded and said that Senor Aguinaldo was at home, but was probably taking his siesta. It was just after noon, the usual resting time. I presented a letter of introduction from Buencamino, and we were invited into the front room, an enormous place. The only furnishings were a giant piano in one corner and several hand-carved cane-seated chairs. The ceiling was illumined with a large water-color decoration showing in the rays of the rising sun life-size figures, representing a Filipino maiden, waving the colors of the Filipino Republic, breaking the shackles of Spain and hurling the tyrant Spain from his throne.

In five minutes, quick, springy, active steps, that sounded like American shoes and American alertness of action came along the corridor, and Aguinaldo was before me, holding in his hand my letter of introduction. He was dressed in a khaki suit of military cut, with no evidences of rank or military display. He is about five feet-five, with a coarse complexion, rather light. His hair is black, and worn after the Filipino fashion, in a pompadour style. His forehead is high; his cheek bones prominent, and his figure straight, erect, alert, well-composed, "well set up" as the army man would say, shows at once that he has been a soldier. He bowed like a soldier, from his hips, and his hand-clasp was strong and firm. His countenance was open, his head erect, eyes square to the front, looking directly at



Aguinaldo in 1904



the speaker. When he sat he held his body in the correct military posture, but always without effort.

He said that he did not converse in English but in Spanish or Tagalog.

He was frankly told that one of my chief reasons for coming to the Islands was to see him.

I tried to draw him into a conversation upon personal grounds, by a comparison of our ages, our occupations, our relative weights and height, but beyond always replying to direct questions, he conceded no interest. He said that he was thirty-five, and when I informed him of my age he merely bowed. He appeared to be waiting, as if well aware that I had come for some definite purpose that did not concern his height or his age or his farm. On the latter subject he confirmed Senor Rozales by saying that he was devoting all his time to that property, which now consisted of some five hundred acres. He also said that he had read some of the histories of the different countries of the world, but not many of them. If he is, as Senor Rozales said, a great reader, then he is modest, for he spoke as if he were only a casual student.

He said that he had read our history and was familiar with that of Spain.

After I had catechised him rather closely on such personal grounds as I have described, I laughingly asked him if he wouldn't like to ask me something, as that would only be fair. Without a change of face he replied that he did not care to ask me any questions. He would not respond to my attempt to be jovial.

Then I broke the ice by asking him how the present schools in the Islands compared with those under Spain. He replied that he thought the old regime was better for the Filipino.

His answers were very slowly spoken and it was clear that he carefully weighed each word.

I asked if he had considered that, as the best known man of his race, the American people would like to hear,

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

in some authoritative way, what he thought of our work in the Islands; what, if any, recommendations he would suggest for the betterment of his people; and what, if anything, his people desired which they did not now have. I added that it seemed to me that a statement by him would be received with much attention by my people and might lead to direct results.

He said that he had been advised against making any extended representations now. As for his ideas, they were known. What the Filipino wanted was independence. They had fought for it and that spoke louder than any mere writing he could issue.

"Do you think that your people can conduct their own affairs now?"

"I do," he at last replied. "I believe that if we were given the opportunity to study the present government for a year, so that a Filipino could become familiar with the workings of each office held by Americans, we could, at the end of the period stated, successfully take over the administration of affairs and continue them as well as they are now conducted."

"How would you favor," I asked him, "a scheme to give you just such a year's preparation as you have outlined, with the provision that if you maintained law and order and protected the natural rights of man in a reasonable degree for a period of five years, my country would withdraw at the end of that space of time?"

"All we want is the opportunity to try it" was his opinion. "That would give us all we could ask. It would settle every question."

"Do you think," I inquired, "that your people can furnish competent men to replace, say, the members of the present Philippine Commission, the highest power in the Islands?"

"I believe we can, provided we are allowed full access to their offices during the year devoted to our preparation, and your people, in good faith, do every thing we think necessary to enable us to see how these various offices are conducted."

"Is this your plan, or that of some party?" he asked.

I explained that it was that of a number of us who had studied the question, and that we had decided to propose its adoption. Our thought was to ask his judgment of such a solution and then inform a certain high executive officer of what he said.

"Let me know what he says," he responded, "and then, perhaps, I may issue a statement."

I then said that any action of his in conjunction with what we called Anti-Imperialists in America was only hurting the cause of independence of the Filipino, not only in the islands but also in America.

"Why?" he asked, evidently much interested.

"Because," I replied, "they are a set of men whose conduct on this question does not recommend them to us. We Americans are loyal at heart, and we do not accept advice from those who oppose us in time of war; and that is what these people have done. More than that, the Antis issued so many reckless statements that they had only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the average of our citizens. To sum it all up, a statement of yours issued through these people would mean that you had chosen the very worst source in America from which your message could come, if you thought of moving the American people."

"But isn't the Democratic party Anti-Imperialistic?" he asked, earnestly.

"No, except for political purposes. In a word the situation in my country, as I understand it, is this. Practically nobody desires to rule these Islands one hour after you can do it yourselves. Nobody wants to make a colony of you. At heart the Republicans feel that way, and, at heart, there is no appreciable difference between the feelings of the average Republican and Democrat on this subject. They all want to assist you to be free. It is to the dominant party that you must look for any aid, at present. The Antis have no weight. They are discredited, and anything they may propose,

no matter how meritorious it may appear, will, I fear, only anger those in control. The result of this is that those whom you have, I am told, regarded as your best friends, are, in effect, your worst enemies, if you are looking for results. If, then, you are to accomplish anything you must hitch up with the people who control, not with a little knot of men to whom nobody will pay serious attention."

He listened very attentively.

"Now, if at any time, you desire to issue a statement to the American people I shall be very glad to do what I can to have it placed before them in the way that will appear to obtain for it the best and fairest attention."

"I may wish to do that," he replied, after some thought. "I shall consult my friends about it and then perhaps I may have something to say. But I hope you will write me and tell me what — says to the plan to give us five years' trial to show what we can do."

I replied that I would certainly tell him all that was proper; that my judgment of the official named was that he would be the first man to suggest such a scheme if he believed it to have a fair chance of success, and, as for the little influence I had, if indeed any at all, I should advise such a trial; and after my visit to the Islands I had formed the opinion, very carefully and slowly, that every official we had in the Islands could be replaced by Filipinos and that the Islands contained men who could carry the scheme to a successful issue.

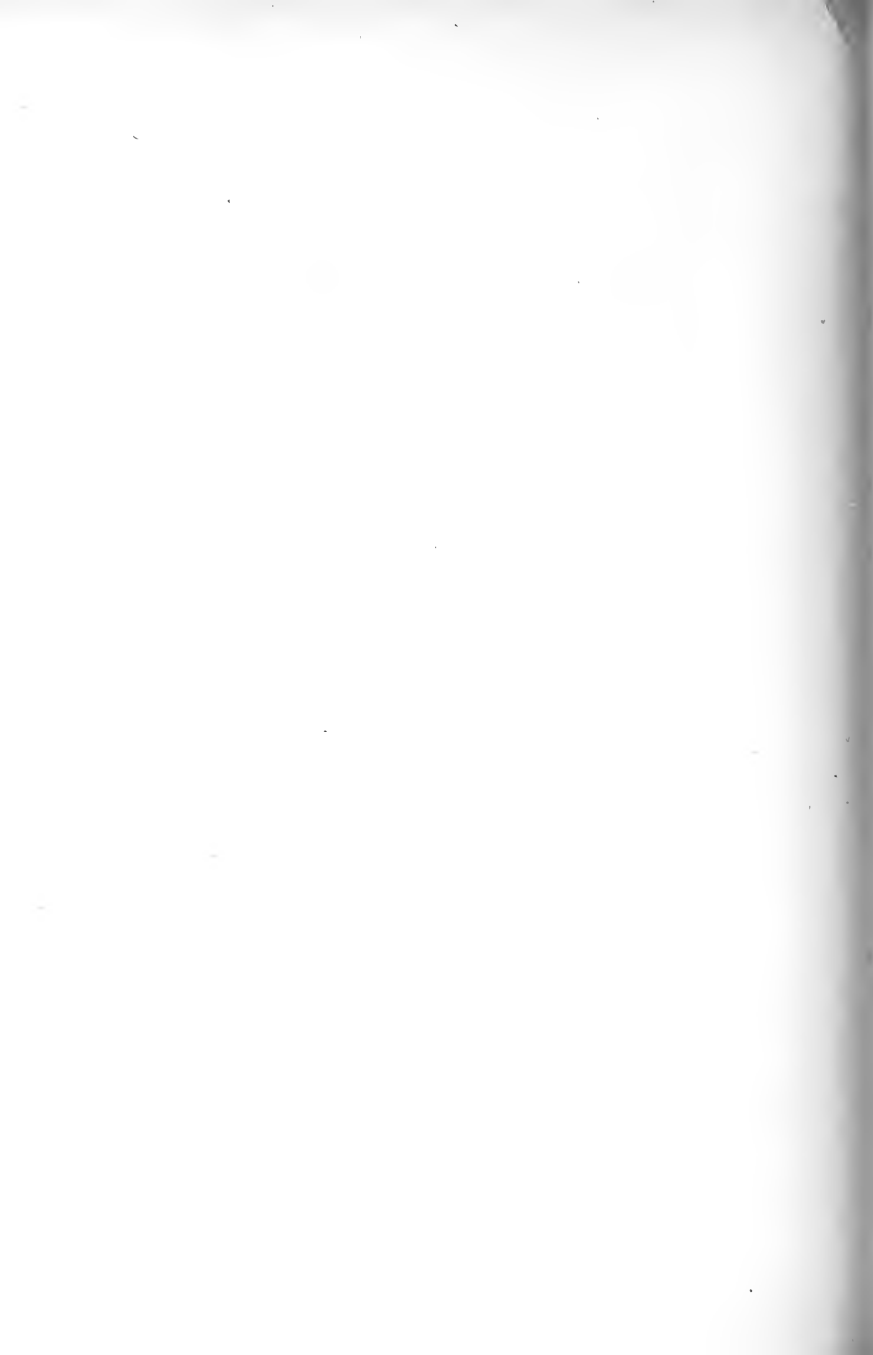
Since the time of that interview, August 11th, 1904, ten months have passed. Continued reflection on the problem has only served to strengthen the conclusion reached in Luzon, as first stated.

We then arose to take our leave. Aguinaldo asked kindly after Mr. Fischer's health and length of sojourn in the Islands, and when the latter said that he had come over as a soldier in 1898, Aguinaldo said "You may always have a home here in my house," a remark which is the extreme of Tagalog politeness.

The native leader then presented me with his



August 11th 1904.
To Mr. Fred. Chamberlin
C. O. Applewood



AGUINALDO

photograph, upon which he had written my name, his own, and the date.

He then accompanied us to the door, said that he would be very glad to hear from me, that he wished me to visit him for a longer time if I returned to Luzon and then he hoped I would have a very pleasant voyage to the States.

As I reached the street I looked back and found him still in the doorway. I lifted my hat and the last I saw of him was an answering wave of his hand.

CHAPTER XII

THE LAST OF THE PHILIPPINES

Friday, the twelfth of August, was my last day in the Islands. Except for several hours spent at the Government offices, and in making purchases, the day was passed on the Pasig, the muddy stream that runs through Manila from the Lake (Laguna de Bay) to Manila Bay, a distance of ten miles.

I now possessed many souvenirs; which meant baggage. In my helplessness, I applied to the German porter of the Bay View, who had formerly served as a sergeant in our army. He had been kindness itself. I trusted him without question, and when he told me that it was almost impossible to purchase a trunk in Manila for less than \$18.00 or \$20.00 I groaned so that he said that to oblige me he would sell me a camphor-wood chest which he had for \$10.00, which was far less than it had cost him, if that would help me.

I looked at the box. It was just a plain, yellow affair three-quarters of an inch thick, without a bit of leather or metal to protect it. It might have been secured for \$1.50 in America; but, of course, I took advantage of my exceptional opportunity, paid my \$10.00 and thanked the stars that I was soon to get out of a robber country where one paid five or six times as much for conveniences as at home.

Several hours later, on meeting Captain Sever, I told him of my good fortune in the trunk matter. He looked amused and informed me that Manila had boxes like mine on sale at every corner for \$3.00.

I was so angry that he compelled the thrifty German to rescind the operation and I secured a better box from a Chinaman for \$2.50.

Then there were our bills at the Bay View. I paid \$6.00 per quart for the Mums Extra Dry which my



One-eye



On the Bank



Washing the Dishes



The Laundry

THE LAST OF THE PHILIPPINES

friends drank and confessed was worse than \$1.00 a quart American champagne. I paid \$50.00 per week for our board, and \$60.00 for carriage hire.

Until there is a street railway system in Manila — which there will be soon, as it is in process of building — living in that city will be very costly. It certainly now costs a half more than much poorer accommodations in the States.

What money I had left was converted into English sovereigns, except a small amount for immediate use in China of what is known as Hong Kong money, a species



Contentment

of English silver currency, on the "Mex" basis of fifty cents (approximate) to our dollar.

This done, I impressed Captain Sever once more and together we rode to the Pasig, where he bargained for boat and crew to paddle me about by the hour.

I was provided with a rude topless canoe, free of outriggers, and a crew of three — a steersman, who used a huge paddle at the stern and two oarsmen who pulled hand-made oars. The two latter are shown in one of the pictures, and I so disliked and distrusted the one-eyed man that I did not take my eyes from him when

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

within his reach, nor did I feel safe until the trip was over.

For these accommodations I paid half a dollar an hour, American money.

The accompanying pictures will give an idea of what can be daily seen on the Pasig.

Several miles from my starting place, I was rowed along beside some rice fields.

Rice is the staple food of the Orient. To the



A Honolulu Rice Field

average American, this is beyond comprehension. He is likely to believe that no civilized man can constantly eat rice any more than he could eat — well, macaroni.

From the little experience I had in the Orient, and from conversations with those who have longer tarried there, I deem it safe to conclude that the prejudice of our people against this food is due more to our ignorance than to anything else, or to be definite, it is due to our

THE LAST OF THE PHILIPPINES

failure to know how to cook it so that it becomes palatable.

In a word, we make a mash, a half-paste of rice that would be a first rate emetic for a Chinaman. He, on the other hand, cooks it with little water and the kernals are solid and separate. So prepared it has flavor and is attractive to the average appetite. As for the other properties of this staple, too much in favor of it could scarcely be recorded.

In the voyage to the Far East, the rice fields, or "paddies," as they are frequently called, first appear



The Caraboa at Rest

at Honolulu. The Philippines are full of them.

Nothing is now recalled, the American cultivation of which suggests the manner of raising rice, unless it be that of pond lilies, or frogs.

At first, rice culture commences with the strewing of the raw kernels over a small plot of dry ground. In a month these sprout and the young plant is some six inches high.

Then the rice planter ploughs his paddy. This is a field surrounded by banks which are about three or

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

four feet high and broad enough on top to permit of passage along them by the ploughmen and their caraboas.

This operation, as I saw it usually conducted, would make an American stand aghast.

An ox, in America, is an express train in comparison with the caraboa. The latter, it is to be remembered, is the only beast of burden in the Philippines, the only animals that farmers yet use in their tilling. He is, if one judges from his habits, half-ox and half-hippopotamus. He will stay upon dry land until he can escape to a mudpuddle — but no longer.



He watches the Camera

Captain Sever, of the Manila police force, said to me once that if anybody ever saw a caraboa drawing a Filipino at the usual rate of speed — which must be fully a half-mile an hour — he would never doubt the wisdom displayed by the Almighty in giving one to the other. It is perfectly plain that neither man nor beast desires to arrive at any destination any sooner than it appears likely that he will. But sometime — soon or late, the caraboa completes his task, for he is steady, patient and tireless.



Ploughing his Paddy



Harrowing it



Planting the Sprouts



Cultivating Rice

THE LAST OF THE PHILIPPINES

Well, the Filipino uses a forked stick and this animal for his ploughing. The soil is mud, soft and slimy, into which one sinks half to the knee at every step.

The ploughing done, the native exchanges a harrow for the plow and again wades in his puddle.

If the water is less than six inches in depth, he lets in more which he turns usually from a stream through a place in the bank until the entire field is flooded to the depth mentioned.

Next, he takes a handful of his new sprouts, sets them upright in the muddy bottom, so that their tops just appear above the surface of the water, and then, proceeding in as straight a line as possible, he builds perhaps a dozen rows, depositing say six sprouts in each for every ten or twelve inches of his journey down the length of the field. At the end he turns and constructs as many more rows beside the first lot and so on — until the entire lake is planted.

Now, all he has to do is to keep the weeds out, and to see that his water supply always covers the roots of his plants. It is probably the easiest and surest crop to grow that there is and in the Philippines and in the Sandwich Islands, women do the larger part of the cultivating.

Rice has no enemies except a gale of wind.

In four or five months the sprouts are three feet high and a light green in color. As they ripen they turn yellow like sunburned hay. Then is the harvest time and the owner and his helpers invade the field with the sickles and soon the yellow grain is piled up and ready for winnowing — the operation by which the rice kernels that grow in clusters upon long spindles, like wheat, are separated from the stalks and prepared for domestic uses.

As a rule rice yields two crops per year. One month is consumed between these crops by the sprouting and the ploughing. It is unusual to refresh the soil except by water.

In the Hawaiian Islands, it is common to secure

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

\$125 gross per acre for marketing the crop, where American ploughs and intelligent labor are employed, but such a result is reported as rare in the Philippines, although there is little doubt but that the yield there can be increased by more intelligent attention.

I returned to the city in the early evening, after calling upon Major-General Wade, the commanding officer of the Division of the Philippines, at his residence, where I found him holding a veritable court, so surrounded was he by admiring women and gentlemen.

It was my last night in the Philippines and the rain was as heavy as any I had yet seen.

CHAPTER XIII

CHINA

Saturday morning, August 13, I left the Philippines at 10.30, on the "Rubi," a small English steamer plying between Manila and Hong Kong. We carried twenty-one cabin passengers and one hundred and seventy-five Chinamen, on the deck. Of that voyage I shall say little, save that it was the most uncomfortable experience I have ever had on the sea. The only merciful features were a temperature of but about 70° and a strong head-wind which necessitated the use of blankets at night. By one-thirty on Saturday I was abed with seasickness, and I was not again on deck until we were in sight of Hong Kong, on the following Monday noon.

This ship — as are all Oriental European steamers — was provided with punkas, or heavy cloth screens, suspended above the centre of the dining-room tables. By an arrangement of ropes and pulleys, a boy seated on the carpet outside the dining-room may cause each or any of these huge fan-like arrangements to wave back and forth through the air, thus creating a sensible breeze, and naturally adding very materially to the causes of seasickness.

In the second class were a horde of Chinese, crowds of whom always seem to carry with them an odor that is peculiar, distinctive, pungent and almost unbearable.

These poor people were treated like so many dogs. They were pushed, knocked and pulled about as I have never seen other members of the human family treated, and they certainly lived in a state of nudity, of privation, and of general barbarity that is almost inconceivable. How human beings can endure such nauseous air, such food, such odors, such hardships, and live, — is not for me to comprehend.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

I took a picture of a group as I lay in my berth, sighting through one of my two port-holes.

The China Sea, between the Philippines and China is all choppy and the gyrations indulged in by the "Rubi" were wonderful.

Monday noon, land being in sight, I emerged. From all I have heard I presume that the harbor of Hong Kong is the most beautiful in the world. It is also the largest seaport in the world, a statement that will probably surprise most of you who have followed us thus far.



Through my Port-hole

More than fifty steamers, flying every flag under the stars, enter the harbor each day in the year. In total annual tonnage of entrances and clearances, Hong Kong surpasses New York and London by over half a million tons, and Liverpool by over five million.

It must be twenty miles from the lofty entrances of Hong Kong harbor to the anchorage. This narrow channel is bounded on either side by green high-lands, that tower hundreds of feet, precipitously, above the waters edge.



Approaching Hong Kong



Junks and Hotel Launches



Nearing our Buoy

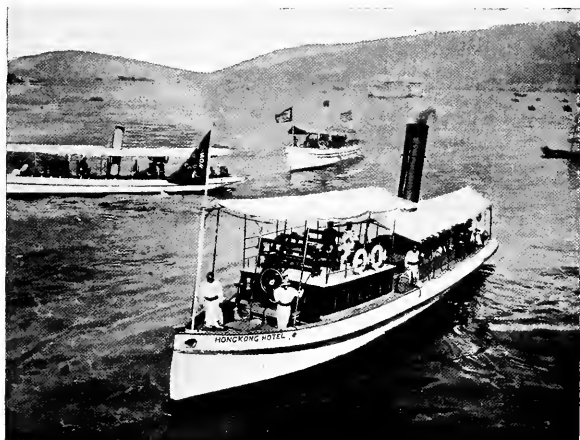


The Engines Stop

CHINA

As the city comes into view one sees that the business is done beside the waters in rows of tall white business blocks. Sharply rising, in back of them, on the slopes, are the smaller trade marts of similar color; while beyond them all, nestled here and there against the green foliage of the mountain sides are hundreds of the white homes of the prosperous.

The architecture is very ornamental, and the buildings consist of windows with as little wall as possible.



We employed this one

As we approached the buoy the hotel launches could be seen heading out, to bespeak our patronage. Close beside them came other conveyances — sampans — whose proprietors also bid for business.

If you will look closely at the picture of the sampan you will see that both the "oarsmen" are women and that each of them carries a little baby strapped to her back. I have seen it stated that fully fifty thousand

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The Sampan



Shopping at Hong Kong

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Chinese live in these sampans in Hong Kong harbor all their lives.

Here in Hong Kong we first became acquainted with the jinrickshaw. A score of them, drawn by huge, five-foot-ten, muscular, splendidly formed Chinamen, clad only in short overalls that were rolled up to the hips and extended upward only as far as the waist, awaited us.

Hong Kong is a surprise. It is a splendid European city in Asia. Its streets are of asphalt — and wide; its buildings are of handsome stones or of brick. There are many church spires, trolley cars, arc lights, and theatres; a library, a museum, clubs that are luxurious, splendid large stores, in which the Chinaman who speaks English is not out, and hotels with the accommodations of London and Paris. There is also a daily journal containing news from all over the world.

As "The Hongkong" is situated only a minute's walk from the dock, we walked there and I found Mrs. Chamberlin well and quite restored to health. She had slept each night since leaving Manila, had visited Canton, and was now shopping for our departure on the "Preussen" Wednesday morning at ten, the seventeenth of August, for Naples, and home.

The Hongkong Hotel is big, of solid granite or similar stone, six stories high, with surely four hundred rooms. Its hallways, reception rooms and parlors, dining room, etc., are very large, as are also the guest rooms. Only a lattice door, so hung that it prevents any view of the body from the knees to the top of one's head, divides the rooms from the hallway, so carefully are all draughts and breezes cultivated. All servants are Chinese men. The first thing a guest does — man or woman — upon entering his or her room, in the Far East, is to throw off all unnecessary clothing and thus remain until it be required to make a sortie. As a consequence, all hotel servants were, long before our arrival, surfeited with the beauties of the form of the Caucasian race of both sexes; and a number of ladies, who like those of our immediate party, were new to this part of

the world, agreed that whether they had on any clothing or not, none of the men servants seemed at all interested. So that modesty is not at all proportionate to the amount of clothing one wears — in Asia.

Jungenfeld, the noted engineer, who joined us at Guam, had come on the "Rubi" with me, and he now took me shopping for clothing. I expected a very hot trip to Europe, for we were to go within a single degree of the equator, and pass through the Red Sea, — the horror of all travelers, — in the month of September the worst month of the year for that trip.

Walking out, I found the mountain back of the city began to rise within a hundred yards of the water. My big German friend advised the purchase of a dozen white linen suits at \$1.50 apiece. The Chinaman said he would deliver them at the hotel in twenty-four hours. That would surprise an American or English tailor, I fancy.

I did not accept the advice but purchased a helmet for \$1.50 and a suit of khaki for \$2.00; also some of the thinnest underwear.

Shopping in the East is a gamble with far more chance to it than is afforded by roulette, baccarat or poker. The merchant never expects you to pay what he asks. He therefore proceeds upon the theory that the more he asks the more he will eventually obtain, as he can regretfully reduce his price enormously — so the buyer believes — and when that is done, the uninitiated customer leaps at the bargain seemingly offered and pays two or three times a fair price. But when, to the exhilaration of a horse trade every time a purchase is made, you also add the attraction that an American feels at the knowledge that the price asked is in "Mex." — which is cheap compared with our similar retail price at home — and is therefore to be divided in halves, no Yankee can be sensible long enough to keep his pocketbook closed. He has far less than a fair chance.

The cork helmet I found the coolest hat I have tried for summer wear. Upon occasions when I have been in the sun for long periods with the thermometer at 100°

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Fahr., a little breeze, too slight to cool the body, would keep the head cool and entirely free from perspiration. There is an open space, between the leather band that fits to the head and the helmet proper, of fully half an inch, which allows a free circulation of air. Moreover, the hat does not weigh more than one or two ounces, although it may be very large, and as it is white, it diffuses rather than collects the heat rays.

At a few moments before nine we hurried to jinrickashaws and I took my first ride in the famous vehicle, in the light of a paper Chinese lantern dangling from a long flexible stick like the top of a bamboo fishing pole, which the human horse jauntily carried. Ten cents I paid for the quarter mile of running my huge fellow did with me, and we travelled at the rate, I judge, of seven miles an hour.

Our steamer was as good as one finds on the Hudson, here at home, and Jungenfeld and I had a state room, as the captain's guests, fully twenty feet by fifteen.

Between decks were hundreds of Chinese of both sexes. I hope you who read this may all see such a sight. It will astound you. About half an hour after we had left our moorings, I started to go below, but on arriving at the top of the gangway which led into the very midst of the Chinese passengers I was met by such an odor that I had to retire or be ill. Upon speaking to an Englishman in the crew he said that the way to do was to go right down and that after I had been there a minute I would not mind it very much. Was it safe for me to go alone? Yes, only I was to be careful and not offend anybody.

Accordingly, I hurried down and finding that the odor was not half as bad when in it as on its edge, I regained confidence and moved about, but always within running distance of the stairway. I tried several little excursions but always returned to the stairway for safety. Such a sight, I suppose, can be seen in the Orient only.

Over five hundred Chinese, clad only in trousers, rolled or pulled to the hips, lay at full length or sat on their heels on the deck. A large number lay on small

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cloth mats which they carried in their luggage. Some were alone, some in groups. Many were preparing for eating supper. There was rice, with chop sticks, and strange dishes the like of which I never saw. All the others were preparing or smoking opium from huge mouthed bamboo pipes. Scores of little flames from spirit lamps one of which each smoker always has about, were dotting the scene with their bright colors. Beside them, on their sides, lay the greasy, shiny, dark-skinned Chinaman watching with avidity the effects of the flames on the contents of their pipes. All steps of the process of smoking were exhibited. Many were just beginning to cook the drug into a soft, pliable putty, which they carefully packed into their pipes. Some had settled down on their backs — a number of them with feet high in the air on some merchandise — ready for the coming of the beautiful dreams that were sure visitors. Some were already fast asleep, in all positions imaginable, but always those of the very deep sleeper. The temperature must have been fully 95° Fahr. and the perspiration ran down my cheeks and dropped to the floor.

As soon as supper was finished the dishes were emptied into the river, and the owners joined the ranks of opium smokers.

In the stern were the female quarters, and there were about a hundred women in cambric trousers that came to the knees and a loose waist of similar material, unattached at the waist. There was a bench in their pen upon which many could lie, or sit, but the large majority, as were all the men, were obliged to lie on the bare deck.

There were no aisles. I had to step over body after body, and you may be sure that I did it carefully, for the glances cast at me were, as a rule, not of a friendly character.

As I was standing over one group of four, all preparing opium at a single lamp, I was surprised to see a middle-aged Chinaman look up, saying, "Have smoke?"

I was so astonished that I did not reply directly,

but asked, "Have you been in the United States?"

"Yes, in Chicago. We had laundry there five year go."

"Did you get rich?"

"Yes, me no have work now. My wife over there," and he pointed at a trousered young lady squatting behind his recumbent form. He lay on his left side, and watched keenly his opium as he held the bowl of the pipe with his right hand to the blaze. I sat down on the deck in the midst of the group, who eyed me with great curiosity, especially my clothing.

"Opium?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What makes you smoke it?"

"Makes dream."

"Pleasant dreams?"

"Yes, always pleasant."

"Every day?"

"Yes — want smoke?"

I laughed outright. "No, thank you." He smiled.

In the few minutes we talked he informed me that the States were a good place for his people to make money but no place for them to live, owing to the fact that my countrymen "no like Chinaman." I smiled and replied that surely his people "no like Melican;" and then he smiled. We decided that we could hardly settle the Chinese question right then nor talk about it with any profit.

Considering the odors which arose from many sources, the most annoying from unmentionable causes, that deck was the most disgusting place in which I have ever spent any time.

The common Chinese are regarded as mere beasts — like so many cattle — by the Europeans who dwell there, if my judgment is not at fault. In entering and leaving ship they are kicked, slapped, pounded, pulled by the ears, cues, driven here, knocked there into the pens intended for them.

From the rest of the ship after the first hour or so, they are debarred by iron grates. This is to prevent

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their seizing the ship, for, of course, they could overwhelm all resistance if they could once gain an advantageous lodgement. The Caucasian officers' cabins are more or less small arsenals, and the natives are never, for a moment, even, given any opportunity by seizing which they could gain control.

My companion carried two huge revolvers while I had a smaller one which I later found would not work at all. I alone had brought a camera, as Jungenfeld said



Approaching Canton

that the most dangerous thing a Caucasian could do in Canton was to attempt to take photographs, owing to the universal dislike of the Chinese to being snapped. This same advice, as usual, increased my interest and resulted in the purchase of an exceptional number of films.

It was hotter that night than any I had spent at Manila, but sleep provided some rest. At 5.00 A.M., I was dressing. We were nearing the greatest city of

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Asia, the market to which converge all the products of the huge celestial empire.

The Canton River is narrow, say two hundred yards, and winding. The surrounding country is flat.

The harbor of Canton, merely a place in the river, was crowded with craft. There were a score of European steamers of fair dimensions in view; but the large majority of the shipping were hundreds and hundreds of sampans — slipper-boats, they are often called, so like that article do they appear, with a high heel and a low



In the Harbor of Canton

toe. These diminutive things average a length of twenty feet, covered over, except for six feet of the bow, with two bamboo shelters; and it is in these close accommodations, it is estimated, over five hundred thousand souls live constantly, setting foot on land only at very rare intervals. The only motive power for these boats is that supplied by a very long stern oar, and sometimes a shorter one forward; and usually women do the rowing. The most of these women, too, I think it conservative to say, had babies strapped astride of their

backs as they worked. Older children, still too young to be free, and too large to be carried by the mother, were tied about the waists, like so many little chained monkeys, by a strong rope which hung from the roof.

Mile after mile, along the river banks, and in the canal, which divides the European settlement from that containing the natives, these river boats, choke up the stream till only a small portion of it remains open — in the centre — for the passage of heavier traffic.

Like so many vultures they swoop down upon their prey, the newly arrived steamer, and with strange, eager cries, struggle, fight and manoeuvre for advantageous positions from which to seek opportunity to ferry passengers to their destination.

We employed two women of some thirty years to row us to a small steamer that would carry us further up stream where my companion had business. Both women carried babies on their backs as they struggled with the oars. These women wore only two garments, a loose jacket with large sleeves and a pair of trousers that stopped about half-way from the knee to the ankle. Both of these garments were made of what appeared to be dark brown cambric, so thin that all the lines of the body and limbs could be plainly seen in certain lights.

I secured the picture on the preceding page which will show fairly well a suggestion of what a hurly-burly appearance the river front presents.

Mr. Ah Kow, who makes his headquarters at the Victoria, the European hotel in Canton, met the boat soon after its arrival and was at once reserved as our guide for the day. This gentleman speaks English plainly, is evidently a man of considerable learning, and is the best known guide in the city. He does all your business for you, arranges everything upon as cheap a plan as possible, as far as I could judge, and is strictly honest and trustworthy. He is clearly a gentleman, quiet, patient, polite, anxious to make travelers comfortable. I found a number of high recommendations of him from many famous people, but none other car-

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ried quite as much weight as did one which I found signed Frances M. Chamberlin.

Ah Kow's own fee for the day was only \$2.00.

We ascended the river in a ferry-boat that ran as rapidly as the little boats on the Seine, to the offices of a prominent American business house. Here I met a number of wrecks of my countrymen. They were sallow, just able to move with great effort, all energy gone, hollow-eyed, thin, narrow-chested and stoop-shouldered — cause, living in Canton. At nine o'clock,



The Author's Outfit

when we turned back, the atmosphere was 99° Fahr. in the shade.

On this little voyage we passed numerous boats of the slipper shape — but larger than the family boats — propelled from behind by a huge paddle-wheel which was slowly revolved by a dozen treading men confined inside of it, who wore only trousers, turned up to the hips, and from whom the perspiration ran in streams.

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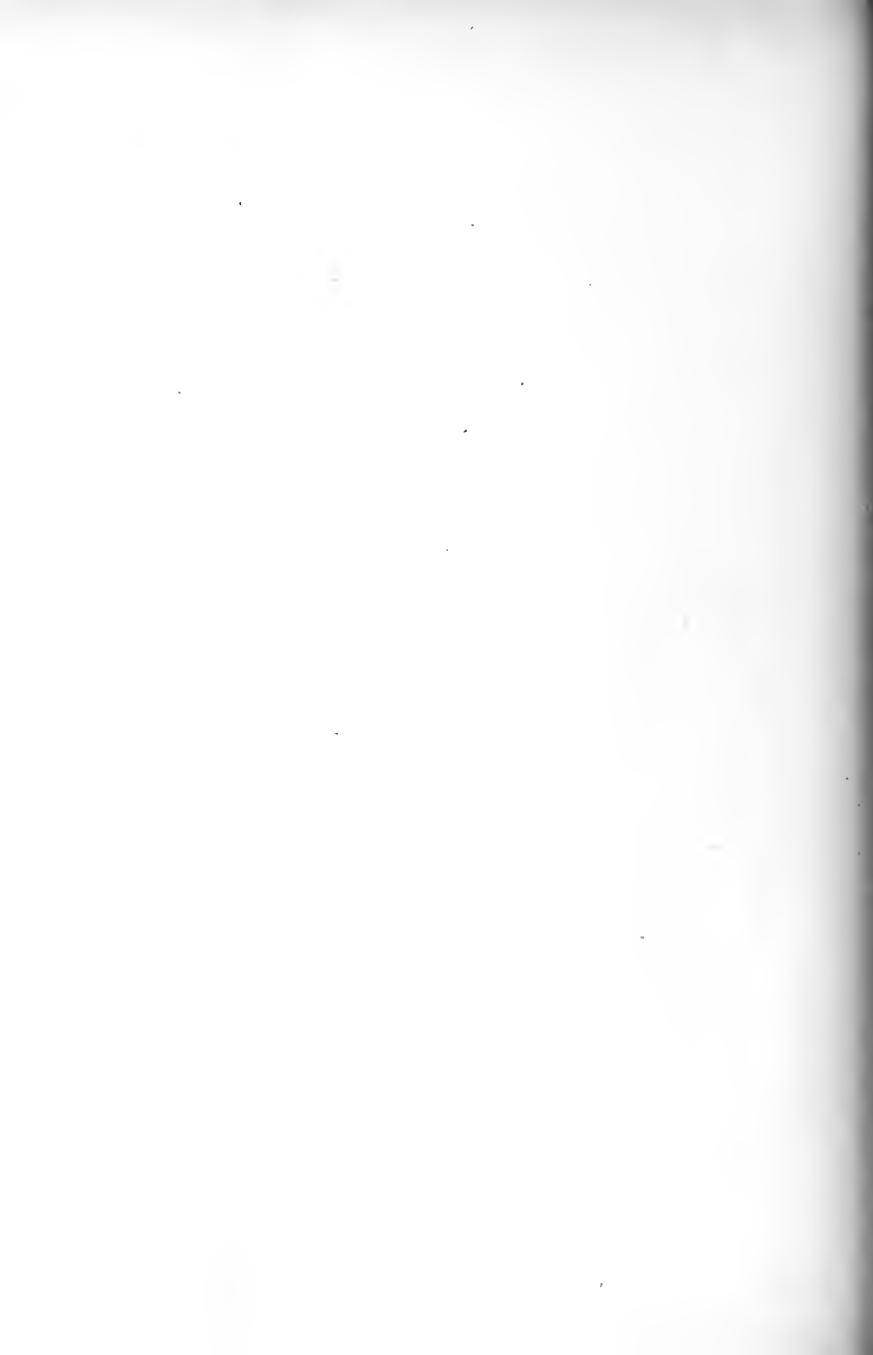
Returning to our point of departure, we found three sedan chairs, with three coolies for each of us. The details of the outfit are fairly well shown in a picture of the author, which was taken several hours later at the Five-story Pagoda, of which mention will be made later.

The sedan chair is very steady, but requires one to sit in balance, and of course, quietly, if he be appreciative of the bare shoulders of the coolies. The chair is allowed to rest on its base until the passenger is seated within, when it is carefully raised by the coolies with several preparatory grunts or groans — the latter is nearer to the real sound — and the conveyance is set on the ground before a passenger alights. Over the right shoulder of the wheel-horse — the thin old man who grasps the side of the ship — is to be seen the linen towel carried by all chair-coolies with which, at frequent intervals, they dry their reeking bodies. Reeking is the proper term, certainly, from the experience of my men on this day when the heat must have exceeded 110° Fahr. in the sun, for it was not less than 99° in the shade, until after six o'clock that evening. This elderly man also wore a pair of sandals, tied with ropes. The others were barefooted.

Then began the most wonderful day of my life. That Canton is the show place of all the world, all famous travelers seem to agree. No Caucasian lives within its gates. We foreign devils reside on an island by ourselves, to which no Chinaman is admitted after sundown, under any consideration. The 2,500,000 of natives reside by themselves, and no Caucasian would dare remain in their midst, even if it were allowed. Into flat, stone-paved streets, not over eight feet wide, crowded with people, a great bee-hive, the market-place, the produce exchange of a nation more than five times as populous as ours, my sedan chair was carried with soft pattering feet stepping quickly — but not running — at a pace that could have made four miles an hour. We were in a forest of vertical signs. I could obtain in Canton only one picture that shows a street — and that is really one of the side courts in which the city abounds.



Side Street in Canton



We went through the busiest streets. To keep a space for our passage, our coolies indulged in a strange guttural sound, half-groan, half-grunt which notified all far ahead that we were coming. At times the odors were almost overwhelming. I saw nothing to indicate the presence of a sewer, and I presume there is nothing of that character in any city administered by the Chinese.

If one were to draw a picture of hell he might very well use Canton for a model.

The buildings are usually three-story affairs, whose proximity prevents anything but a dim light, except for a few minutes each day, descending to the lower story.

The first floor, a few inches above the street, is entirely open to the passers-by, the building having no front wall in that story. In the half-light that pervades these shops, are many shiny, dark-skinned, barebacked fellows, whose clothing is not visible. Some lie about in odd postures. Others work, seated on the floor about little spirit lamps. Still others work high toward the ceiling, on little niches. Artificers pound on diminutive anvils. A strange tongue, that conveys no meaning, is babbling in many keys.

All is indistinct, confused, except the sputtering flames.

In the street you are often scowled at and plainly execrated. These people dislike to be edged about and pinned against some merchant's counter strewn with strange fish and odd meats, while they wait until your chair has passed. Only once or twice did I receive responsive smiles to the one which greeted any face that pleased me. The children regarded us about as our children look at the elephant in the circus parade, gazing in rapt attention as long as we were in sight. But of the grown people, many grimaced at me and shouted derisively to their fellows.

Before we left the river front, Ah Kow told me that I must not, under any consideration, stop to photograph anybody or halt for any purpose at all. To do so would be very dangerous, and nothing could save my life for more than a minute. There were no Caucasians, he

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explained, within helping distance; I was simply in the midst of millions of these people who disliked and despised me, and would like nothing better than to tear me literally limb from limb.

I had confidence, however, and took pictures as fast as I could manipulate the machine. While we were plodding along, as a rule those who saw the camera pointed at them turned their faces, or made up new ones that were not half as attractive as the ones I had desired; while one kind gentleman snatched at the camera. I happened to be looking at the right place, however, when he did it, and I easily threw up his arm; and we were beyond him.

Upon several occasions I stopped the chair and took a careful snap where I was particularly anxious to preserve the scene.

I took six dozen views in these narrow Canton streets. In every instance I was moving, or the object was, and usually both were. That, of course, called for instantaneous work and so poor was the light that no one shows anything worthy of a place here, so you may know they are of no value at all.

This is one of the greatest disappointments of the whole trip. No good kodak pictures, so far as I know, have ever come out of Canton's most interesting streets. I do not see how any can, so long as the present buildings remain where they now are. By a long stay there, which I should regard with much less favor than I should a sentence to be hung to-morrow at daybreak, a few pictures might be procured each day when the sun was at the proper height over the scene you wished to fix. Some traveler may go to that amount of trouble some day, but I believe nobody has yet done so.

In the midst of these streets, Mrs. Chamberlin, Mrs. Kidston, her daughter and husband had alighted to buy crockery. Within five minutes the whole vicinity was choked with eager sightseers and the proprietor and employees of the place had all they could do to keep the mob out of the shop; but no violence was offered.

In the Far East, the motto is "Trust a Chinaman,

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distrust a Jap." The word of a Chinese merchant is regarded as good as his bond. But that of a Japanese is regarded as bad as his bond, and his bond is always presumed to be bad. The Chinaman is credited with being fair and square. The Jap is credited with trickery and deceit.

As an illustration of how the application of such rules is not always to be relied upon, Mrs. Chamberlin carefully selected a large number of pieces of crockery in one of these crazy Canton shops, and paid for them,



Temple of Five Hundred Buddhas

the merchant promising to pack them for safe journey to America and send them to our steamer at Hong Kong. Nothing was broken upon the arrival of the crate, but Mrs. Chamberlin admits that the pieces she unpacked in our home were quite unlike, both in identity and value, to those she had actually purchased.

Once free of the crowded centre of the city, we came to a little park upon one side of which was the temple of the Five Hundred Buddhas. I thought I had discovered a good light at last and I tried to snap several views, but the gathering of a scowling crowd

and Ah Kow's solemn warning that I would get everybody into trouble, prevented my success. Some vigorous expletives from the big German with the eight-inch barrel revolvers in his hip pockets also contributed to my discomfort. This temple is one of the things always visited, but entirely uninteresting, containing about the number designated of images of the god of the Asiatic.

A flock of begging children who evidently roosted somewhere about till a white man appeared, here attacked us, and we continued our journey through an hundred ragamuffins, all holding up their hands for money. Once outside the temple, as my friends were stepping into their conveyances, I began to give a little and instantly there was a mad struggle to secure positions near me. I liked the fun, despite Jungenfeld's cussing, and Ah Kow's remonstrances that it was dangerous. He insisted that we must hurry before a crowd gathered; and we started away. That is, my companions did.

But when my coolies tried to raise me, they could not, for a score of those little beggars had restraining hands on every presentable feature of my chair. The coolies shouted and, I judge, swore a good deal, struck at the boys, who were probably fifteen years of age on the average — and there was a din, that started toward me the loungers from the houses on every side of the square. The passers-by halted. Twenty hands were thrust into my face, begging for money. My coat was tugged by a number, my camera seized. My coolies were in a panic. They struggled to lift my chair; but to no purpose. My two friends were out of sight. I was alone. It flashed over me as I saw men hurrying toward me from every side that in two minutes more I should be in the midst of an hundred Chinamen in their own city, with nothing to guard me from their hatred but my own devices and six shots in my revolver. The men who had run up did not appear to be trying to relieve my predicament, as I had hoped they would. I became convinced

that they were abetting those who were keeping me.

I had no time to spare. From a side-pocket in my coat in which I had kept my hand on my money as soon as the mob began to reach for it, I drew a whole handful of change of little value—probably not over a couple of dollars in all — and threw the shining silver high into the air above the heads of those in the very centre of the mob on my right, kicked —yes, I'm ashamed of it yet, but I did it —kicked the poor skinny old coolie in front of me, right in the middle of his bare back, and yelled at him as if he were a quarter of a mile away. The crowd fairly dove for that silver. Every mother's son of them, I believe, without exception, lowered his head, pointed it toward the place where that silver would fall and sprang blindly toward that spot.

Ha! I was up! Before the silver had fairly touched the ground, and before a Chinaman was on his feet, my coolies had me ten feet away. This time we were running. I looked back and there were twenty fights if there was one, to wrest the coins from those who had secured them. Half the crowd was still on the ground.

That evening Jungenfeld, who was grumpy all the latter part of the day, said to me as we neared Hong Kong, "Chamberlin, I was pretty mad at you to-day and you might as well know it. That was a perfect damn fool of a thing you did there at the Five Hundred Temple. Every one of us might have lost his life there in less than five minutes. Of course, we'd have got some of them with our guns, but we never'd got away in God's world. I'm willing to stand by a fellow, of course, and I would have done it there; but there's no use in kicking up a mess just for the sake of it."

I'm no sort of a fellow to thresh over old straw. I had the time of my life and I wouldn't quarrel—so I bought him a fresh bottle and after a few minutes he was as happy as if he had never been angry at all. That's always the way with a big German. Give



Before the Temple



Mr. Ah Kow

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him a schooner of beer and he's all right; the score is erased and he's only in the present.

On several occasions we halted at different other religious affairs but they were utterly uninteresting.

One picture shows our chairs and coolies resting in front of the gate in one of them.

The place called "The Temple of the Dead," however, was beautiful and interesting. Before the definite interment of the departed, he is encased in a casket similar to those we employ for such purposes, and taken to this place. A room is assigned to his relatives, in the rear of which is an alcove containing the body. In the centre of the first room is a table on which food and delicacies are placed for the delectation of his friends and relatives who chance to drop in for a pleasant hour. All of these rooms open into a walk that is lined with flowers; and the general effect is that of a huge garden that is very beautifully and artistically arranged, an effect which even obliterates the realization of the abomination of the custom.

As we turned to leave, and you may imagine we did not follow the habit of our yellow Caucasians and stay for tea or cakes, I accidentally thought of taking Ah Kow as he appears in an archway near the entrance. On glancing through one of John L. Stoddard's books of travel in China, I am flattered to see that he had a similar idea — for he took the same guide in the same place.

After about an hour's ride from these scenes, we found ourselves at the very outskirts of the city and slowly we were taken up many stone steps until we could overlook the great town beneath. Here I made a photograph of it. It is ten miles to the Nine-story Pagoda which appears against the sky far beyond the city, in the picture on the next page.

The Five-story Pagoda was where we had promised ourselves the lunch which Ah Kow had ordered to be sent by a coolie from our steamer.

In the numerous block-houses on the wall, like the one in the foreground of the picture, strange,

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The Roof of Canton



The Five-story Pagoda

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old, beautifully green sheathed, bronze cannon sit, silent, grim messengers of old days.

There was nothing in the old building except the floor and stairways, and but for the view, there's no reason why any white man should ever visit it. The yard, however, is interesting, as the pictures exhibit, aside from the portraits. I had to hire my coolies, by giving them ten cents each, to stand without hitch-



Jungenfeld at the Pagoda

ing to have their pictures taken with me, for the moment they saw Jungenfeld point the gun toward them they dropped and turned away their faces, which, in truth, would have been a real improvement.

Once more we disappeared in the bedlam of the market-places. All of the wares we saw were strange. I doubt if I could have told a use to which a third of them might be devoted.

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My camera refusing to work well, Ah Kow took us to the shop of a native photographer in a quiet alley. I was shown up three flights of stairs to a hole under the roof which was used as a dark room. This room was not over six feet square or high, and had no window or ventilation of any kind — and recollect the heat was 100° in the shade. But in there I went and heard the door shut after me.

I remained fully half an hour and I have no desire



The Canton Canal

to repeat the experience. Darkness leads to such strange thoughts that I had many a nightmare while thus incarcerated. You may be sure that had I known as much of the films which I was trying to preserve as I do now, my stay in that box would have been of far less duration.

The dress of a middle or best class Chinaman seems to me to be unquestionably the coolest and most comfortable and at the same time sufficient for

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Caucasian ideas of propriety, that I have ever seen or imagined.

It consists solely of sandals, silk hose, no under-clothing, very loose, wide, linen or silk trousers and jacket, a silk skull-cap, a paper parasol, and a fan.

For the cap and parasol I should substitute the cork helmet. Otherwise I do not see how the costume can be improved. It is modest, free, open to the air, and so light that one could scarcely be cooler if it were not worn at all.



Women carrying Wood

I called upon our Consul-General, McWade, for an unusual favor and he aided me in every way he could.

In the European Concession, there was another world. There were parks, and broad avenues lined with row on row of huge trees. There were costly consulates, asphalt walks, green lawns, polo fields, luxurious clubs, splendid flower gardens. Apparently all had been done that human mind could devise to

mitigate the awful climate. But despite all these efforts, the fact of the unhealthiness of the place for a white man forced itself upon the observer. I saw no white person who looked as if he thought life were worth the drawing of even one more breath.

Arrived at the steamer, we took our stations aft, under an awning, secured some ice-cool beverages and, buoyed up by the certainty of immediately leaving the place, we were fairly comfortable. In came a rather portly looking Chinaman, dressed all in silk. With much grace and dignity he bowed to us, and, accompanied by a young man, took a chair near by. He soon spoke cordially in the best of English, and I learned that he had been in the diplomatic service at one of the largest English ports for a long term of years, and that the young gentleman with him was his son who could speak French but not English. With our common knowledge of the former we carried on a lively conversation that lasted until we were in sight of Hong Kong nearly five hours later. We ate dinner together, and I extracted from the father — and he was not at all taciturn — more about China and her nearly half a billion people than I had ever before learned. He was a man of the highest education, entirely familiar with the literature and history of the white people.

He was well aware that Japan's successful foreign policy and indeed her great interior policies by which have been accomplished the great steps forward that that empire has taken, were due entirely to her adoption of the American ideas, which had been taught her emperor mainly by a single American, — who is to-day, and for many years has been, Japan's foreign policy — Mr. Dennison.

He said China must find such a man, and it expected to secure him from America. He admitted that China's army was now being rejuvenated and revolutionized by American officers, and that Japan was really the moving cause of all this.

He knew that Japan was working with China on

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these things, was behind her, and would join hands with her in the policy of "Asia for the Asiatics." Japan's success with Russia had toppled over the already tottering doctrine that no European customs should be adopted. The actual witnessing of Japanese victory over the hated Europeans could not be gainsaid, and the progressive party was now in the ascendancy and was hailed as the forerunner of the hour of deliverance from the humiliation to which China had long been and was now subjected by small white peoples. The Russian-Japan conflict had demonstrated that the Asiatic, trained and armed after the European customs, was, man for man, the equal of the European, and in his own country, more than that.

The Chinaman now believed that he could do as well as the Jap and was setting out to prove it.

Veiled as the thought was, I could not fail to see that what the Chinaman also thought was that when he should become the equal of the white devils, the latter would occupy but little of Chinese territory. And I'm blamed if I don't hope they will succeed. I think such a result is to be prayed for with all the fervor of which we are capable.

From what I saw of it, the Far East is the best wrecker of a white man's mental, moral and physical strength I have ever met.

At eleven o'clock we came within the most beautiful sight of all our journey, the harbor of Hong Kong at night. It was as if all the fairies in the world had come there to hang their twinkling lights in the night all over the great bay, in the strange city beside it, and far up on the mountain sides even to the skies, in whose vast depths shone millions of God's bright spheres, while the broad silver, ever-widening sheet of the wonderful full moon of the Orient spread out over the dancing waves.

As far as the eye could reach was a myriad of lights, — close to the water, the toy lanterns of the slipper boats, the families of which were long since asleep in their little world; above them, beside them,

behind them, shone the gleams from a thousand port-holes of an hundred floating giants, lazily resting till the day should come. An hundred swift launches, blazes of light, flashed here and there, in and out. Powerful searchlights streamed like huge shafts of white metal across the night, and threw into view the white palaces of the rich, nestled high up on the green slopes; then slowly moved from side to side till they had crossed all the heights and then returned to search out some remote place which had till then escaped them; while from the water front, thousands of windows glowed at our coming.

We were met by scores of jinrickashaw men, each dangling his paper lantern.

As I was whirled along by my huge, round-limbed fellow, in the midst of these emblems of carnival — to us — I was full of the events of this strange day, the beauty that I had just seen, the elation of *coming home* — and the moon had set behind the hills before my eyes grew heavy, that last night in China.

CHAPTER XIV

HOMEWARD BOUND

Early on Wednesday, the seventeenth of August, we paid our modest bill at the Hongkong — \$3.00 *per diem* in gold, room and board for each — made a few more purchases, fought with the porters to get them to take all of our luggage, two trunks, a box, and the huge sailor bag, and by nine-thirty were across the harbor clambering aboard the "Preussen," which was to be our home for an entire month. Our appearance was greeted with the tooting of a very good shore band, a species of advertising practised by the German liners. The "Preussen" we found a huge affair, with promenade deck fully twenty feet wide and five hundred long. On the starboard side, amidship, we had the best cabin she afforded, No. 1; one of the two on the top deck. These two staterooms opened into a large ladies' cabin, luxuriously furnished, which we used as our parlor. Our accommodations almost doubled in size those which we had on the "Sherman" — and there was an electric fan, too. A German man was our chambermaid. The door of our cabin was never closed, as prying eyes were debarred by a yellow silk sliding curtain that reached to the floor. The window was fully two feet square, never closed, provided with another silk curtain and a lattice blind.

In the following picture you may find our room under the forward lifeboat just in front of the first smokestack, above the top line of port-holes, and under the arrow head.

The first thing I noted after clambering up the gangway was that our porters were carrying us aft into second class and clamoring for us to follow. On demanding an explanation I was confronted with a set

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

of second class labels with which a wag — whom I'll pound if we ever meet—and I know him well—had plastered every blessed one of our four large pieces of baggage!

Steamer chairs of the kind familiar to the Atlantic boats, were for rent at \$2.00 for the voyage. Just as we were about to leave, huge chairs, solid, of light rattan, fully seven feet long, back fitted at about forty-five degrees, furnished with receptacles for books, etc., under each arm piece, were offered for sale to us for \$2.00 each. Could such a chair be obtained in America, and I have seen none, it would surely cost



The Preussen

\$20. We, however, did not then know enough to buy and so missed availing ourselves of an exceptional opportunity, contenting ourselves with the folding, cane-seated regular steamer chairs.

As we picked our way carefully in and out among the many vessels at anchor and coming and going, there were all flags but the one for which I searched.

Such experiences make an American wish we had a ship marine. Other nations have it, and, apparently, are the gainers thereby. Certainly the European people have the mastery of the markets of the Orient.

From the heat of Hong Kong, and of 100° at Canton, to a strong head breeze and a temperature of only 82°, was a welcome change; for with the breeze we had, the real temperature was not over 70°; and when we were well freed of the sheltering highlands, the air became almost as cold as it was when we were leaving San Francisco, and I donned more under-clothing, my rain coat and a vest. It was as if we were at home once more.

I discovered that up to this point I had lost just ten pounds as a result of the journey; and it was long after Christmas before I found it.

The cabin passengers were only fifteen in number. There was a frail little lady, invalided home from her home in Swatow, China, to England, for a dangerous operation, which meant an absence from husband and baby for at least nine months.

There was a rotund, red-faced, hearty German with his wife and little girl on their way to their native country for the final time, as he was retiring from twenty years of life as a merchant at Shanghai.

There was a German beer merchant from the same city, invalided home, threatened with paralysis of the legs and a resulting prostration of the mind, which threatened a resulting prostration to those who would listen to his hopeless talk. Had he not improved he would have driven everybody to the verge of jumping overboard in six days.

Then there was a low-browed Portuguese army officer, who donned his dress uniform every night; and a civilian of the same race, both going home after several years in Macao, the strange little gambling-house-island which Portugal has retained for several hundred years, near Hong Kong, as one of her colonies. As they spoke French we could converse tolerably.

There was a red-faced, bristling, red-mustached Russian tea-taster, whose taste for tea and everything else had departed some days before, — as it did, he told me, every several years — which necessitated a trip to his home.

There was a little Russian Jew, a scholarly man. There was an American girl, a blonde, the only stylish woman I saw in the East.

There was a young American lawyer from Atlanta, Georgia; a young German machinery contractor who had been around the world seventeen times; there was Sternfeld, the pump drummer from West Syracuse, on his way to the land of the Boers; there was a pig-tailed Chinese merchant, in a silk suit of European cut, and a Manila straw hat of American style, accompanied by a round little wife, who was really pretty, and their baby boy; an intellectual German civil engineer, who had the dyspepsia and a young wife, both of which, when the unmarried surgeon, the best looking boy on the boat, was about troubled him a good deal. Add "the Chamberlins," as we were known, and the list is complete. So that we really traveled as if on a private yacht, so much room and attention did we receive.

The Captain, removed from whom at table we sat some three places, was a little red-faced, fussy, pompous, fat German, whose weight must have been two hundred and twenty-five enveloping an elevation of only five feet-three. From a being gracious at the start, he developed into a perfect Boer in manners and became utterly uncompanionable, and always exceedingly sensitive about his personal appearance.

There were three officers, splendid fellows, the first the favorite of their Emperor, six feet six, straight as an Indian, soldierly. The captain would never permit himself to be seen anywhere in this officer's vicinity, if such a catastrophe could be prevented. The captain never liked me after he heard me say that I was going to get him and his first officer on one of my films.

But the king of them all was Heinrich Mennekin, the second officer, who will always be treasured in our memories. He had been an officer on the "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," liked Americans, and loved to make others happy and contented. On these long voyages

in the East the officers are instructed to help entertain the passengers, a service which does not appear irksome. I believe those young German officers would flirt with an angel (if she were encased in sufficient drapery to render it excusable.)

The picturesque feature, was "the little German band," which discoursed at least four times daily for our betterment. It comprehended the musical talent among the chambermaids, bar-keepers, the printer and the cooks. In all they mustered ten pieces, — a brass band led by a chambermaid, whose red nose had been much elongated and otherwise puffed up and out by the usual German method — a large glass of which always stood beside his right leg when he had to leave it and blow his horn. They did very well, added much to the pleasure of the trip, and were wonderfully eager and willing to please in any capacity in which they served, and this is to be said of every employee aboard. They were surely the most obliging set of servants I ever met.

We were now — to all appearances — in Germany. The talk was mostly German. There was beer. The menu was German and English. The money was German. The crew, except the stokers, who were strong Chinamen, were Germans. The hours and all the customs were German.

Each meal was announced twice, half an hour between each call, by bugle.

Here again, were the old awnings I hated so cordially; but, as the war was over, we could secure some dispensations which permitted less annoyance than on our first trip.

As we left the sight of the China coast, and steered to the southward, for Singapore, our first calling place, 1,387 miles toward the equator, I made this entry in my diary, "Am resting hard now," and I certainly did make myself lazy for two days.

As we grew acquainted, the fears lightened that we had had that Mrs. Chamberlin would have a hard battle to escape peril in this long voyage. As often,

the experience was proving far less irksome and dangerous than the fears of it. As we bowled along at the rate of three hundred and twenty-five miles daily, ploughing steadily toward the equator, the air never above 88° and, because of the breeze, usually so cool that I wore my rain coat, our hearts grew less anxious. To our surprise we were informed that similar experiences were the rule at this time of the year — August — and that regularly we might anticipate the continuance of these mercies until we arrived at the Red Sea, for the Southwest Monsoon was now blowing, and barring a phenomenon, would steadily continue until long after we had passed beyond its part of the sea.

In four and a half days, or to be exact, four days and fifteen hours, at 12.30 A.M. in the night of Monday and Tuesday, August 21 and 22, we were at the most southern point in all our journey, Singapore, at the extreme end of the Malay Peninsula, about fifty miles north of the equator.

The town looked sleepy for it is on low ground a mile from where we lay, and we retired, only to emerge again at two-thirty, the entire family, to look at the moon. The proximity of the shore heightened the temperature much, and we had little use for our sleeping bags, and much for our electric fan. These sleeping bags were made by sewing together three edges of a sheet, into which receptacle you are supposed to crawl when you seek sleep. The object sought if I am correctly informed, is increased precaution against the gathering cold of the tropics which sets in late in the night. Unconsciously, often a sleeper throws off the ordinary sheet and then contracts a cold when the mercury falls, unless he happens to awake in season to protect himself. But after crawling into the bag, the body confining the under wall of it, the sleeper is almost sure to be better protected through the night, no matter how uneasy or restless he may be; furthermore, the additional physical effort which

HOMEWARD BOUND

is necessary to free the body entirely from the bag acts as a deterrent and therefore often as a protector.

CHAPTER XV

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

In the early morning we moved up to the landing wharf.

I had some misgivings about taking the camera ashore, because, when we went down the two flights that led to the dining-room from our deck there was a sign hung in our faces which declared it to be against



Waiting for us

the law to take pictures in Singapore. I secured more there, however, than at any other port at which we stopped. This prohibition is based on the fact that the city heights are heavily fortified, and England does not care to publish to the world particulars of defenses. A swarm of pedlars invaded us, money



Scenes on the Wharf



Awaiting our Landing

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

changers, sellers of souvenir postal cards, of laces, of collections of postage stamps, of fruit, etc., and it was nine-thirty before we were free to go ashore.

The harbor of Singapore, the exchange point of the East and West with the East African coast, Borneo, Java and Australia, is a wide one. A score of steamers were on all sides, but still no sign of our flag.

We were in the land of the turban and the man-skirt; in a country in which the men wear far more



A Coal Bearer

than the women; and still it is an English Colony.

Jinrickashaws were the prevailing conveyances, drawn by big, happy fellows, almost all, apparently, Chinese coolies.

The Malay is taller than the Chinaman, and possesses features that are much like those of the Caucasian. But Singapore is surely half-Chinese.

Mrs. Chamberlin and a lady friend were out of

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

sight in their jinrickashaws before I was ready to start at all, and I did not see them again until their return. We had until one o'clock; and so notice was posted on board, — three hours and a half in the Malay Peninsula.

I could only get into my jinrickashaw, point to the town and be whirled away, because my stocky Chinese boy knew not a word of English. So I stopped the first policeman, an Englishman, and got him to



My Horse

explain that I desired to go to the steamship office and then to the office of the Chief of Police.

At the latter, I could obtain no promise, that I dared to act upon, that I would not be arrested if I took pictures, so I asked that my coolies be told to take me to the palace of the Governor. There I met a cordial reception from a deputy and in a little time emerged with the necessary permission.

Then I began my picture taking. Singapore,

PERMIT UNDER ORDINANCE XIX OF 1887.

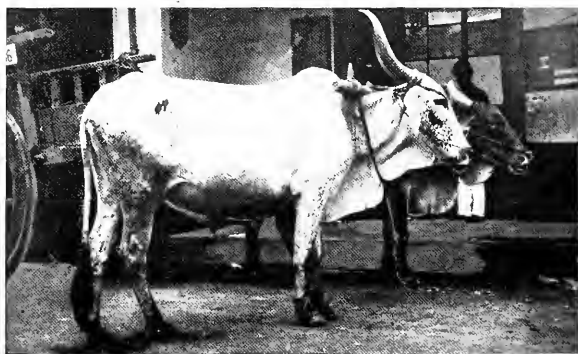
Mr. Fred. Chamberlain
 of United States of America is hereby permitted
 to take photographs or sketches of scenes in Singapore within 3,000 yards
 of the fortifications, provided that none of the fortifications of Singapore
 are shewn in such photographs or sketches. This permission holds good
 for ^{one day only.} ~~a period of one month from the date thereof.~~

E. L. Arbuthnot
 My command
 Deputy of The Governor.

Singapore, 22nd August, 1904



The Jinrickashaw Stand



The Singapore Ox

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

like Hong Kong, is a European city in the Orient, only it does not pave its streets, nor construct very costly buildings. Many of its shops might as well be in Europe. There are several splendid hotels, run according to English standards, and toward them, or toward a restaurant beside a park, where there were tables under awnings, continental drinks and the latest European newspapers, all passengers, except the rest of my family appeared to have directed their coolies.



An Absorbing Transaction

I held up my hand to stop the driver of some oxen and moved him, by a sign, to where I wanted him.

A side-view of these animals shows clearly their strange characteristics. They were gentle and I could see no use whatever for the thin fold of skin that hung so low from the neck.

At this point an English policeman, in dark brown khaki and helmet of the same shade, armed with a

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

billy, accosted me: "Now you know better than to be snapping this thing around 'ere. You know you 'aven't any right to do that; so—"

But the sight of my permit made all right. That occurred several times before one o'clock.

In front of the main post-office I took a scene that exhibits a fondness for green or blue velvet skull caps and for huge plaids.



A Noonday Meal

Seeing a native settlement off the main street, I stepped along the river bank. These films show what was universally true of this city, *i.e.*, that here all except the Chinese liked to have me take their pictures. These last spoiled several films for me by reversing their heads at the opportune time or by running away.

I now hurried to that out-of-door restaurant, changed coolies, had a-monkey-and-a-parrot fight over



Beside the Post-office



Another Repast



Just reached the Cigarettes



My Model enjoys it

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

the fee of the first one, which was finally settled by the intervention of the barkeep who threw down the proper amount and told the man to take it or leave. He did both.

It was already past twelve so I hurried my new horse, the barkeep telling him where I was to be taken. As I left the town I saw some women at work sawing wood by the seashore, and I secured two very good pictures of them so engaged; but I was so hurried and elated at the remarkably good views I had procured,



A Market

the fun of the thing and all, that both were on the same plate, which is not here reproduced. Beside them, however, I stopped a young woman with a basket on her head and with a sign asked her to pose for me, which she was very glad to do.

Rattling along we soon came to an old fellow striding under a Chinese umbrella, carrying his slippers. I alighted, held up my hand for him to raise his head a bit, stood in his path and motioned him to be quiet. He obeyed with exactness.

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A little further along as we passed a young woman who, apparently, was taking her father's dinner to him, I leaped out and motioned her to be quiet. My horse laughed a bit, and I secured two pictures of her. She appeared very pleased at my efforts to amuse her.

Again I stopped, dismounted and secured a group of three, who could not have been more pleased had I tickled the bottoms of their feet. The amount of clothing they showed was remarkable.



Willing to pose

Especially is this so, when a comparison be made with the costume of some workingmen who were at work alongside the highway.

It lacked but two minutes to one, our starting time, as I climbed the gangway after paying my horse fifteen cents per hour; but to my relief and disgust I discovered that there was still a full hour before departure; and such a sight as the "Preussen" was!



Another Restaurant



Hold up your Head



Father's Dinner



Three Little Maids

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

She had been coaled in our absence, and there was evidence thereof to the extent of a thirty-second of an inch of coal dust on everything. At every port we had this same mess. The coal is brought aboard in sacks on the backs of natives, and the fine dust permeates everything, and blackens the faces of every being on the ship.



Warm Work

I returned to the shore to take some views on the wharf.

As we finally drew away from the dock a flock of native canoes accompanied us, whose occupants, by shrill cries, urged us to throw money for which they would dive.

They were utterly reckless and they would descend to an astounding depth and always succeeded in overtaking the shining coin, no matter how swiftly it were hurled. The most skilful of all were a father and his son, a fat little rascal not over four

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS



Results of two Nickels



The last of Singapore

A MORNING IN SINGAPORE

years old. He appeared more at home in the water than in the canoe and they two had their cheeks bulging with our coin when we left them astern.

It was the last of Singapore. We were now headed for Penang, about twenty-eight hours run.

CHAPTER XVI

TO CEYLON

From Singapore to Penang, the distance is 395 miles, throughout which the Captain never slept, nor left the chart room. It was the most dangerous part of the trip, for land loomed up in plain sight, for much of the time, upon either hand; mountainous Sumatra on the left and the Malay Peninsula on the right. We were making the Straits of Malacca.

This sea-going business is far from the exact science it is quite generally understood to be, I fear. As matter of fact, with the sun hidden, no captain living can tell within fifty miles, where he is, for a surety. A current of which he may be wholly unaware, — a current flowing swifter to-day than yesterday, — a heavy drifting wind, — any one of them may send him far from his course; and it is this knowledge that keeps him almost insane with anxiety and uncertainty, except when in the wild open sea. Then he cares not where he is, so long as he is where there is no land within an hundred miles; and he becomes as companionable as any employee can be who has the authority of life and death over a kingdom containing one thousand people, many of whom are his superiors in everything else.

Upon quitting Singapore the air became cool again, the kindly monsoon came from dead ahead, and, with many new faces from Java, Borneo and Singapore, and the continuous sight of land, we were entirely comfortable. That night our linen sleeping bags were insufficient and, as all other coverings had been removed from the cabins, we had recourse to our wardrobe a little before sunrise; and during the day of the twenty-third (August) I wore my rain-

TO CEYLON

coat all day and was still too cool. The glass registered at 79° at noon.

Of Penang we saw little except lights which indicated that the island was of slight elevation, as it was seven-fifteen when we hove-to about a mile from shore. Every officer aboard had promised to see that I went ashore, and every one of them went flat back on me, so that I have the memory that Penang is a very unpleasant place, except for one thing, and that was the wonderful exhibition of phosphorescence which accompanied any disturbance of the water by oar or boat. It was as if the oars dipped very light green electric lights into the water at every stroke, or, again, as if each passing craft dragged an electric shaft after it, beneath the surface of the waving water.

After a stay of an hour and a half, we were away again, now headed due west, at a little less than 6°N. Lat., on the trip of four and a half days to Colombo in Ceylon, the jewel market of all the world, 1084 miles from Penang.

My diary for this trip is as follows:

"Wed. 24th Aug. Cool again last night. Cool all day. Air 80°.

"Thursday, 25th Aug. Cool last night. Salt water baths in a huge sail on deck at 6 A.M. Very cool all day — wore heavy suit and everybody has steamer rugs out. Heavy head wind which we are promised will last until, and even through the Red Sea. Air 82°.

"Friday, 26th Aug. Sea heaviest since leaving San Francisco and too cool to be on deck, even in my blue serge suit (heavy trousers) and raincoat. Have felt near to seasickness all day. Unless this sea goes down I expect it will catch me before very long. Only five at our table last evening, and six this A.M. at breakfast and lunch. A good many disgusted looking people are lying about the decks in their huge chairs. Air 79°.

"Saturday, 27th Aug. Sea quiet to-day. Wore same clothing I wear in the States; and covered with coat all day. Read 3-4 novels. Am still a little shaky. Air 80°." But I escaped.

By this time those of us who had come on at Hong Kong felt as if we owned the ship and conducted its affairs; and our crowd, of course, had some hard things to say about the encroachments of the many impudent people who joined us at Singapore and converted our private yacht into an ocean steamer; and yet I presume these people paid their passage and were entitled to those privileges which we superior people did not want. When there were only a score of us, each could have any place on deck he desired but when the number was doubled, and as many more seven-foot chairs came on, too, whose owners had decided that they wanted their chairs in a certain place all the time, a question arose that has never yet been settled, I am told, by any steamer company: *i.e.*, "Who owns this part of the deck, anyhow?"

Various solutions have been offered. The best one of which I know is to fee the deck steward and, when the offending party is down below, the obliging, forgetful servant will put your chair where you want it and kick the other one around the corner where its owner does not want it.

This gang of interlopers and codfish aristocracy who invaded us at Singapore were mostly Dutch from Java who were going home to the little kingdom of dam towns — Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the rest of the dam family. Splendid, hearty, domestic, frank, honest people whom you would trust with all your money on five minutes acquaintance, with such devotion and content between man and woman as you never saw in any other people — unassuming, modest, plain of dress and speech, but steady, strong, anchored fore and aft, unassailable, a stone wall when convinced that they are right, all in all the best people the world has produced.

They, like the families whom we joined at Hong Kong, were taking Oriental servants to the Continent with them; amahs, they call them, Malay or Chinese servants, male or female, as the taste may desire.

Our friendship with these Europeans who dwell

in the East gave us an insight into the life they live, that, quickly stated, may be interesting. Their houses are filled with servants. So enervating is the heat that soon after one's arrival from Europe, the laziness of the Oriental life is gladly adopted and from that moment until sickness compels a journey home, in a couple of years, the newcomer does nothing physically or mentally that he can get done by a coolie or an amah. The European woman has two or three chair coolies, a sewing amah, two or three for cooks, as many more for general housework, a similar number for the table work, several in the laundry, and a nurse or two. An amah does her mistress's hair, does her manicuring, practically dresses and undresses her, and, between whiles, sits like a spaniel by her chair, stroking her hand and gazing fondly into her face; and if the two can converse in Malay, an exceedingly easy thing to do, the native will jabber along like a happy child hour after hour, or croon a song that seems endless. The mistress never stirs a hand or moves from her long reclining chair. If, by chance she has turned, in a doze, onto the book she was reading, she never reaches to find it. She calls the amah for that purpose. Never does she cross the room to fetch anything. The amah attends to that. If she desires to sleep she never pulls the light shawl by her side over her chest. The amah does it. The amah does everything.

To hire ten of these servants, which is apparently about the average number a modest Eastern home demands, costs from \$25 to \$30 a month, about the cost of a single first-class servant in the States; and she does about as much as the whole lot of them. A dollar a week is an extravagant wage for Malay or Chinese servants, and they board themselves and bring up their always large families on this sum. Fruit and rice are substantially all they need for food; and neither costs anything worth defining. Hence they are usually carried, when accompanying their employers, free of charge on an Asiatic steamer which provides

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

them with a corner somewhere to sleep and the leavings from the table for food.

Is it any wonder that European women contract physical troubles in such surroundings that compel their frequent journeys home? Life for them must be one eternal sacrifice. In the East they are like birds in an unhealthy, hot cage. In Europe they are away from their families for months at a time. There is no contentment to be had.



Chinese Female Amah

We had one Chinese amah aboard to attend one of these invalid ladies. This female servant wore the thin, wide, brown cambric trousers and long roomy sleeved, loose coat reaching to the knees that Chinese men affect so much in the States. She also wore the regulation Chinese padded footwear. She was never out of sight of her mistress night or day, sleeping

TO CEYLON

beside the latter's couch every night, fanning her when sleeping on deck.

The only thing that a European ever appears to say to an amah is in half-formed sentences like "Go fetchee little piecee string — my trunk — look amah, my trunk, top side. Go fetchee, quick. Chop! Chop! Go fetchee!"

In carrying white children, these servants invariably place them over the hip, and let the baby's little legs straddle the waist. The nurse holds one arm loosely behind the child while the other is entirely free.



Betty

The Malay amah, the female, wears but one garment so far as I know, and that a colored calico bag through which she thrusts her head. The whole arrangement reaches to the knees of her ill-shaped legs. Barefooted she is always, and with flat chest, flat head, retreating forehead and irregular, poor teeth, she presents but few agreeable physical characteristics. As the temperate zone is entered she is made to don stockings, shoes and other protectors.

There was one Malay male amah aboard, whose

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

especial charge was a six months old Dutch baby, whose young parents were journeying to their home in Amsterdam from their coffee plantation in Java. He watched "Betty" like a dog. I have the little thing's portrait as she lay asleep in the sunlight, with her mamma, sitting on the deck, tilting up one end of the basket. Betty would sleep in this position for a number of hours each day.

Betty spent the day in the basket, swinging from



Betty's Amah

the upper deck, and, when asleep and her picture were not wanted, she was guarded from insects by an encircling shawl, while beside her, silent, sat her patient, barefooted protector.

To this amah was entrusted every care she required. He was dressed, as the picture somewhat indicates, in short, white duck trousers, a jacket and a broad, vari-colored silk sash under the coat,

the long ends of the sash hanging far down on the left side.

At the first call for breakfast every fellow jumped out of his bunk, wrapped a kimona about him and made for the salt water tubs, between decks. As on the "Sherman" each passenger could engage a tub for a certain twenty minutes each day, by writing his name on a list opposite the time desired. If anybody was late or early, and of course, he was usually one or the other, he found out the name of the man who should have been there and wasn't, and inserted his own name, so that there was an apparent justification for the theft or error.

If a man desired, he sat about by the half-hour before or after his bath in his kimona, — many of which were very rich and beautiful, — and his bare feet, shins and throat were no bars to the entry into any society on board. Groups of a number of chatting, smoking men, so attired, and their lady friends seated or standing about a large table on deck loaded with fruits, cakes and coffee — a before breakfast breakfast — were accompaniments of each day.

The table on this boat was extraordinary. It was fully equal, except in variety, to that on the "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," the premier hotel now crossing the Atlantic, and in respect to fruit was far in advance of it. Some of the Far Eastern fruits excel any we have, so far as my taste is concerned. I have never yet seen or tasted any fruit in the States or the Continent which approaches the mangostine in delicacy.

But the frequent stops which we made at large ports afforded opportunity for the purchase of fresh meats and other supplies, so that there were no indications from the appearance or taste or effect of the food, that we were not dining at a first-class German hotel on land.

The only thing I did not like about the dining-room were those eternal punkahs, which, swinging back and forth, propelled by the young Chinese who sat on the floor just outside the main entrance, swatted

me in the nose nearly every time I sat down or arose from the table. And in time of danger from seasickness! think of the effect — perhaps, however, I should not advise that — upon a man just fighting to keep on his feet, seated at a table and looking up and seeing half the ceiling moving toward him, then receding and regularly returning. Then I hurried for the open deck, and when feeling at all squeamish thereafter I ordered my food brought to my chair on the deck and, in the hotter days, that was the rule pursued by most of the passengers.

Breakfast was no sooner out of the way and the day fairly begun when the band struck in at eleven for the first extra luncheon, — tea, coffee, lemonade, crackers, all sorts of sandwiches and cakes, which was passed about the deck. Then came luncheon proper. "Tiffin" we had left in China.

Then everybody went to sleep, on deck if the day were warm, below if cool. That was when those couch chairs became the best things ever, for with two or three cushions they were far preferable to any others aboard.

But the kids got after us. Besides the Arabian and his wife, a Chinaman, or two, several English women with their children, babies with amahs, etc., etc., there had sneaked in unbeknown to us a pest that nearly disrupted our party, in the guise of a captain in the German army, monocle and all who, with his wife, by reason of his great position was given place at the Captain's right. They, this couple, had two beer-drinking baby boys, who drank all the mugs dry that they could get their little hands onto, and the way they would howl was wonderful. They were of the kind that howls like so many coyotes and the father, being a gentleman, could only whip them. It was explained to me that German officers have to be gentlemen, but this one was nothing but a human hog, caring only for himself, entirely regardless of the comfort, wishes, or rights of others, — a perfect cad.

But how to stop the kids? That was the ques-

tion. They had successively halted their train of cars and tooted beside every sleeping passenger who lay happily dreaming in his chair so often that a council of war was held, and the Captain told to help us. He only said, "What can I do? Drown them?"

That baby problem is also another thing that will have to be arranged before I again agree to spend a whole month on a boat with a dozen squalling babies.

Mrs. C. solved the riddle. One day when we were all about crazy with so much yelling and spanking, she screeched in answer to the German army nuisances, mocking them perfectly; and after this had been done a number of times, it dawned upon the thick-headed army officer that something was being said to him; and thereupon he kept his calliopes in a remote part of the ship.

Hardly was one awake after the siesta when the band tooted once more at four o'clock for more sandwiches, cakes, etc., etc., and then came the formal dinner, at which about half of the men appeared in dress suits and half, without; and the little band turned into an orchestra. After that about everybody, ladies and all, except our little circle, rushed for the gentleman's smoking room. The band played on the main deck with mugs of beer between the legs of its members, from eight-thirty to nine-thirty. There was a last service of large beers and the day was done. Our family varied this continuously with an hour of walking each evening.

So you see, it was a continuous case of eat, music, eat, music; eat, music; and drink beer.

With such an outrageous course of diet, in an enervating climate, confined, as we were, to a small area, it is a wonder that anybody escaped alive. Had I not dodged, this story would never have been written.

The greatest excitement of each day, however, was provided by the sweepstakes, the pool on the day run of the ship. Forty numbers were placed folded in a box. For a mark (twenty cents) one could blindly draw one number. The number drawn

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

that nearest approximated the exact distance covered by the ship in the past twenty-four hours, took all the money, \$8.00. On occasions, the stakes were increased. At this game the Chamberlin family became notorious. Of the fifteen contests of this character, either Mrs. C. or I won in nine, until the rest of the contributors were astounded, — some angry, — many suspicious. In all we won about \$60. We intended to spend it all on the last night of the voyage in a huge champagne



The Quartette

punch to the ship, but many became so angry at our continual wins that we kept the money just out of spite. Besides, we were getting short, anyhow.

One day I happened to be leaning over the forward rail when I recognized a face for which I had been searching. Its owner was a full professor in one of the largest law schools in the United States, who was traveling third-class on an Asiatic steamer, in the summer time, with several hundred ill-smelling

Chinamen, Malays and Cingalese; an experience beside which a steerage passage on an Atlantic liner would have been a fête. He plainly showed the signs of wear. I had no idea he was in the steerage. In the second-class was where I had placed him. He was just completing his journey around the world, and the entire trip would not cost him over \$300, including everything, the trip across Europe and America. From Manila to New York his passage was only \$130. But, great as was the saving, it is not an experience that I could advise; nor, do I believe, he would. He was a pretty forlorn looking object when I saw him, and the work of bad air, poor food, filth and disgust at his inevitable companions had made havoc in his cheeks.

The Captain of the "Sherman" should know that the decks of the "Preussen" were washed at the luncheon hour, that no fatal results ensued and that we all slept better at night for the change.

While we were asleep in the cool night of Saturday, the twenty-seventh of August, our white ship crept into Colombo harbor, another English port, and dropped anchor at about a quarter mile from shore.

CHAPTER XVII

FOUR HOURS IN CEYLON

The ship was early astir on Sunday the twenty-eighth of August, and before seven the patter of many bare feet, the chatter of a strange tongue and scurrying visions of dark faces and black hair told us that we were in a new land.

By eight o'clock and without breakfast half a dozen of us were climbing down the gangplank into one of the small rowboats, covered with an awning of sheeting, that surrounded us — their owners shouting their desire for custom. The sun was already furiously hot and covered carriages of American style (carryalls) drawn by large Australian horses were procured for the trip that all steamer passengers take while the ship is coaled and provisioned — the visit to Mt. Lavinia. We had until 12.20, noon.

Native policemen abounded at the wharves, and as they could speak English we impressed their services to secure our carriages and adjust the prices, which, like the charges for the ferry from the ship to shore — twenty-five cents — are fixed by public regulations, an English thought for strangers which is further shown by the presence on steamers of pamphlets containing these things and many other facts useful to the hurried traveler. This was the land of the rupee, thirty-three and one-third cents, and we were warned that nothing else would be accepted except at English establishments and then at heavy rates of exchange. What that means may be understood when I paid forty cents to change £5 (English — \$25 American) to rupees.

There is one splendid thing about an English colony in the East. There is no opportunity for enforcing exorbitant charges for public service and all

FOUR HOURS IN CEYLON

such conveniences are exceedingly reasonable. Under no other Government in the world would you, I am sorry to say, find a law enforcing—and enforced, too, right up to the handle—the rate that boatmen shall charge for carrying passengers to and from a steamer in the harbor.

Lavinia is a wooded promontory some five miles from town, on the highest point of which, jutting far out into the sea, is located the Mt. Lavinia Hotel, a first-class English retreat, from whose open rooms



By the Road

one may see miles of tall nodding palms fringed by the white surf, breaking in broad curves on a white beach.

To reach this spot, one rides entirely through the town, which is almost wholly English in architecture and all modern. English soldiers, in khaki, and cork helmets are often met. Until away from the city as many Caucasians meet the eyes as natives. Once free of the town, with the broad, well-kept

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

streets, we rode along on a hard, wide road, by the sea, past a huge European hotel, beside wide parks, a polo club, a parade ground — always the accompaniments of an English garrison town, — past beautiful residences, half-hidden in waving palms, huge leaved tropical plants, long hedges and fern trees, with flowers and lawns that led to the sea whose white foam could be seen crested like an endless waving wall beyond; past less pretentious places, on either side

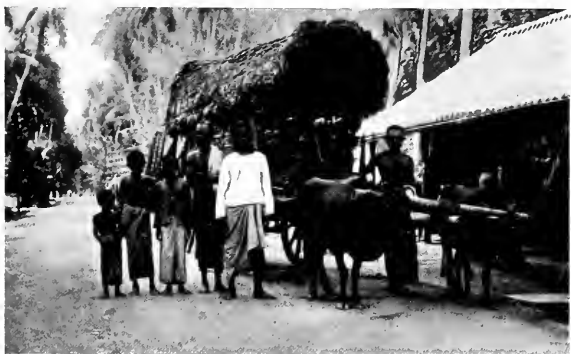


The Tomb and the Sea

of the street, all hidden in gardens of flowering shrubs like the homes in Honolulu, and each little house had its name on the gate.

Then the native houses began to appear, low, of stone, with picturesque red-tiled roofs which project so that half of the home is out of doors, half within.

The draught work is done by small oxen and the native vehicle is a large cart set on two wheels,



Cingalese Cart



A Wayside Group



FOUR HOURS IN CEYLON

the body thatched on the sides and above with bamboo and nipa or its equivalent, a house on wheels.

The Ceylonese or Cingalese, as you or I may please, are unquestionably the best looking of the black races, that the world affords. Their countenances, carriage, build and strength are those of the Caucasian. They are erect, broad-shouldered, tall, deep-chested, and enjoy good teeth. They dress as is shown in the pictures; that is, the older ones do.

One characteristic, however, is wanting in the pictures, and that is the long hair of many of the natives, which they coil about the top of the head in a shining black braid, of which they take great care, and which is held in place by a tortoise-shell comb—usually beautifully transparent, for we were at the home of the tortoise.

The younger folk dress like the young gentleman clad in a piece of twine, and whose picture follows.

I readily ascertained that I was not the first American who had seen that little fellow. Some passing transport to or from the Philippines had brought an American soldier to that boy. It was a soldier trick if I know one. That was a Winchester shell hung about the little fellow's hips by that frail piece of store cotton string. His bracelets and necklace he may have procured elsewhere, but a private in our volunteers furnished the rest.

On either hand as we proceeded further from town, were beautiful palm groves, whose tall trunks burst up through thick foliage, and for the last mile we rode in sight of the sea on a soft forest road overhung with palms so thick that no hot rays could reach us. Little beggars were beside us, turning somersaults, or clinging to our carriage till a small army of them had collected. Our repeated refusals, however, tired them and they soon left us for other prey already in sight behind us. When, however, a young mother with a babe sucking at her breast ran alongside, with appealing hand extended, we could no longer resist and "gave up" freely.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

"The Lavinia" we found a delightful place reached by a long lane of tropical gardens. It had wide verandas and rooms open to the air, which came in a soft breeze from the sea that almost surrounds the spot. A broad lawn, rustic seats, shady nooks grown over rocks lashed in foam, afforded an attractive feast for eyes that were hungry for the Occident, and had seen enough of the Orient to last for some period.

Beautiful teak wood furniture, wonderfully carved,



Protected by American Shells

adorned large parlors. A score of English gentlemen, — guests, — were eating in all sorts of places, apparently wherever they asked to have a table set; and we, taking the cue, asked to be served on the lawn in the shade. At once a table was set not over a hundred feet from the sounding surf below us, and we devoted ourselves to an English menu.

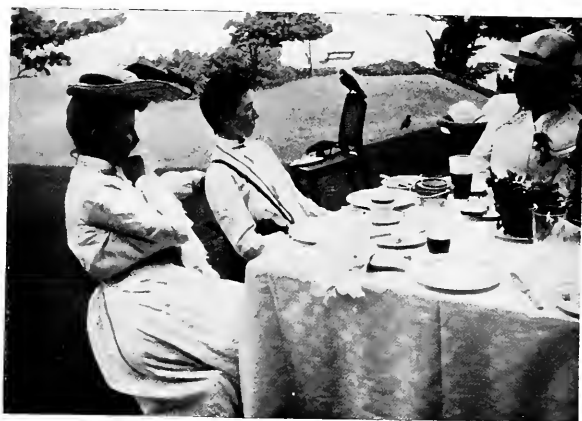
Hardly were we seated when many ravens began

FOUR HOURS IN CEYLON

to gather on the roof above our heads in the near shrubbery and then on the lawn by our feet. Often one more courageous than the rest, would dart down onto our serving table, snatch a remnant and escape from the scolding Cingalee who attended us. I then set a plate of crumbs for them in a chair about six feet away from us, and they besieged it.

Back to town we went, and a hot ride it was.

We passed a group, however, which would make a famous picture; as, however, it was on the shady



The Ravens

side of the street, I could not secure an instantaneous photograph of it. Seated on the curb, beneath a tile roof, was an old native gentleman, with nothing on but a pair of slippers and a towel skirt. His deep, broad chest was black with a very heavy growth of curly hair. His hair, interspersed with gray, was coiled like a serpent on the crown of the head, and a huge tortoise comb, half-circular, was set upright in the back of it. Low down on his nose rested a huge pair of

tortoise rimmed spectacles with round glasses fully an inch and a half in diameter, the largest I ever saw on a human being. Through these his eyes were slowly following his index finger as it picked out the letters in a biblical looking book, which lay on his knees. Aloud he read his conclusions to a wondering group of native men who sat on their haunches before and beside him, their faces solemnly, earnestly turned to his. They paid no attention to my interest in their movements and I felt the occasion was too sacred to be interrupted by an ignorant visitor; and I would not ask them to sit quietly for so long an exposure as would have been necessary. If I ever saw a sacred picture there it was,—heathen, idolaters, Buddhists or whatever those people were, they were trying to find out about God.

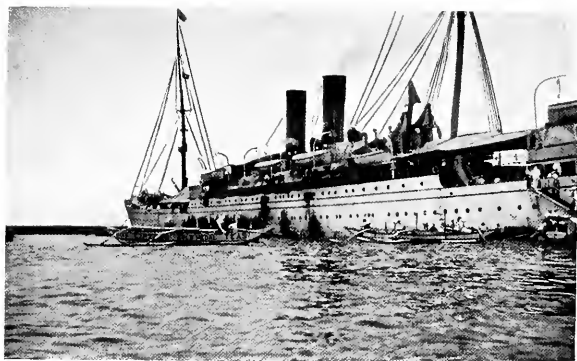
Hurrying along, we were soon at the shops and here, even if it was Sunday morning, we bargained up to the last thirty seconds, watch in hand. We would have braved losing the steamer, but we had no money nor had any of our party. We had borrowed from them and they from us, and when all were "busted" we loaded ourselves with bundles and started for the water-front. Meeting other passengers, we raised a loan sufficient to pay the boatman to take us back to the ship, of which I took a picture as we rounded toward the gangway.

There is an advertisement on one of the outlying boats which I shall not further describe, as I shall get nothing from the man who paid for it.

By the side of our ship were some fellows, in rude, frail craft with wide outriggers, merchants patiently holding their wares to the view of our passengers far above them.

Then came the last moments of barter. It is in the last five minutes of the stay of a great steamer that advantageous bargains are to be had. Prices then reach their lowest level. On both sides it is a case of "now or never," and usually it is "now."

As for myself I gave my attention to the diving boys.



Drink Tea



The Merchant



FOUR HOURS IN CEYLON

Their watermanship is wonderful, and I have never seen one fail to secure the little shining coin. Their greatest skill, however, is shown in the management of their canoes. These latter are made to leap forward or back, far to one side or the other like ridden cayuses.

It is about forty feet from the Captain's deck to the water, but any of these boys were glad to shin up the smooth sides of our craft and leap far out for a dime.



Papa! I Dive!

A little rat in the above picture crawled up to where he is shown, beside Mrs. Chamberlin, held out his hand to me and shouted "Papa! I dive — Papa!" I'll admit my face was crimson, and "Papa" was hurled at me for the rest of the voyage.

We were started on our 2100 miles journey of a week, for Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea. As we moved, the divers redoubled their clamor and they finally had to be beaten off the ship's sides by a broom

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

wielded by a stout German sailor boy, who pounded their little hands till they screamed in pain and dropped down into the surging waters thirty feet below.

These and three naked boys balancing themselves on a treacherous log on which they had paddled from shore, dancing up and down, singing "Tarrah rah Boom de Ay, Tarrah rah Boom de Ay" with all their lungs, was the last I recall of Colombo.

A week was to pass before we could again step ashore.

CHAPTER XVIII

THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

A great note of rejoicing swept the good ship from stem to sternpost when we were free from Ceylon and headed straight to the northwest; for now the German beer could be tapped. So far Japan beer had been used, which only served to stimulate the German appetite for its native brew.

Now the wind shifted some, and, by complaining to our fellow passengers that we did not like our cabin, we kept many of those poor people who were in rooms between decks from occupying No. 2, the companion to our own, on the other side of the ship; and into that we now moved; and whenever the wind shifted back again of a night, we went back, too, so that we were always sure of any breeze there was. On more than one occasion we occupied both rooms during the same night, being awakened by the sudden warmth caused by the departure of the breeze.

The only entries in my diary for the first days of this part of the voyage are the distance traveled, the ship's location, and the temperature of 82° on the first day, 84° on the second, and 80° on the third, which was the last day of August.

That day, my diary reads: "Very cool. Overcoat day. The birthday of the Queen of Holland. A wild night, I tell you, with free champagne, free champagne punch, and free beer, etc., etc. Holy smoke!"

Of what took place I shall set down but little for permanent record. This is a yea and nay vote and I am always very careful about such things. Indeed I am not quite sure that I ever knew just what did occur after ten o'clock, although I am informed that I left the field of battle shortly after midnight.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

At dinner, there were great goings on, speeches in Dutch and German, toasts and champagne for all the heads that wore crowns until I felt as if I had on the biggest one that ever was made. The fat little captain, in a dress uniform, which, when he sat down, hunched up to the bare spot on the back of his cranium and fairly hid the bottom of his red ears, made a little guttural speech and everybody shouted "Hoch! hoch!" and I thought of Admiral Coghlan. Betty's handsome Dutch papa responded and there were more "Hochs." The band played the German and Dutch national anthems out of tune — the band had been celebrating, too — and, when adorned in miniature Dutch flags and wearing paper fool-caps, we succeeded in climbing upstairs, the orchestra tooted a waltz, and the carnival was on till blamed near sunrise.

Gee! but what a night that was! I lived two years in four hours.

Vide next Exhibit, to wit: (my diary for the next day.)

"Thursday, 1st Sept. The day after. My mouth tastes like quassia. Ugh! — and with a heavier sea than yesterday I am almost seasick. I slept this afternoon. Air 78°. Several flying fish came aboard on our deck, one six inches and one ten inches long.

"Friday, 2nd Sept. We won the sweepstakes, 28 marks (\$7.00). Very cool. Overcoat and rug all day with vest on. Heaviest sea of the trip. Slept Friday and Saturday night with sheets, blanket and overcoat on and blind (of window) half-closed. No fan on. Worked all day upon report. Going by Escotra (mountainous island on the outside of Cape Guardafui, on the northeast corner of Africa) all day to-day. Sea birds — gulls — at four p.m. Air 81°.

"Saturday, 3rd Sept. Woke up at six, to find it warm and no sea. Sun shining. Passed small fishing schooner on port, a quarter of a mile away, with all sails furled.

"Worked all day on report. Air 89°, the hottest since Hong Kong."

THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

This was the last night before the Red Sea and we could understand enough to fear a breezeless passage between the hot desert sands that bound it a thousand miles on each side. With no moving air, the trip was a frightful thing to contemplate, when here we were, way out at sea in a temperature of 89° and already beginning to suffer for air. That temperature would increase, we knew, and for nearly four days and nights, for it is a good 1200 miles through the Red Sea, we could secure no relief — and add twenty-four more for the Suez Canal, worse still, with the sands so near. The outlook was very gloomy.

But before noon our breeze came back and hope with it; but it was still uncomfortable. That night many slept on deck. A hundred of the third class slept or tried to sleep in the air; those, who had any, in chairs, on the deck below, but the most of them stretched out on the hatches and the smooth deck.

On our deck and in the second cabin, half the passengers occupied their chairs, clad in kimonas and wrappers. Our family employed our fan, and had a good night.

The next day, Sunday, Sept. 4th, we awoke to find the Arabian coast near us on the starboard, and a more discouraging looking place mortal eye never beheld. It was brown. There was not a growing thing in the landscape, not a blade of grass — simply burnt earth, far as the eye could reach. Before breakfast we were off Aden.

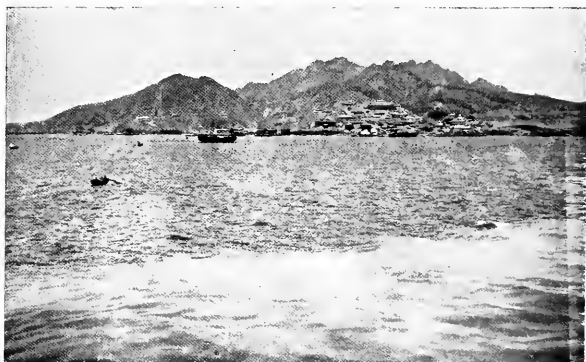
"Look! Look!" was cried, and there right in the midst of the rowboats, the owners of which had come to show us their wares or to take us ashore, were the fins of huge sharks elevated two feet above the water — great fellows, twenty feet long and there darting in and out they remained as long as the ship lay to. Seldom have I seen anything that appeared more gruesome.

Hereabouts, too, had been many of the world's tragedies. Within fifty miles of here, a wrecked crew

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

had been eaten by cannibals, and that within a few years. Other unfortunates had lately been carried away into slavery. We were in one of the worst localities on the globe, and those sharks did not improve its appearance any.

The venders in the boats threw up little balls attached to cords, to which were tied such articles as we desired to see. These were drawn up, and we were busy with ostrich plumes, koodoo horns and heads, souvenir postal cards, desert armor, etc., etc. The



Off Aden

price indicated was usually more than double what was eventually paid before the bargaining was done.

Hailing a row-boat we started ashore after agreeing on the price for the service on offering different coins until the amount was satisfactory to both sides, a very reasonable sum, an English shilling for each passenger.

No sooner were we ashore than a horde of natives, with carriages, attached themselves to us and could not be driven off until we disappeared within a hotel,



By Aden



The Landing

THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

which was about the first place to visit, as we had had no breakfast.

My, but what a place that was! Hotel! We couldn't find the drawing room. There was a dining room, and after a hot half hour spent in bargaining, in the shop which took up the larger part of the building, we ate elsewhere — on the narrow veranda, where, by this time, a score of our friends were engaged similarly or with iced drinks.

This is where ostrich feathers may be bought for



On the Highway

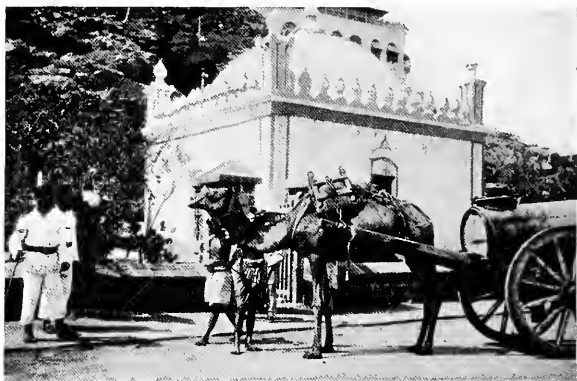
a song, and the "Preussen" carried to Europe many tubes of them purchased for even less than that.

Armor, swords, strange Soudan and Sahara pieces, a desert musical instrument, a Japanese sword and a rhinoceros shield from Abyssinia fell to my lot, while Mrs. Chamberlin secured many things of a finer nature.

That was the hottest and the most detestable place I have ever visited. There is not one thing about it that is fit for any human being.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

While Mrs. C. was purchasing, I hired a young boy of eighteen without any shirt, as a guide. He took me to the cable station, near our landing place. Opposite the cable office was a tomb. I tried to get a good picture of a camel and the tomb on one film, so related are they, but the drivers were so ugly that they would not stop and pose for me. At last, an English officer of police — Aden is another English port — came out of a building, evidently the police station, and observed the ungraciousness of one of



Beside the Tomb

the camel drivers who had sneered at my request — expressed by signs. He at once spoke sharply to two native policemen, who made after the native, seized his camel by the bridle, turned the outfit about and brought it back, with its now sputtering, balking driver, and compelled that gentleman to pose his steed where I indicated. If that native called me half the things he looked — as well as said — and he said a good many — he will not have opportunity ever to fight me in the next world, *i.e.*, if he gets his deserts.

THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

I made my best bow to my English cousin, who was very glad, he assured me, to accommodate a traveler.

The natives are an ugly, monkey-faced lot, black as the ace of spades, some clad in a short piece of cloth tied at the waist, some in loose linen—children naked except for a breech cloth. Nobody had a smile except the children. Life in that terrible place was too hard for “the genial current of the soul” long to remain unbaked. All in all, they looked as disgusted



Principal Street

as I was after I had been there an hour.

The architecture is Egyptian, — low, square mud houses, — but just as I was engaged in making history of some of it, my camera stuck fast and I had to hunt for a dark room and some new films, for I had no more.

That dark room experience was more uncomfortable, physically, than the one at the top of the house in Canton but was devoid of any feeling of

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

danger. I spent just thirty-five minutes in a room in the hotel, ten feet square, with every window and door fastened. I drew the curtains, but it was not sufficiently dark; and then I stripped the bed of its sheets and took up the rugs; and by tying these — succeeding only after many failures in making them fast upon the two windows, the two keyholes and several huge cracks that were under the doors, I had a fair place in which to work. I stumbled over furniture which in my haste I had misplaced and, shutting



The Veiled Lady

myself into a dresser adjusted my camera, injected some new films, which the hotel store had in abundance, and threw open the doors. The thermometer outside that day, in the sun was 107°. What it was in that room when I was perched on a rickety chair standing on my tip-toes and trying to reach up an inch or two more than my height would admit, all the while striving to pin up a heavy Persian rug over a window, reaching, stretching, dropping the rug, then picking

THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

it up again and beginning all over anew, I make no estimate. I have never dared to do so.

Everything that any of our passengers wore that day was wet as if rained upon. Huge spots of perspiration showed on the backs of about everybody from the shoulders to the hips. Beads of it rolled down the face and dropped on to our clothing, the floor, our plates, our purchases. Large beads stood out all over the body and a perfect brook followed the curves of my backbone. Patches of wet cloth clung to the



Fire-wood

knees and all in all we were drenched.

A carriage was now engaged to ride through the town, a bit of a place set into the side of the dirt hill, with perhaps two hundred houses.

I took a picture of camels laden with fire-wood. I tried to get a good picture of the man in the foreground but he struck at me, snarled and cursed — I assume that he did, of course, as his language was unintelligible except as he scowled and sounded angry, spat at me and turned away.

The conditions here are the hardest I have seen to which a man must submit, to live. That these people can live to old age in this sand, under such a sun, is beyond my comprehension, and I do not wonder that they are ugly.

The women all wore veils that come up to the eyes, and long, flowing, dark, ample skirts, but as they ran every time they saw me looking at them — an entirely needless precaution on their part — I could not secure a very good picture of them.

The monkey characteristics and snarly disposition of these natives are well shown in one of the pictures which includes part of our carriage.

But it was ten-thirty. We had to hurry then and soon, foolishly paying our boatmen in advance, our party, Mrs. C., Mrs. Dallon of Singapore and her two boys were being rowed with our plunder from shore by four half-naked, ugly-looking young fellows.

Instead of steering for the "Preussen" they, despite my expostulations, proceeded straight out to sea and left a native boy on an English war vessel. We were a half-mile from our destination, now in a heavier sea than such a boat should have been with our load, and we had less than ten minutes to spare if our ship sailed on the minute, as she was likely. You may imagine that just then was the moment when I perspired the most freely on this memorable day, and matters came to a crisis when we started for another ship still further away from our own. I leaped to my feet, drew a huge, keen, shining Japanese sword half out of its black sheath and made for the man nearest me. He promptly shielded his body with his oar, slipped backward and shouted vehemently "Sit down! sit down!"

"Well, row then!" I answered pointing to the "Preussen;" and row they did, in the direction indicated, postponing to a later hour their other errand.

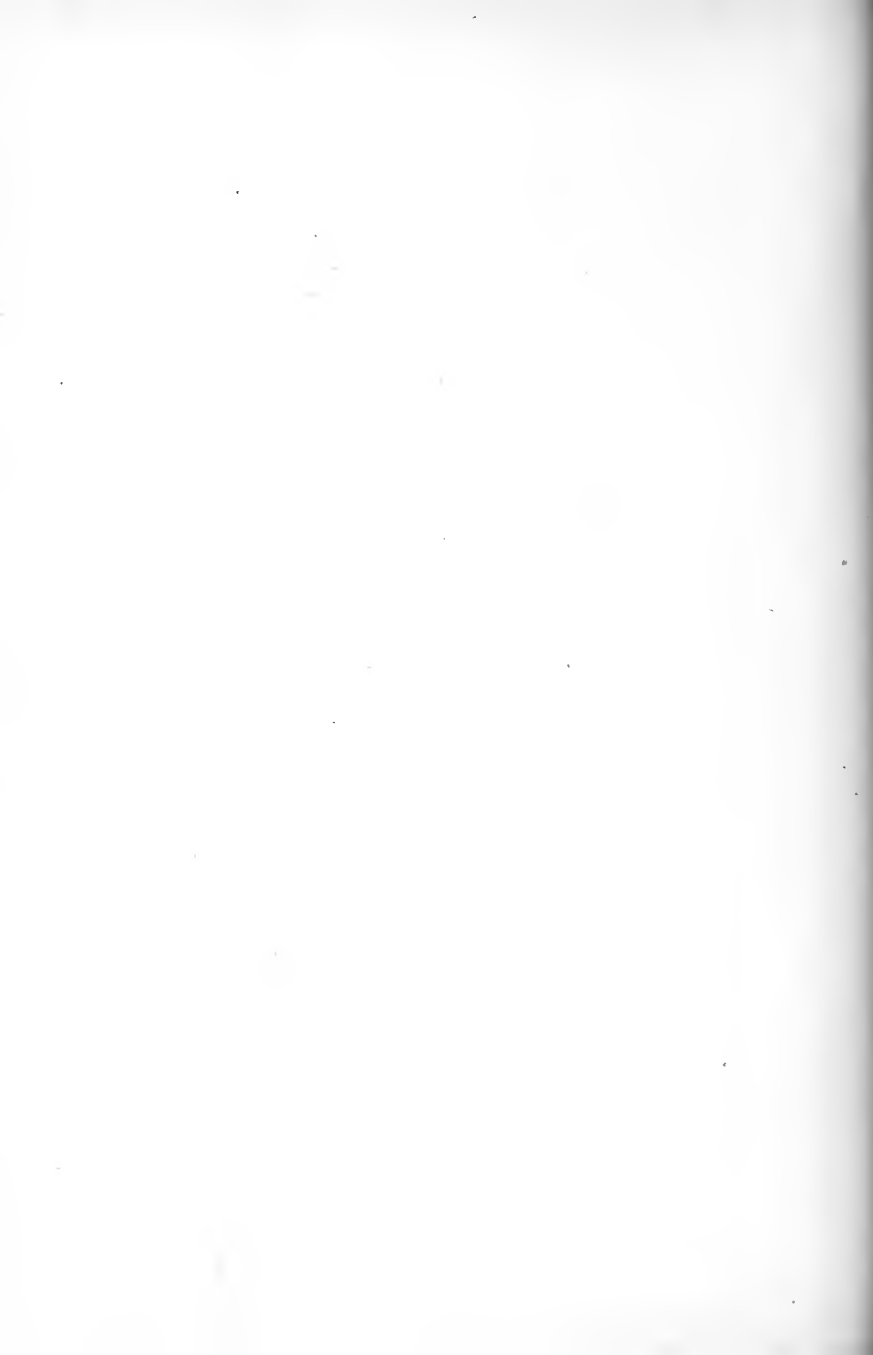
The big ship whistled a warning note. We could see visitors leaving and I shouted to my crew,



A Side Street



The Aden Snarl



THREE HOURS IN ARABIA

and showed them some money. This made our boat leap, and my anxiety was over.

A flood fell on us from a runaway two-inch hose that was being used to wash down the decks in our absence. This event confused us a good deal, and the rolling of the ship did not add to our steadiness. To cap all, when the German sailor on the gangway seized the nose of our boat, two of my crew began to quarrel about which should take our packages aboard for, of course, the one who did would procure a tip; and in the very midst of all the sloshing, pitching, and bounding from the steamer's side and other boats that bumped into us — for several were trying to land at the same time — these two fellows started a first-class fight, pulling each other's hair and clawing each other's faces. Had the "Preussen" sailor not had hold of our boat we should surely have capsized. I snatched our bundles from the bottom of the boat, where they had been dropped by the fighters, threw them on to the gangway, and then helped the ladies past the struggling, pitching natives. The German, waiting till the ship turned toward us, reached for Mrs. Chamberlin's hand and pulled her toward him as she leaped from our gunwale. The distance, however, was too great, and our careening boat was too uncertain, so that she only got one knee on the gangway. That splendid German, however, held her firm and in a second she was up. Mrs. Dallan had good luck, as our calculations were better. The boys and I sprang at about the same time and landed in one heap; but landed. I did not even stop to see the end of the fight but hurried for Mrs. Chamberlin and found her white and weak, suffering from mental collapse, due to fright and great pain; for her right leg, which did not reach the gangway when she tried to leap aboard, had swung underneath and struck the nose of another boat with some violence. It was several hours before she was fully revived, and as many days before she regained her accustomed mental poise.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RED SEA

At Aden, in the hotel, we had carefully inquired from passengers who had but just that day come through the Red Sea, as to the weather, and their reports were very encouraging although it was a frightful story they told. They had not had a breath of air except what came from behind them — which meant that they had none at all — although they reported that the wind was a heavy one. That was splendid news for us, as it would give us a strong headwind.

Our informants, however, had had a terrible experience. As was often the case in this passage, lives had been given up. There was no sleep to be had, and passengers lay hour after hour panting for air, trying to get more into the lungs, slowly stifling. Nobody should ever make the trip unless there is a favoring wind, who is not in the best of health.

To the most of my readers I assume it will be a surprise when I say the Red Sea is over 1200 miles long, and 200 wide through much of its length. I know I had deemed it but a small pool of water, when in fact it is about half as long again as the journey through our own Great Lakes.

The whole ship was agog now, for which I was primarily responsible. We wanted to visit the pyramids while the ship was passing the Suez Canal. The railroad runs from Suez, at the southern entrance to the canal, to Cairo, and from there to Port Said at its northern entrance. From the time of arrival at Suez till the steamer sailed into the Mediterranean from Port Said usually twenty-four hours elapsed, and that was all we needed if we happened to arrive at Suez at about six in the evening. That would give us the first

THE RED SEA

half of the next morning at the great mounds. It was the chance of a lifetime, for most of us, we knew; and we wanted to go. But the Captain was opposed. He had contracted a cold, drunk a good deal of port wine and become surly; and he didn't want to do anything, nor did he want anybody else to do anything; but with more than a score of his passengers determined to go if possible, we felt that we could make him toe the mark if we only reached Suez at train time, late in the afternoon.

If regular speed were maintained, it was certain that we would reach Suez at noon which would defeat us; but we continued to lay our plans.

My diary gives fairly the story of our next several days:

"Monday, 5th Sept. Last night first after leaving Aden was the first in the Red Sea. I slept with no covering. Good breeze blowing and not uncomfortable at all. Breeze to-day all day on port, not at all hot, if one sits where the breeze is.

"I win sweepstakes to-day. Really, this is too easy money, 28 marks. Air, 91, 2-5°.

"Tuesday, 6th Sept. Cooler than yesterday, a little too cool without a vest. Having headwind and whitecaps. Hotter sun at 7 A.M. than I have ever seen at noon-day. Sun would bore right into one's head.

"Mrs. C. woke up yesterday with a boring forehead headache; continues to-day, but is somewhat abated. We slept in No. 1 last night till 6 A.M., then changed to No. 2. Air 88°.

"Wednesday, Sept. 7th. Cool last night. Very strong wind from dead ahead, and as heavy a sea as we have had at all since leaving San Francisco. Madame — was almost drowned in her berth at 3 A.M. last night by a big wave entering the port-hole and flooding even the upper berth. Much of her clothing was injured and the shock made her ill. She was sound asleep at the time. She told Mrs. C. that just as she had succeeded in pulling her wet night

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gown over head, and was wrestling to get her head free of it the first Steward rushed in and closed the port.

"It was so cool last night that we had to sleep with our sheets on."

My, but we were lucky!

The sun of Canton is not to be compared with the sun of the Red Sea. As just noted, the sun over the desert at 7 A.M. is far more scorching than any sun I have ever elsewhere seen at noontime. Nobody who reads this would seriously consider the acceptance of \$50 to stand uncovered for three minutes in the direct rays of the desert sun. The great ball seems doubled in magnitude, its rays trebled in intensity. It is the only sun I ever saw of which I was frightened, and to see it rise, as we did, over the brown sands of the Arabian desert, without a living thing in sight, animal, man, or vegetable, was a picture never to be forgotten. A thousand miles to the eastward, four thousand to the westward, that terrible power had blasted the face of the earth so that nothing created by God or man could live in its soil, parched it, browned it till it was the great waste of the globe.

The heavy head wind had delayed us, bearing us back hour by hour, and we were jubilant. We were almost sure to be at Suez just at the most favorable time, at 4 P.M. Our train for Cairo would leave Suez at 5 P.M., arrive at Cairo at ten-forty that night, where we would have till 11.00 A.M., which would give us ample time. This would place us at the Pyramids by the first rays of the great sun as it came up over the desert, an experience of priceless value, and we would be at the "Preussen" in Port Said at 5.50 P.M.

Not once in twenty times did a ship leave Port Said under twenty-four hours after arriving at Suez; and, besides, the regular running time from Port Said to Naples, of three days and eight hours, a certain factor of the problem, would bring us at the latter port by midnight if we left Port Said at six, and there was no use in getting into Naples in the middle of the

THE RED SEA

night. Nobody could board us till sunrise. As the Captain's principal argument was that our train might be late, he had nothing at all to offer in opposition when it was called to his attention that he would lose nothing by waiting several hours for us, if we were tardy, as, if the ship did not leave Port Said till ten that night (which would allow our train from Cairo to be delayed four hours in a run to Port Said of only



Betty and her Mother disagree

about 150 miles, we would still anchor in Naples at 6 A.M., an hour too early for any medical inspection.

But he was obdurate, just balky. That was all — just wouldn't; and I soon found that he was discouraging the project in casual conversation with passengers. We had determined to appeal to the company's agent at Suez to order the captain to wait for us at Port Said, and as all our success depended

upon the unanimity with which we made our demands, the captain was pursuing very shrewd tactics to undermine those who were weak-kneed.

At four-ten we lay-to, off Suez, a mile out. The agent was at our side as the anchor dropped, and the Captain promised faithfully to propitiate him at once, to have the latter's steam yacht take us to the depot and to order the ship to await at Port Said up to seven or eight in the evening, at least.

Here we had a close medical inspection by French, English and German physicians who successively looked at every passenger of each class. The ladies were examined by an English woman.

The pyramid people fretted a good deal, but no word came down to us from the Captain's cabin, till I could see that he had us beaten. We could not catch the regular train nor arrange for a special before the "Preussen" would be away. We were tricked by the sly, fat German. It was the great disappointment of the trip.

The most I could do was to go ashore and cable for money to be sent to Naples and the agent placed his swift launch at my disposition for that; and of all the passengers I had the honor of being the only one to see Suez. It is a small place in the sand, half-European, half-native, with a large building for canal offices, a mosque and rows of low mud houses. The day was too far spent to admit of taking any pictures but I was in the land of the turban, the sandal, the long cotton robe, the veiled faces of women, the land of the white crescent on the red flag, and the land of the red fez. My companion was the son of the agent, who was also the German consul, and we could only converse in French.

Still, — no vessel flying the American flag.

CHAPTER XX

FOUR HOURS IN EGYPT

At seven-fifteen in the evening of Thursday, Sept. 8th, we entered the Suez Canal. A searchlight had been attached forward, and this, aided by those of coming vessels, kept the waterway and banks a broad shaft of daylight in the midst of the night.

I had been informed that this part of the voyage would be tedious. The fact was quite to the contrary. There was a constant interest, natives passing



The Train and Canal

in the path on the bank, a way station, a vessel, huge dredges, a whistling train not over a hundred yards away and, in the morning the rising of the sun over the desert, a ferry at which waited several hundred camels — a great caravan from the interior of Arabia — a passing pair of porpoises, the only free users of the canal — a small expedition of half a dozen stately



A Sail in the Canal



Canal Station thirteen miles from Port Said

FOUR HOURS IN EGYPT

camels moving steadily beside us, their long-robed masters leading them by a single line, on the way to Port Said.

We had a quick passage, fifteen and one-half hours for the one hundred miles; paying the canal company some \$10,000 for the privilege; and at ten in the morning we were running by the wharves of Port Said, which appeared to be a large city. The



To Coal Us

principal building is that of the Canal Company, a large, Oriental affair, on the water front, where everything looks quite European. The native establishments are further inland.

The famous de Lesseps statue stands at the very entrance to the canal and can be seen from any point on the water front.

The small row boats, with white cloth tops, were

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bidding for our patronage. Here again, England controlled, and we all knew, in advance, just what the charge would be for such service.

For many years Port Said was famous as one of the most immoral of places; but the old life is fast disappearing, and now one sees no worse photographs in the windows there than are freely posted in Paris show windows, and one may wander about in any part of the place with as much safety as in Boston.

This was the last stop where we could buy



A Passing Cart

African goods, and to save time we employed a native with a red fez who talked English and wore a Cook's sign on his hat. The ladies wanted to see laces, rugs and silks. I was looking for armor, and we were in a shop that held what we desired before we had been in Egypt three minutes. The business section of the town is not over four blocks in extent. The streets are wide and smooth in asphalt. Everybody speaks English and a swarm of hangers-on asking to carry your purchases dog every step, so persistently that the

FOUR HOURS IN EGYPT

police have to drive them away. As soon as any purchase was made, a native seized it and attached himself to our retinue, with the explanation that he was the guide's brother. At the next acquisition, another boy joined us, a brother to the second one, and inside of twenty minutes I found myself walking along, followed by six brothers. They were the most importunate beggars I ever saw and it was impossible to shake them off except by main force. I finally seized everything they had that belonged to us, gave



The Water Carrier

it all to one boy and had a native policeman shoo off the others.

I was offered a score of pieces of strange arms and armor, — splendid hand-carved blades with young crocodile-skin scabbards; snake-skin scabbards, a Zulu shield, an inlaid ivory and ebony Arabian flint-lock; daggers; a crocodile's head full of pistols and large knives, for \$65. A Jap exhibited the various pieces, telling me that some were counter-

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feits, explaining how one could tell. In this way he obtained my confidence and he had little difficulty in selling me a number of pieces which, to my delight, were richly inlaid with silver. That evening, when Madame K—— examined my prizes with her thumb-nail I was aghast at seeing that the inlaid work rubbed off with little difficulty. It was all painted on! A dozen pieces, the best I had, are now a constant reminder of how a cute little Jap got the best of me, so I think I shall give them all away some day to avoid becoming angry so often.



Just ready to run

As, however, I paid but \$35 — about half his price — and what I secured could not be duplicated in America at all, it was not altogether bad.

Rugs here were so cheap as to frighten an American. For \$10 a beautiful one could be had, and for \$50 a marvel.

At noon, practically all of our ship friends invaded the Continental Hotel, a European place, with tables outside, the only first-class hotel which the town could claim.

Here one of the ladies of our party had an ex-

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perience that will make her cautious hereafter. At her request I had asked the European gentleman who appeared to be the manager, to have her shown to a room in which she could remove some of the smooches from her face, before dining. He was very anxious to accommodate. I left them walking up the stairway. When she returned she was somewhat whiter than when I had last seen her, upon which I complimented her. Her pallor, however, was not due to her ablutions, and her voice was unsteady. I soon learned the story. She had accompanied this



Parasol made for two

fine, obsequious gentleman to a room, the door of which he opened for her, and, as she entered, he endeavored to do so, too. She, however, was too quick, and he then opened one opposite, went in himself and upon her refusal to follow, tried to push her inside the door. Thoroughly aroused, and being strong, she eluded him and ran down to us. I was in a quandary what to do with that fellow, but finally concluded to do nothing. Any disturbance might cause us to lose the steamer.

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After dinner, the two English Singapore boys — who had never seen their own country — and I hired donkeys and started to do the town. Each donkey had an owner who ran after us as fast as he could. The saddles were built up very high — as all heathen saddles are — and the little beasts kicked up at the slightest provocation.

We first visited the de Lesseps statue, a very impressive work of good artistic merit. Upon its base lay sleeping a number of natives, and others were stretched out upon the stone pier.



Our Mounts

The Creator never intended that one man should do two such vast works as Suez and Panama.

Now we scurried, with many kickings and boltings from our jack-rabbits, who were hard-bitted as the Old Scratch, into the native town.

It was hard work to secure pictures of the women. They fled from my kodak like so many wild birds at the sight of a hound; but several shots I procured by strategy. I lulled their subjects into security by appearing to be oblivious of their proximity and then



To de Lesseps



The Landing



Fairly Caught



A Yankee excites interest

FOUR HOURS IN EGYPT

suddenly whirled on them and made an instantaneous exposure before they awakened.

We entered a Mosque. The building was of wood, entirely devoid of furniture of any kind and with a stone floor of various colors. As we passed the door an attendant slipped straw heelless slippers over our shoes, a man who appeared to be a priest took us into a small room to the right of where the pulpit ought to have been, closed the door, showed us a book he said was "Koran," a rather untidy Egyptian flag, a rug or two — prayer rugs, I take it — held out his hand and said "pay." I paid him a dime, or some silver piece about that size; but he expostulated and, of course, secured double the amount and he was still begging when I opened the doors and showed the boys out. Our straw slippers came off every yard, so that I finally abandoned them where they fell, and made for the open air, the priest at my elbow and two or three others extending their hands, touching my clothing, begging "Backsheesh! Backsheesh!" Some more money was paid at the door to the boys who had furnished us with the straw slippers, and we were free of all save the execrations of the priest.

Our attendants complained by signs that we were running them too hard, in the sun, while the temperature was, I learned, fully 90°, and we therefore moderated our pace.

The native town was all low; the shops out of doors under wide awnings; sun dried clay evidently composing the most popular building material. Through the main thoroughfare ran horse-cars started and stopped by a tin horn, I believe.

At the hotel we discharged our donkeys, two porters brought my armor, our rugs, etc., and then, beside the canal, we stopped our party for the picture on the following page. The smaller pieces of my armor are shown on the native.

In that picture, on the extreme left you'll notice a forearm, extending a glass toward somebody in our party.

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Some of my Armor



We enter the Mediterranean

FOUR HOURS IN EGYPT

That cost the Chamberlin family \$5.00, and a native made a profit of at least \$4.50.

Mrs. C. was charmed with the brass pot from which the drink vendor had poured his beverages, and it took a sovereign to get it into my possession. In only two hours it was discovered that the thing was a fake of the worst kind, and had not an ounce of brass in it, but was mere lacquer. We place the pot beside the fifty-cent stein we purchased of the kind smoking-room steward of the "Preussen" for \$3.00 — which he said he would sell to nobody else at any price. He was surely telling the truth; but he was unaware of it.

But at last we were aboard. A final fight was had with Cook's man, through no fault of his, and then we were where we could be cheated no more.

Promptly at three we steamed toward the Mediterranean. We had turned the corner.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MEDITERRANEAN

In an hour from the time we left Port Said we passed from the tropical country of Egypt with its temperature of 90° to the temperate zone, with the glass showing only 65°. For the first time in fifty days we were out of the tropics, and I tell you the change was welcome. It seemed to me as if I were years younger. The dangers that had beset the wonderful woman who had said she would go with me until she dropped down, were over, and the bracing air of the new sea into which we were now entering brought color to her cheeks and a quick energy to her flagging spirits.

At five that evening we were in plain sight of Alexandria, that ancient city of strange history.

Now we prepared for debarkation. This was Friday evening; Monday morning, early, we should be in sight of Italy and Sicily, and that night we would drop anchor, our long journey in the good "Preussen" at an end, under the dark form of Vesuvius.

Here came the problem of more baggage, for in addition to my armor we had purchased one of those steamer chairs. The ship's carpenter built me a box, and the second officer promised to transfer the chair and everything but our dress suit cases to an Atlantic liner at Southampton. Across the continent we would take but hand-baggage. Our other belongings now were three large trunks, the sailor bag and the Canton china. For a couple of dollars I insured the whole lot for several hundred and worried no more.

About nine-thirty in the evening, first night out, I noted a new face, whose owner promenaded our deck, speaking to nobody, but looking at us all. He scowled continuously, and looked so unfavorable that

THE MEDITERRANEAN

I called an officer's attention to him and soon we had a story that was the prize tale of all our journey.

At the evening concert, which we had not attended, a young Dutchman, one of our cabin passengers from Java, had in a spirit of fun run to the deck below, where the band was playing, inverted an umbrella and held it up for the cabin passengers to drop contributions into, while he imitated an Italian organ grinder; and I guess he did it very well.

At any rate, when the officer interviewed our scowling passenger he obtained the information that the visitor was searching for the young performer to challenge him to a duel on the ground that the Dutchman had insulted the Italians aboard, and their nation.

It may be imagined that our deck was soon cleared of the gentleman's presence, and after a hearty laugh we supposed the incident closed; but the next day the Dutchman received a note stating that if he set foot on shore at Naples or Genoa he would be stabbed. He remained on the "Preussen" at Naples, the only passenger who did, while everybody else went out to see the town; and I have no doubt he did likewise at Genoa.

"Saturday, 10th Sept. Very cool last night. Covered myself with steamer rug. Packed up curios to-day. Worked several hours on report. Air 77°.

"Sunday, 11th Sept. Very cool last night. Covered with steamer rug. Thunder-storm in early A.M. Went into ladies' cabin to save a sparrow-like bird from the cat. There were two of these very small birds in the cabin. Air 74°."

The next morning we were in sight of Italy at seven o'clock. Its huge mountains towered to the sky, and soon those of Sicily came up upon the port side. Then was the passage of the narrow Straits of Messina, with the land only half a mile away on either hand.

All day I worked hard on my Philippine report, the air bracing me, my nerves thrilling with the joy of the coming deliverance, the temperature only 74°.

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At noon we passed Stromboli, from which issued a wreath of white steam that showed it was still of the living.

Now a serious question arose and that was the tipping of the various stewards and other employees of the ship. To my surprise I learned that they were, even up to the highest officers, paid but pitiful sums, and the situation was just this: that if we, the passengers did not pay them, they would receive practically noth-



Stromboli

ing. The band, we learned, was a voluntary affair, and for its services the company paid not a cent.

Here, then, was a large expense for which this family, surely, had not made provision. Of course we expected to tip everybody. But we did not anticipate the assumption of the wages of practically every servant with whom we came in contact.

The "chits" which we had signed, for the various

departments, were sedulously kept separate, so that when we were ready to pay, we had to see the head steward, the baggageman, the carpenter, the smoking-saloon steward, the bathroom steward, etc., etc., all separately. As a rule the passengers donated fully \$30 a-piece for tips. I refused here. It was a species of misrepresentation to advertise passage to Europe for a certain sum and then in addition, and without your knowledge, rely upon you to pay the wages of the people whose services the company had contracted to afford you free. I balked, and gave away \$15.

The wages this great boastful company pays is a disgrace. They do not average more than half what similar employees receive on American ships, and the German custom leads to an exhibition of fawning, hypocrisy and a degree of subserviency that was often disgusting.

Everybody owed everybody else. I suppose I had borrowed money at various times of over a score of the passengers. As many had certainly done so of me. Where there were so many strange coins that were good in one port and bad in another, everybody had to help anybody who was temporarily stranded. Then miscalculations, sudden, unexpected purchases and no opportunity to secure remittances, all combine to abet a common use of all the money on board, no matter to whom it belonged. But nobody lost anything. My family were in debt over \$75 until we arrived in America, and I am not yet paid all that was owed to us; but all of it is good.

Dinner that last evening was a gala affair, such as obtains the last night in a German Atlantic liner, with profuse decorations, procession of Chinese lanterns around the dining-room, special music, and a notable menu.

As the darkness came on, far up in the air, on the starboard, at intervals of a minute, with a variation of less than ten seconds, a red light appeared, such as one would have expected to see coming from a large lighthouse.

"Vesuvius! Vesuvius!" the old travelers exclaimed; but it did not seem possible. So regular were the recurrences that it seemed hardly possible that so huge an inanimate thing as Vesuvius could send out into the black night this bright light, and for several hours the ship's company were divided on the matter. Old travelers could not speak with authority, as none present had ever seen the volcano alive. But they were correct, and we were to visit Naples when Vesuvius was in eruption, the first time in thirty years! More good fortune!

Soon Naples came out of the blank that lay before us, and the scene was very beautiful. The city commences at the water's edge and extends up the steep slopes of a high hill, even to the very summit, which latter is surmounted by a huge castle-like structure that adds a fitting crown to the giant formation upon which it rests. Along these slopes, long lines of street lamps hung like glittering pendants from necklaces that, one above the other, had been thrown around the hill, — while gleaming bars from a thousand windows on the sea level painted the waters of the bay, and a myriad of blazing port holes and hundreds of green, red and white signal lamps told where the great ships lay, pulling softly at their moorings.

It was the Bay of Naples.

At exactly twelve, midnight, our heavy anchor splashed into the waters, six hours in advance of the time calculated when we left China on the other side of the world. What marvellous things men can now do. Fifty years ago no estimate could have been made nearer than several weeks of the date of the completion of such a voyage, aye, even months. In those days it was guess and not calculation.

CHAPTER XXII

VESUVIUS

In the early morning we arose to see the sun come up behind Vesuvius, and not long after we were serenaded by minstrels of both sexes, on port and star-board, singing to the accompaniment of guitars and tambourines, — an invariable experience for travelers landing at this port.

We had already decided upon the Grand Hotel de Londres, and one of its couriers took care of our baggage, a service for which the hotel made an outrageous charge of \$2.00.

After putting our baggage through the custom house in ten minutes, I made a hasty visit to the bank, where I discovered that the money for which I had cabled for from Suez had not arrived. I was told at the steamship office that my cable from Singapore for reservations on the "Kaiser Wilhelm II." had been received and my request had been acceded to.

It was the morning of Tuesday, the thirteenth of September. "The Kaiser Wilhelm" II. was to leave Bremen just a week later, and it was necessary for us to arrive in that city the night of the nineteenth. Therefore, we had seven days for Europe. We wanted to visit Naples, Rome and Venice, and ride through Switzerland by day, and down the Rhine by steamer.

On the "Preussen" I had studied out all the trains and as there was no time allowed for unexpected delays, I decided to try Cook's agency. Railroad officials will often tell you flat falsehoods about connections, through trains, etc., etc. To travelers who will use Cook's system when it is needed, the institution is a wonderful convenience. In the first place you can, in one neat little book, secure all the railroad transportation you will need in all the countries in which

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you will travel. Moreover, your trains are all explained, and a wire ahead to any station where you intend to stop brings a Cook's agent to meet you at the train. He takes charge of everything; transfers your baggage, tips those who should be tipped, selects the best seats for you in the cars, takes you to see just what you want to see, superintends all your money transactions, your necessary purchases — things which, when you know not a word of the languages and cannot tell one piece of money from the other, make the difference between insufferable annoyance and serenity, — and for all this you tip him nothing or anything, as you please. Furthermore, there is always the satisfaction of feeling that you are in safe hands; and that in Europe is often a great relief.

We finally decided to ignore Venice and spend more time in Naples and Rome.

The first thing on our program was Vesuvius. We probably should never again see it in eruption.

Cook owns the railroad up the volcano. (The round trip tickets were \$4.20 each.)

To reach this railroad of Cook's one has to ride for an hour through the streets of Naples to the outskirts; and, as some of these streets are paved in cobble stones the journey is not altogether delightful. To add to our discomfort a begging boy, running beside the barouche in which one of our boys and Madame K—— were seated, snatched at a golden locket that hung from her neck. All he accomplished, however, was the breaking of the frail chain; for the lady was too quick for him. The incident, however, frightened her so much, that she could enjoy little for the remainder of the day and did not dare go up to the crater.

Neapolitan homes have their gardens in the rear, glimpses of which, with their regular walks, symmetrically cut hedges and classic statuary one may procure through the courts that lead from the street.

We are not favorites of the Italians, we Americans, by any means, if my judgment of the scowls cast upon us is well founded. Beggar boys assailed

VESUVIUS

us, running by our carriages, for long distances, turning handsprings until in sheer pity we gave.

Arrived at the railroad station, we seated ourselves *vis-a-vis* in an open electric trolley car, — overhead system. The track led through miles of vineyards loaded with blue and white grapes. At several points the grade was apparently as steep as at any point on the Mt. Washington railway.

As we ascended higher and higher we left the vineyards and were surrounded by hundreds and



From the Edge of Naples

hundreds of acres which were totally buried in lava. One large tract, fully a mile square, I judged, was covered by the 1872 eruption — the last great one.

Of this tract, I made a flying shot from the car window as we whizzed along.

For much of the journey, the summit of the volcano was in full view. Almost every minute a puff of smoke was blown high up into the air. Between these the smoke was entirely dissipated.

The ladies of our party alighted at a hotel about half way to the summit.



Twenty Square miles of Lava



The Cable Line

VESUVIUS

Arrived at the base of the dome of the volcano, we exchanged our electric car for a cable car, such as is used at Niagara for descent to the Rapids. The grade here was fully forty-five degrees, as may be seen in one of the pictures. The fence-like appearance running up the side of the slope is the cable line.

In perhaps ten minutes we were at the highest point to which this car ascended, say three hundred yards from the crater.



Up the Line

Immediately upon leaving the conveyance we were assailed by a small troupe of guides. The father of them all informed us that the Italian government compelled employment of official guides, and that the charge was fifty cents per person.

As soon as we were divided among the guides we commenced to move up in the path which could be seen in the ashes. The walking was exceedingly

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tiresome, and at times the grade was very steep. But the latter was of little consequence when compared with the inconvenience to which the yielding ashes condemned us. Our feet sank deep into the soft, almost flaky soil, and much of each step would be lost by sliding back.

I secured a fortunate picture that will illustrate what I have just described.



The Climb to the Crater

A company of hangers-on with ropes, canes and chairs, surrounded us and plodded along near at hand patiently waiting till somebody should tire.

A number availed themselves of these aids, and were pulled up or carried up. Two cents was the munificent reward for the rental of a cane or the end of a rope attached to the Italian gentleman who dragged one along.

VESUVIUS

When within what appeared to be one hundred and fifty feet of the crater, from which the smoke belched forth, we were halted, and told that nobody could mount higher.

This was disappointing, and I studied the situation a bit. I had read of those who had actually looked down into the crater, and here we were fifty feet below it — and close to it. The monster breathed regularly, usually with a swish that was much like the sound of escaping steam. At times, however, the column of



An Easy Breath

smoke would rise in entire silence.

This seemed a bit tame, and I deemed it over-caution or an itching palm that kept us where we were. I wanted to see the wheels go around. I wanted to look down into the crater.

I edged my guide off to one side.

"Can't you take me up to the crater? I'll make it worth your while."

"Can't do it, sir."

"Why not? What is to prevent you?"

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

"We can't do it, sir, not while she's like she is now."

"Oh, pshaw! There's no danger. Look at that?" as a silent, black breath puffed upward. The thing looked as calm as a teakettle.

"There is danger, sir."

"But you guides go up there every day, don't you, to see just what the conditions are? Why can't we go up?" I regarded my knowledge of this alleged fact as a strong lever.

"No, sir; we don't. None of us have been up farther than this since she began to act this way ten days ago."

"I'll give you ten francs (\$2.00) if you'll take me up there. America against Italy! Come on! I'll go if you will!"

"I would not do it if you would make it a hundred. If we went and were injured, you would, perhaps, go on to America in a day or so and be just as well off as if nothing had ever happened, but I'd lose my position. That would hurt me for life. Do you see why we do not go any nearer the top?"

Nor could he be swerved. He kept very close to me, as if he divined the thought that was in my mind that the thing to do was to make a break for freedom. Before they would know it, it seemed to me, I could cover the interval that separated us from the crater.

In three minutes more I would have made the effort. But good fortune favored me.

For the first time the monster did not breathe regularly. He was holding his breath.

"Look out! Look out! Now you will see! When she does that there is going to be trouble!"

About one hundred seconds later the giant, impatient, suddenly spouted up with an angry snort a larger, higher column of smoke than any we had yet seen, accompanied by hundreds of pieces of lava and rocks, which could be plainly seen as they ascended far toward the sky. Some of these pieces were as large



Green and White Sulphur



An Angry Snort



Now prepare to dodge



Vicious

VESUVIUS

as one's head, and there was literally a shower of them as they descended to the ground, and rolled from all sides of the cone, many of them rattling down toward us. That column of smoke was at least fifty feet in diameter.

"Now, do you see?" asked the guide, with a grim smile.



The Site of Pompeii and Herculaneum

Pompeii is in the Centre

I saw. One could hardly have escaped an accident had he been in that shower of rocks.

For half an hour, four of us stood our ground and photographed these explosions. The heavy ones were always foretold by the interrupted breathing. Upon a number of occasions the rocks came so near that some were secured as souvenirs. They were too hot

to take in the bare hand, and readily retained impressions of coins that were pressed upon them.

Moving to the right of the path, we came upon a number of holes, perhaps a foot in diameter, from which hot steam or smoke was escaping. The cinders around these openings were hot. These places occurred frequently. It was plain that we were standing upon nothing but a thin shell, pierced in many places, beneath which were enormous fires.

Soon we were in sight of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Pompeii looked, way down in the valley, like a deserted burned town, with its blackened, falling, ruined, roofless walls.

Then the volcano did its very best for us, and more than once we dodged large rocks that struck around us. I secured two particularly good photographs of this last spouting. Scores of rocks are plainly visible in them.

The exhibition was over, and I am willing to admit that the experience looks to me now to have been too full of risk to recommend it to others under the conditions then obtaining.

Who could tell with any certainty how many rocks were going to be hurled into the air when that giant breathed again — how far they would be thrown — or in what direction?

By seven we were again in the city.

That evening we retired early, and at ten the next morning all but myself of the six members of our party went to Pompeii. The best I could do was to haunt the Bank of Italy, where I expected my money to be cabled at any moment. At two in the afternoon it came, and after more or less of red tape I had it in my possession.

At seven that evening we left for Rome and had the usual experiences of passing through a line, on either hand, of borrowing servants, extending from the hotel desk to the carriage door, waiting for a tip. A half-hour was consumed in weighing our baggage. No baggage, except what is in the hands is carried

VESUVIUS

free over Italian roads — and no man who could connect himself in any way with the unloading, weighing and loading of it onto the train failed to do so — the most of them needlessly. Then each came for a tip. Money flowed like water.

CHAPTER XXIII

ROME

At Rome we arrived at twelve-thirty at night, after five hours and a half ride; found a porter awaiting us, by telegraphic arrangement between our late host and our next one; and our advent into the Eternal City was a smooth one.

Here we put up at the "Modern Hotel," which well deserved its name; a first-class place, with large,



The Wonder of the World

elegant rooms, splendidly furnished, and equipped with electric lights and telephones — \$2.00 per day for two, European plan.

Early the next morning the porter, — who is the whole thing in all European cities, — had a splendid guide for us.



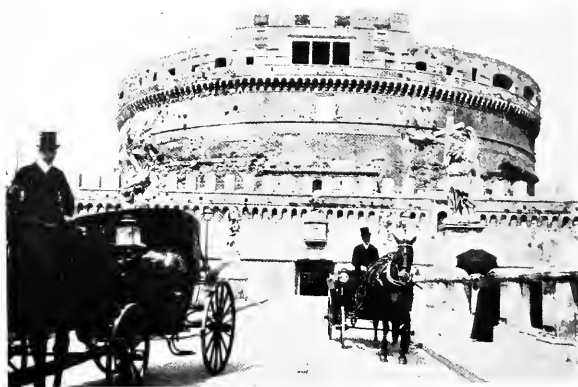
The Coliseum



In the Arena



Trevi Fountain



Hadrian's Tomb

ROME

That day we visited the Pantheon, St. Peter's, and the Vatican.

St. Peter's is the wonderful building of all the world. Where other famous places may contain one or two notable scenes or works, St. Peter's has an hundred. It is so grand that one is thrilled to the very soul, and made all atremble. It is the most stupendous production known of intelligence, art and total disregard of cost. A day is all too short a time to spend within its vast domain, nor is one visit sufficient to permit its comprehension by any human being. To die without visiting St. Peter's is to have but half-lived.

That night while the others were at rest, I attended a concert by a military band in one of the public squares.

The next day, Friday, the sixteenth, we were at the Coliseum.

Then we hurried to the garden of the Knights of Malta, to the palace of the King, and to the Quirinal — the Palace of the Caesars.

From the first may be seen a picture alone worthy of a journey from America; of St. Peter's great dome, seen through a long, narrow lane of tall, green, shrubbery, rising over the roofs of the city.

The royal palace is a combination of execrable and excellent taste. This surprised me much, for I had supposed that art in the royal palace of Rome would be beyond criticism. But there were such attempts, in some of the rooms, to blend impossible colors as would make a person of good taste stand aghast.

In Rome we did little purchasing, as we had no trunks. But do as well as we could — or would — the bundle of rugs began soon to assume the appearance of an inflated balloon.

Rome!

As you stand on the Palatine, — the palace of the Caesars, — and follow with your eye the way along which Caesar was borne on the Ides of March; see the spot where he fell, — see where his body was



The Garden of the Knights of Malta

ROME

buried, — see all the great Forum under your very feet, with the Coliseum beyond, you are dead to emotion if you do not feel something that never before entered your life, and you will thank God that you lived till this came to you.

Here, under your very feet, is the scene of the working out of a great problem, the problem of the progress of the human race. Within your range of sight came and went a people with whom, in culture, in poetry, in statesmanship, in art, in sculpture, in architecture, in oratory, in the power to produce classic design, our great American people is as a babe. And yet, here, in heaps of shapeless rocks, broken, fallen, neglected, is all that remains to show that the Romans were ever a living people.

Are we, in all our strivings to approach unto them, but traveling the road that leads unto the abyss into which they disappeared?

Does culture, refinement, art, the study of the gratification of the sense of the beautiful lead to destruction?

No other people who ever were on this planet approached them except one—the Greeks—and both were snuffed out as is a candle by a breath of wind — leaving no posterity worthy of the name.

How did they fall?

“I can’t, I can’t understand it,” is what I said as I stood overlooking it all.

Rome is the one place to see if you never see but one again, and have never yet looked upon it. It is an exhaustless mine of scenic treasures. And what an atmosphere in which to live and work! I can see how, spurred by such tremendous history, even an average man would there become able to write or paint something immortal. Some message would surely come to him from those who lived two thousand years ago that would live for a like period after he had gone.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAST OF EUROPE

At eight Friday evening, the sixteenth of September, we left Rome by through train for Milan.

The sleeping cars on that train possessed at least one advantage over those of our country, and that was a stateroom for each party of two passengers and this at no extra charge. The berths also were much wider than those in our cars.

At Milan, at seven in the morning, Cook's man met us in response to a telegram; transferred our party and all their belongings with the assistance of porters, to our next train; arranged our breakfast; and did everything that any of us desired.

Now we were started. We were to cross the Alps by daylight, through St. Gotthard tunnel, ride across Switzerland all day, and along the shores of Lake Lucerne for miles. Our next stop would be at Frankfurt, about ten that night. On Sunday we were to go down the Rhine, on the boat from Mainz to Cologne; stop there over night; see the Cathedral Monday morning and go on to Bremen Monday afternoon, as was required.

The roadbed was smooth; the air was not too warm; and, except for the annoyance at Chiasso — the Italian-Swiss frontier, where all baggage had to be examined, — we had little to annoy any of us, except one of our boys, whose stomach had revolted and who lay in suffering patience till nature would give him relief. The porter, who could talk French, told me that the next station was Chiasso, and that the train would wait half an hour to permit the custom officials to investigate everything.

As the train slowed, I hurried Madame K——

THE LAST OF EUROPE

and our English guest, Mrs. Dallan, to the platform, and thence after what we felt sure was our baggage on a fast disappearing truck.

Mrs. C. remained aboard with the sick boy and his younger brother.

An Italian gateman tried to explain something to us, as we passed, but as we did not know a word of his language we were at a loss to understand, shoved him to one side, and proceeded. But we could find no baggage, no custom officers, and, bewildered, we turned in time to see the train disappearing down the track. One of the ladies cried that we were left, but I pooh-poohed the suggestion and said "They're only going down to back upon another track," and felt content. But when the train had vanished around the curve, I became alarmed. Madame K — burst into tears, Mrs. Dallan was almost beside herself with excitement, and I was fairly off my pins for a moment. But instantly I recollected Mrs. C. She could handle any situation as well as any man, and I knew she would do the right thing. What was that? She had no tickets and no money. She would leave the train at the frontier.

Now we wanted somebody who could talk United States, French or German. The employees of the depot surrounded us. We tried our three languages on them but with no result. Finally a porter of an English hotel came sauntering in.

"Where are we?"

"Lake Como."

Not such a bad place. I had sufficiently recovered now to observe to my trembling companions that I always wanted to stop here, anyhow. But humor was not popular. I had fallen from my little pedestal with a vengeance, for sure, in their excited estimations.

The porter advised wiring to Chiasso, care of the conductor of our train to tell Mrs. Chamberlin to stop there with all our baggage, and that we would follow on the next train, which would leave in an hour.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

That we did, and then hiring a barouche started out to see the town.

After a five minutes' ride through narrow, crooked streets we came to a smooth road that lay within ten feet of the water and evidently encircled the entire Lake, which latter looked to be fully twenty miles long by two or three wide. The lake is bounded on all sides by huge hills, fastened to whose precipitous slopes are hundreds of expensive homes and hotels.

Close by the road were the palaces of the very wealthy, with splendid flower gardens. A more charm-

STRADE FERRATE DEL MEDITERRANEO Mod. 192.

TELEGRAMMA IN TRANSITO Stazione di **COMO S. G.**

Destinazione	Provenienza	Numero	Parole	Data della prenotazione
Como	Chiasso	123	15	17/9 8/50

RICEVUTO da *Giovanni* il *9* ore *9/16* TRANSMESSO a _____ il _____ ore _____
 per circuito N. *55* dal Telegrafista *Chiasso* per circuito N. _____ dal Telegrafista _____

Mr. Camberlin, Station Agent
Mr. are all right waiting for
you at Chiasso
Frank

h. 2

Don. G. M. S. 9, 185 - Tip. A. Pirella - 8-1204 - Old. 2880 - 4-15.

ing place to rest I have never seen, and this with such stories as my worried mind could evoke kept my companions from absolute despair.

Just as the train drew up and we were stepping aboard a porter rushed to me and handed me the above message, which shall ever be famous in the annals of our family.

At Chiasso we found her on the platform. All the baggage had been passed by the officials, and was ready to be put on our train.

She had had her hands full. For an instant, she admitted, she was dumfounded when she realized what had happened, but the sight of that sick boy aroused her and she began to work. Appeal was at once made to one of our Dutch friends of the "Preussen," who, as luck would have it, was aboard. He offered her a handful of money. In the meantime, however, she had burglarized the hand-bags of the ladies who were with me and had discovered a solitary sovereign — not another piece — large or small. However, that was something — and with that she felt better and was able to decline the money offered.

Wasn't that just like a Dutchman? I can see him now, short, stocky, gray-haired, putting his hand into his pocket, without a moment's hesitation and offering a distressed woman every dollar he had with him. May all the Gods ever attend him!

At Chiasso, which was reached in a quarter of an hour, she put off the boys and threw at them through the open window the thirteen pieces of hand-baggage which we carried, and a lot of pink and white garments which should not be mentioned above a whisper, for the ladies with me were not fully dressed; all to the great amusement of her scores of fellow-travelers who had alighted to pass their baggage. Then she sought for porters. They shied at such a strange lot of baggage and could see nothing that looked like a tip for their services. At that they were shown the sovereign and miracles were worked. Three or four attendants almost ran their legs off for her, and best of all they found somebody who could speak French. After that, she made good progress. The telegram was sent to me. The baggage was placed. Some refreshment was given to the sick boy, and she gave the sovereign to the porters.

It was a good job. My telegram to her she received after our arrival.

This incident altered our plans. The unexpected thing had occurred that always happens on so com-

plicated a trip as we had planned, as I expected it would; and we had the spare time to remedy it.

Instead of reaching Frankfort that night, we could now not arrive there until the next morning, (Sunday); the difference being a Saturday night on the cars instead of at the Hotel Bristol at Frankfort.

One of the meanest things about European travel is the prevalence of counterfeit money. It will be given to you in change in the sleeping cars, in the dining cars, in the stores, and in every place where



Switzerland

you have a right to trust those in charge. It is evident that the natives have been waiting some time for an American to come along so that they may unload some of the mistakes they have made onto their guests. The dining car porter worked two bogus lire pieces (fifty cents) onto me between Naples and Rome, and I gave it to a porter there who lied to me. By the wonderful bow he made, I knew that he had not discovered my error when I left the city.

THE LAST OF EUROPE

On our journey to Frankfort we wended our way in and out through the defiles of the Alps, then dove under them and came out in Switzerland, the land of sky-farms, of thrift and peace. That is the impression one secures from Switzerland — the content and attractiveness of the simple lives of its people.

I doubt if any busy American ever went there without feeling that he was, — in all the hurly-burly of his fighting, racing career — throwing his life away. Everybody who visits Switzerland must want to tarry there.

It is all that has been claimed for it. It will never disappoint you, no matter what description of it you may have read.

Hurrying through it, as we did, at thirty miles an hour, it was a succession of beautiful pictures, — the sun flashing on a lake; a snow-covered crag above us; a river winding beneath; five miles length of a notch in the great hills in view for half a minute.

Night found us at Basle, where we ate dinner in a barroom and then took a train for the night ride to Frankfort. At 5 A.M. we alighted, — without paying the porter for our berths, as he could not make the change, directing him to see us in the depot.

But he did not obey, and I congratulated myself that we had at last beaten somebody in Europe, even if it was a party with no more soul than a railroad company.

But there was no such luck. That evening when we took the train for Cologne, Mr. Porter was waiting for us.

At Frankfort we patronized the Hotel Bristol, immediately opposite the station. There Madame K—— left us, at the end of her long journey, met by her little daughter, whom she had not seen in two years.

So tired were we now that to avoid annoyance we decided to rest here and not go on till later in the afternoon, — foregoing the trip by boat on the Rhine.

Barring several calls we passed a quiet day, the greater part of it spent in riding beside the Rhine

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

and within a very few feet of it; and I think we are as well satisfied as we would have been had we pursued our original plans.

I suppose no other body of water can present such a series of pictures as this famous river. Its natural scenery is, I judge, inferior to that of the Hudson in the highlands; but the surmounting fortresses and castles complete and fill the Rhine picture until, allow-



Before the Cathedral

ing for the effect on the mind of the thought of what tremendous events these embattled heights have witnessed, it becomes incomparable.

At Cologne, where we arrived in the middle of the evening, we went to "The Harms," beside the station. That is another good thing about Europe — first-class hotels abound close to the railroad termini.

In the morning we attended divine service at the

THE LAST OF EUROPE

cathedral, the most impressive religious event yet in my life.

All the people appeared to be really religious. Nobody who approached the entrance failed to enter, if only for a moment, — boys on their way to school with their knapsacks of books on their backs; business men, hurrying on errands; all slipped inside, bowed the head a moment to the grand music and then hurried away. I have never seen anything like that in America. We have to dress-up to go to church. Often I fear, as in my early life, we go to church to dress-up.

The thing about Europe that I like best is its cosmopolitan life and independence. Each individual can develop himself to his complete stature; make the very most, for example, of his physical self; wear what becomes him best; trim his hair and beard as appears best to him, don a cloak if he likes it better than a coat; carry the cane he likes the best, even if it be an Alpenstock; appear in short trousers or long ones; wear velvet if he admires it — and nobody ever looks at him in criticism or points to him with derision — not even the smallest children.

At Cologne, a young man entered the restaurant where we were seated. He wore knickerbockers, a corduroy Eton jacket, a long, flowing tie, carelessly knotted, while from his left shoulder hung a cloak that reached to his heels. His mustache copied that of the Emperor of Germany — an effect produced by little pins for sale by all barbers now, in that country. On his head was a Swiss cap with a small green feather in one side of it, and he carried a large stick not unlike those which men of 1620 carried along Massachusetts Bay. That man would have caused a block on Fifth Avenue, and would have been hooted out of New York by the loafers or street gamins on every corner, and insulted by the smiles of derision on the elevated and surface cars. But nobody looked at him twice in Cologne. Imagine appearing in Boston with a helmet!

In leaving Cologne we got into a first-class mess,

one of the worst of the trip. Only excessive caution in insisting that all our party be at the station one hour before train time, prevented our undoing.

Our Cook's tickets gave us passage from Mainz to Cologne by boat, but not by rail. The railroad fare between these two points we paid on arrival at Cologne, thus keeping our tickets intact for the purpose of realizing on the unused river ticket. About seven-forty-five I went to the depot with my ticket and one of the boys, cautioning the ladies to be at the hotel at nine, when I would call for them. Upon presenting my tickets at the street gate to the depot — nobody can even enter the upper part of the depot on the level of the trains without purchasing a ticket — my tickets were confiscated and by signs I was made to follow the officious ticket-puncher. But first I sent the boy back to secure the three tickets of those at the hotel, and to get them to me in all haste. When my captor took me to where we had last paid the fare from Mainz to Cologne, I knew what the trouble was. The man believed we had paid no railroad fare between the places mentioned.

I explained in English and in French, but all to no purpose. The most we could do was to raise our voices and get angry at each other. In despair I left to search out a waiter in the restaurant who, we accidentally learned the night before, talked English, and, with his assistance, I secured the return of my tickets at the end of nearly half an hour of wrangling.

As I turned away, the boy I had sent to the hotel to secure the tickets of the ladies returned to say that none of the party were there.

Now I was frantic. I knew that gateman would not let them in and I could not leave to help them, and get the baggage checked, too. And there was not a moment to spare from the baggage. It was within half an hour of train time.

Confronted by these complications, I went to the baggagemen. Three or four passengers were ahead

of me. Fussing would do no good, so I merely perspired for quarter of an hour.

At last I was free. I had less than fifteen minutes to run two blocks; return with the three absent ones and the thirteen pieces of baggage; adjust the dispute about the railroad tickets; and board the last train that would enable us to catch our steamer.

No such a thing was ever done in Europe. It was with a sinking heart that I told my boy companion where to stand till he saw my return, and leaped away, down the stairs, three and four steps at a time.

But I heard my name called. I looked up. There was Mrs. C., the other two, and two porters with all our thirteen pieces. There is the trouble, it has just occurred to me, in that number thirteen!

"How did you get through?" I asked breathlessly.

"Pushed through. He wanted to stop us but I pushed by him. He wanted our tickets but I wouldn't let him see them. I was too busy, and it was too much bother."

I fairly shouted. She had waited till she knew something detained me, and then moved, and no two fat-witted German gatetenders could defeat her. She had saved us once more.

Several minutes later, Mrs. Dallen left her handbag with \$5,000 of jewelry in it on a table in the restaurant and started for England, never missing it. I put her and her boys onto their train and turned to go to ours. As the car moved Mrs. C. appeared and handed the bag through the window.

We could have owed her still more money after that.

CHAPTER XXV

HOME

Thank goodness, the last knot was untied.

To Bremen from Cologne was a ride of several hours, in an express train. The country is flat, but with its red-tiled roofs and huge windmills, is of a picturesque character. The fields appeared to be worked more by women than by men. Every German workman, apparently, wears a military cap with a visor.

But the day was too cool and I contracted the first cold that had afflicted me since leaving America. With this touch of home life I began to feel quite natural.

At Bremen we spent the night at the Central Hotel, across the street from the depot.

The town was overrun with passengers for our ship, and all met at a famous Rathskeller filled with enormous casks, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, containing wines, scores of years old.

At eight the next morning we were aboard the special train provided for the ship's passengers, and in an hour alighted at Bremerhaven and after another rather disagreeable two hours on a small launch, were beside the "Kaiser Wilhelm II," which was to be our home for the next week.

We had been assigned to stateroom No. 440, a miserable, small, outside room. The whole room was about five feet wide by six long. This had been sold to us as first-class accommodation. It was an imposition, a misrepresentation, nothing more nor less.

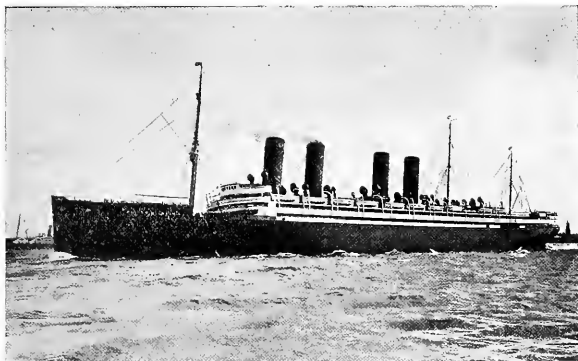
To add to its charms, there was an ash chute directly under it that played at intervals during the night, furnishing a noise that was fully equal to that of

HOME

a Devil's fiddle. Moreover, we were down five decks! and yet, wonderful to say, our port-hole was fully ten feet above the waves.

This was our third crossing of the Atlantic, and we soon discovered that ocean travel on such a steamer as the "Kaiser Wilhelm" is an altogether different affair from a passage on any other sort of boat. There is about the difference between the two that there is between crossing New York State on the Empire State Express and on an accommodation train.

Think of seven hundred and fifteen first-class



The Kaiser Wilhelm II

passengers and never an instant of crowding!—two promenade decks some twenty-five feet wide, a quarter of a mile around, — a dining-room in which all are seated at once and served with the menu and service of the Waldorf-Astoria, to music of a first-class orchestra of twenty pieces; a music room; library, half a dozen restaurants, rooms for developing and printing pictures, wireless telegraphy; and absolute freedom to wear what you like at all times; to have everything served that you want on deck, in your stateroom, or

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

in the library, at any hour of the day or night! You are in a huge American hotel moving through the water at twenty-three miles an hour, with a certainty that you will catch the exact train you depend upon at the end of the voyage. It is no longer a question as to what day we shall arrive in New York, but at just what hour.

Such accomplishments are wonderful, marvellous. But our ship contained many of the poorest staterooms I have ever seen. They were nothing but holes in the wall, and intending travelers will do well to assure themselves on the extent and particulars of their accommodation before reaching an irrevocable decision.

The absolute independence of everybody aboard was complete. These hundreds of people were there only for a few hours. They represented many nations. They wore many costumes, and not one excited comment. There were no chance acquaintances to bother one's reflections or rest. One was as free from notice as on Broadway.

Aboard were a fool-looking Prince and Princess and a number of the very famous Newport, New York wealthy people, the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Goelets, the Carrolls, the Burdens, while the most sought after by the ladies was Maxine Elliot.

The New Yorkers mentioned were about the most modest appearing people on the ship. Not once did they affect elaborate dress, and not a man of the number donned a dress suit. The women wore almost no jewelry. The manners of all were those of quiet, good taste, and might well have been copied by those poorer people who tried to startle the ship by a new gown every evening, and by their loud voices.

Another detail I noted was the complete absence of spirits from the table at which sat these New York society people.

Our own lives aboard appear best told by my diary:

"Tuesday, 20th Sept. Ship sailed at 11.30. Played pianola for three hours this afternoon. Secured

HOME

another stateroom for to-night, as ash chute bothers Mrs. C. so she cannot sleep and she must get some rest. To-morrow we'll see if I can't hire a stewardess's room. Bad service in some departments aboard. After ringing just thirty minutes from the music room, I was informed that the attendant was asleep. In course of fifteen minutes he appeared. Later in the evening was ten minutes in getting an answer to my bell, in an upstairs cafe. Ship rolls pretty badly.

"Wednesday, 21st Sept. Arrive Southampton at about 9 A.M. Left at 12.45. Rode about town. Have a violent cold. Was ordered to drink three hot whiskeys from hand of a barmaid, who almost fainted when I gave her ten cents for herself.

"Arrived at Cherbourg about five. Did not land. Left there at seven-twenty-eight this evening. Saw statue of Napoleon on the spot from which he contemplated the invasion of England. Heavy motion first hour and then quieted down. Lovely moonlight.

"Thursday, 22nd Sept. Heavy motion all day. Fair and warm. Worked all day on report. Mrs. C. sick with malaria, and did not leave her bunk. Splendid moon.

"Friday, 23rd Sept. Hazy to-day. Motion much less than *hier*. My cold has left my throat and gone to my head; but I think the worst is over.

"F.M.C. still abed, but much better; worked on report to-day. Expect to finish it by time we reach New York. Miles, 574, 23 11-12 an hour. Terrific speed.

"Saturday, 24th Sept. 572 miles, 1546 from Cherburg. Finished report to-night.

"Sunday, 25th Sept. 574 miles. At 5.15 A.M. F. woke me to shut port-hole, as a swash of water had entered. From that time began a gale from the southwest and the spray wet all decks and smashed against the windows of the library, fifty feet above the water-line. I spent the day on the sofa in library and would have been seasick if I had moved, so I kept quiet. Very ill all day.

AROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY DAYS

"Monday, 26th Sept. Gale over. F. M. C. and I woke up at four-thirty and went to reading. Sun out lovely. Very weak to-day.

"Tuesday, 27th Sept. Up at 4 A.M. We were then stopped off the Sandy Hook Light Ship. The cessation of the engines awoke us both instantly.

"Had to stay down in the dining-room all the way up the harbor till we touched the dock, in order to get



The Belle of the Kaiser Wilhelm II

a chance to declare our baggage; a great disappointment. We landed at ten, the exact hour predicted at beginning of voyage. At the Grand Central Station at ten-forty-five."

To me the last hour of the voyage was the most exasperating of the entire ninety days' journey. You may imagine that I wanted to look at every detail of the entrance to New York harbor. Instead, I was

HOME

imprisoned below in the dining-room with seven hundred and thirteen other passengers, impatiently awaiting my turn to reach one of the seven inspectors to whom we could state the particulars of our baggage.

This arrangement can be bettered by a little thoughtfulness.

As we were informed by the circulars placed in the box at the office of the Steward, each returning resident of the United States could bring in free what



Hello Chamb'lin !

he had started with, and any other articles not exceeding one hundred dollars in cost at the place of purchase. Those provisions liberated everything we had, and we were less than five minutes in passing.

That night we spent at our own home in Wollaston and slept soundly for the first time in many weeks, for we had been going around the world in ninety days. The above picture indicates the manner in which our friends received us.

CHAPTER XXVI

REFLECTIONS

From Boston to Boston the time was just ninety-three days. Of that time twenty-six days were passed on land, the balance, sixty-seven, on the ocean. No gale attacked us, worthy of the name, until we were off Cape Cod, on the last day but one of the entire trip.

Not a train was late, not a ship an hour overdue at any port, and we landed in New York at the exact hour set when we planned the journey from Manila.

We never saw an American flag on any piece of shipping except in an American port, from the beginning of the journey to its termination.

Once, while we were in the Indian Ocean, the "Prinz Heinrich," sister ship to ours, met us. She was half-way to her destination in Japan. We were midway to ours in Germany.

We passed, a hundred yards apart, the band on each playing the German National Anthem. Every month in the year those steamers so meet, those bands so play. It must have made the Germans proud, who were aboard. A more inspiring sight could hardly be arranged, and it brought a peculiar strength to the meaning of the German lady who, that evening, to some of my complaints about our ship, said simply, "Perhaps you'll take an American line to Europe the next time."

Well, there may be one when I am next in that part of the world; but just then I was unhorsed and trodden upon.

The only news about our great country that we saw on the journey, except when on United States territory, was that Mr. Jeffries had licked Mr. Fitzsimmons.

The number of lies which were told about the

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privations ahead for us by those who said they had been there would more than fill this book. From my observation I believe the average traveler becomes as great a liar when conversing with those who have not duplicated his experience, as does the latest recruit when he writes home to his best girl.

As a general rule, those parts of the journey which were represented to us as the worst were the very best. For example, the trip far south to Singapore and through the Indian Ocean along beside the equator, hundreds of miles further south than our voyage across the Pacific, was by far the cooler of the two long voyages. But not a person who talked of the later voyage told us this was sure to be so. In many years that southwest Monsoon has never failed to blow. Likewise about the Red Sea. Nobody ever told us that its passage against the wind was fairly cool.

Some inquiries have been made of me as to the cost of our trip. For twenty-five hundred dollars, a couple could duplicate our trip, stay longer at the various ports, visit Japan, and the principal Chinese cities — also Bangkok and Calcutta, cross India by rail to Bombay, visit the Pyramids, Greece and Europe.

Six months would be ample for such a journey, and the starting should be about October first; and — I believe — it will be the most profitable investment you ever made. It will teach you as nothing else, of which I know, that mere possession of money is of little importance and little worth. It will add to your mental stature.

Do it.

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